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# MacLean's Magazine

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*Medical:* Paralysis: The New Epidemic. Helen MacMurchy, M.D.

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*Art:* Canadian Painting, With Illustrations of the Work of Prominent Painters. J. E. Staley.

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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

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## The National Political Situation

Edward William Thomson

As Hon. W. E. White announced in a recent speech, Reciprocity is not a dead issue. Sir Wilfrid Laurier still considers it the leading feature of his policy, and there is no question but that it is the most important issue before the farmers of the Middle West. At the same time there is no doubt that some of the agitation in the West does not primate with the farmers, but is promoted by agitators financed with money from the United States interests that would benefit by lower duties. As stated in a previous issue, the views of Mr. Thomson are not necessarily those of the publishers of MacLean's. His reference to Reciprocity in this number will be found most interesting as representing the views of those who favor the policy. The situation in the West is the most serious problem Hon. Mr. Borden has on his hands, and he may be depended upon to solve it without adopting the course advocated by Mr. Thomson and his friends. Only a few days ago Governor Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, admitted that the reciprocity arrangement was a very bad one for Canada.—Editor.

AGES ago the maxim "Let well enough alone" sprang from human experience, even as it re-issued from that of the Canadian Liberal party at the last general elections. It is approved by wisdom and very dear to the timid, the cautious, and the lazy. Because it is received instinctively by multitudes in every large electorate, they are Conservatives, dreads of experimentation in public affairs. Edmund Burke, greatest of active political philosophers, no less liberal than conservative, warned his world that "Innovation is not progress" or "not reform." Proposals for change may be retrogressive, may be for improvement, may be for action based on nothing better than puerile

fear of being taunted as inactive, or than the gambler's instinct for trusting chance and luck. Men who must always be "doing things" are ever in danger of transacting foolishnesses.

These respectable and even venerable truisms have recurred to the present writer's mind, over and over again, during the past two weeks, while pondering his discourse for the present number of MacLean's Magazine. Probably they arise vaguely in every sincere Canadian who sets about considering the situation of his country with relation to various proposals for change—change from conditions which not only seem "well enough" to most of our people, but which are plainly conditions of gener-

al prosperity, particularly in the older provinces and in British Columbia.

#### THE CANADIAN SITUATION.

To judge correctly whether the situation of a people is "well enough" in a purely material sense, one must consider, first, not the profits of financiers, speculators, traders and mercantile folk generally, but the earnings of manual workers, including, of course, agriculturists. If they are free of distress, secure of employment or markets, receiving high wages; if they are duly sheltered and abundantly fed, if they collectively save much money, if their children are being fairly educated; if the "masses" are better off than before, and as well or better off than their like in any other civilized country, then we know that the Business Classes must be prospering. Enquiry into their conditions is superfluous in such a situation, which appears to be that of Canada at large.

Never were wages so high, never was employment so constant, never were the bulk of Canadians so well off—and this is said without forgetting for an instant the grievance of which our prairie folk complain. Insofar as credit for existing conditions can be reasonably given to any except the actual performers, directors and planners of real Work—insofar as there is any truth in the rather comic assumption of politicians that they cause public prosperity when they merely do not hinder—in that degree both sets of our politicians may be fairly praised.

Canada's condition is but a prolongation of that which began about the year 1900; a condition that has been improving year by year; one which appears better in 1912 than in 1911; one attained without any notable change or reversal of the public policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding, and his colleagues. Mr. Borden and his fellow-ministers are ridiculously blamed—since every opposition tends to dementia—for "not having done anything in a whole year." This would appear to me their high merit, if it were not rather

their good luck. They obtained power partly by effect of accurately gauging the disposition of a prosperous public to "let well enough alone." If they continue to respect that disposition as completely as circumstances have compelled them to do for one blessed year, they may not, in their time, be soon cast into that outer darkness where every Opposition in turn walls, and gnashes impatient teeth.

#### MINISTRY NOT ENDANGERED.

It is plain that the Ottawa Ministry is not endangered by any novelty, any conspicuous ability, any popularity in the Opposition, great as are the talents of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Beloved though he be by many of his opponents and all his supporters, one hears many impartial spectators asserting, in effect, that the fascination of even his charming figure is somewhat marred by his pergrinative association with a set of wearisome companions, mostly so unfavorably familiar on the political stage that the mere mention of their names provokes amused yawning. Though he did recently colloquy with some formidable younger Liberals—including those untraveled organizers, Mr. C. W. Cross, of Alberta, and Mr. J. A. Calder, of Saskatchewan—he must remain the one conspicuous attraction of his own Progress through Canada unless he bring Mr. Fielding (whom I find all manner of men desiring to hear again) into his touring troupe.

Business desires to hear Fielding. Laurier, however, occupies pretty safe ground, inasmuch as he proposes nothing new novel to a people apparently so averse from change that they are thought to have ousted himself for inviting them to what many regard as a betterment of trade with friendly neighbors! By this prudence he may be recommending himself to a cautious people. Canadians have been often defined as "the Scotch of this continent." At the same time Mr. Borden, despite his caution, seems daily more and more in the way of becoming committed to several proposals for great, and, in some

cases, retrogressive change. That is what rather threatens than endangers his Ministry.

Everything under him has gone well for his year of acquiescence with what is. This month he will meet Parliament, apparently with a program for extensive innovation. It will be curious and instructive if he provoke dissension within his own ranks, and ultimate defeat of his hitherto popular ministry, exactly as Laurier did—by ignoring a solid public conviction that things are well enough now.

#### LESSONS OF THE PAST.

Why should a Premier, one at least nominally conservative, not take example from the success as well as warning from the fate of his sixteen years' prosperous predecessor? Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues, in 1896, were quite as much pledged as Mr. Borden is now to disturb a pre-existing situation. They appeared deeply committed if not to perfect free trade, at least to elimination of every "protective" duty from a "tariff-for-revenue only." They continued "protection," they twice thoroughly revised the tariff in that sense: even their popular preference to British products was more and more re-moulded so as to rather benefit than harm Ontario's principal manufacturing interest.

They had been hostile to "hounities," yet they resorted to this stimulative device extravagantly, on behalf of the iron and steel interests, not to mention some minor ones, such as the petroleum-refining industry.

In opposition they had been absolutely, lengthily, bitterly committed to a thorough investigation of the promotion, the secret history, the hidden accounts of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—with whom they hastened to make close friends.

They reversed their attitude to the West, inasmuch as that they passed from severe criticism of immigration methods, which had tended to populate the prairies with continental Europeans, to active schemes for importing multitudes of non-English-speaking folk.

They did not dispose of the Intercolonial Railway as they had much proposed to do while in opposition, but extended it as a system under political management.

They did not "reform the civil service root and branch" according to their program in opposition, but merely changed a superannuation system to one granting allowances on retirement or at death.

From having long been apparently inimical to privately owned railways by great public aids, they came to the immense project of guaranteeing the Grand Trunk Pacific.

From extreme anti-militarism, and from long devotion to the doctrine that all Canada's political steps should be toward more autonomy—which could mean nothing but toward independence—they came to contingents for the Boer war, enthusiastic participation in Imperial Conferences, schemes for military and naval co-operation with London, and the beginning of a Canadian "navy" under the Act virtually enabling any Governor-General to compel his Cabinet to hand our ships over to Old Country command without pre-approval from the Dominion Parliament.

These things are not here mentioned by way of blaming the Laurier Administration. Quite the contrary. It was Sir Wilfrid's merit as Premier to have ignored pretty much all the balderdash his party talked in opposition. In office he proceeded as a Conservative no less than as a Progressive, and ever he eschewed action as a radical doctrine. He did not innovate. Even as to reciprocity he stood on the plea that the policy was not for any very notable change. He seldom if ever bothered to defend himself or his Cabinet from those imbecile charges of "inconsistency" which are reared by frantic Oppositions at every ministry in turn. The theory on which he mostly practiced in office was that the business of a Premier is to administer public affairs in such wise as to conserve his country's political independence, to promote its agricultural and industrial development

and to keep race, creed, and geographic elements in the utmost attainable harmony.

#### WHY THE INNOVATIONS?

All of which is here submitted as mere preliminary to enquiring—Why should Premier Borden proceed to those great innovations that some extremists expect of him?

Will it not be better for the Dominion and therefore better for him and his ministry if they "let well enough alone," which they can do with essential consistency, since that was their main election cry last year.

What's wrong with the tariff? It produces super-abundant revenue. It has been accepted by pretty much all interests as a fair compromise. Even the prairie West is not now, and never has been truly hostile to existing schedules of customs taxation. What annoys the people of the plains is that they lack free access for their grain to the United States market. If Mr. Borden secure that boon for them—as he probably can—they will complain no more of the present tariff than they did up to last year. As a tariff it is "well enough." Why not leave it alone?

Virtually the tariff will be attacked if the Cabinet stand by Finance Minister White's proposed institution of a tariff Commission. This will be an innovation. Its establishment may be plausibly defended by party politicians and editors. They may say "mere investigation by a permanent commission can do no harm," and so on. But needless investigation of what is well enough may be as injurious as needless amputation of a healthy human heart, which suspicious proceeding has often caused the patient to worry and so produced disease of the organ. Since none but a few extremists in protectionist theory, conjoined with a few over-greedy interests, ask or hope for a better tariff than the existing one, why institute a costly commission, whose public inquiries must inevitably cause much clamor for tariff change?

Before the projected Board almost

every witness might feel it necessary to ask for "more." Every such demand would cause other demands from "interests" threatened by previous requests. Would it not be good conservative policy to "let that fly stick to the wall," instead of devising an expensive permanent Inquest, which can have no other purpose than to disturb what everybody now agrees is well enough to let alone?

Before passing to another item of expected Ministerial policy, it may be well to explain what is meant by alleging that Premier Borden, "probably can" secure to our prairie people the boon of free sales for their grain in the United States market, and can thus reconcile them anew to the existing Canadian tariff.

Congress has not repealed the United States Act offering that boon. Our Parliament can pass a corresponding Act, after which proceeding reciprocity could be established immediately, by Washington and Ottawa proclamation.

#### QUESTIONS FOR CONSERVATIVES.

Now I will put to straight Conservatives a few straight questions, presuming them to be intelligent, well-informed persons, who have read the text of that "pact" which was defeated last year. Do you honestly believe that there would be any danger to Canadian protected manufacturers or to Canada's fiscal independence, if that agreement were accepted by a Conservative instead of a Liberal Ministry at Ottawa? Is it not a fact that the fear which caused you to oppose ratification of that agreement by the Laurier Government (one theoretically inclined to free trade) was essentially a fear that that Government would go further—would work for concurrent legislation reducing protection for Ontario manufactures? Would you not feel safe if the Conservative ministry should now accept the agreement? Could not you trust Mr. Borden and his Cabinet to do no further in reciprocity? Did he ask Parliament to authorize such acceptance he would be in that matter unopposed by the Liber-

als. Hence, he can, probably, give the West what it desires, without endangering Ontario's protected interests, and can thus end dangerous discontents.

As for consistency! Is it to be seriously attributed to so wise a man as Mr. Borden that he would or could be silly enough to stand on a conceit that immaculate consistency with his own past is of importance compared with the propriety and advantage of conciliating the West? If he care as much and no more for "consistency" than did the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Sir John Macdonald, or Laurier, he must feel exceedingly free to plead honestly that the public interest requires him, now a sworn administrator, to do what he did not think should be permitted to an opponent whom he could not trust to abstain from going on to more reciprocity than he proposed.

#### THE ARMAMENTS' ISSUE.

If reciprocity be, as it certainly is, still dreaded as an "innovation" by multitudes of Canadian devotees of the "let well enough alone" principle, how can they be reasonably expected to favor more important innovation in respect of armaments? We all know that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "Nary" policy pleased nobody much. It was tolerated by many as a compromise between extreme opinions. There is a good deal of reason to surmise that the bulk of Canadians do not agree with the prime postulate of both sets of their politicians, viz. that a Canadian Navy or even Coast Defence is desirable. Just so the majority of electors do not take out fire or life or accident insurance. They incline to run risks rather than pay premiums. They reflect mainly on the immense amount of railway-building, canal cutting, land-clearing, scholastic or industrial education which could be effected by the many millions which both sets of politicians seem disposed to expend on ships, guns, sailors, marines, ammunitions. To save the money for purposes plainly useful, multitudes are willing to run all risks of being involved in war

by continued dependency on Great Britain's strength at sea.

Being among those convinced by study that that long-sufficient strength is likely to prove inadequate to Great Britain's own security, let alone Canada's, I cannot but lament an apparent general disposition of our people to "let well enough alone" in this matter. From lengthy Pence they infer its continuance. It would be as wise to have inferred a clear harvest season from weeks of sunshine last May and June. Probably no Canadian rational enough to have carefully perused most of the many good books, the chief magazine articles, and the more notable speeches of recent years on Great Britain's naval position, can seriously doubt it to be seriously endangered, not by Germany alone so much as by the general development of naval strength in the world.

If general stolidity exist among Canadians on this matter, it must be because few of them have found time or means to study those naval conditions, acquaintance with which would force them to reflection that Great Britain's danger is Canada's danger, and our's the greater, since we have no sort of coast defence on either ocean. It is, no doubt, this consideration which has lately caused many eminent men outside the political arena to suggest that "the navy" be dealt with by Mr. Borden, Sir Wilfrid, and their respective followers, as a non-party question. Those earnest Important Persons wish to overcome public apathy on the subject by a union of Intellectuals. The calculation is that if pretty much all the speakers and writers agree on a line, then the people will be voiceless and can be led whither the Big Panjandrum wish. This scheme amounts to a proposed negation of democratic rule, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems very right in staring out of it. Enough for him to promise support to all that may seem to him wise.

Surely a better way would be for Intellectuals and Big Business men to educate the masses by public discussion up to the facts and needs of the situation, thus overcoming their disposition to

rank Defence of Canada among the matters that are well enough to be let alone. Why not concentrate agreement on the one main point in which all our principal thinkers agree, viz: the need for at least a thorough coast defence—leaving to expert specification of armaments necessary to establish that necessary?

A perfect Coast defence was the first Conservative proposal, set forth by Mr. Geo. E. Foster for his Commons' seat in 1909. Had the Laurier Cabinet backed his proposition, instead of amending it by a lot of sentimental flub-dub interjected on vain hope to compete with Tories for the jingo vote, then all would have gone well, even Mr. Bourassa would have been contented, and the country been united on a matter of paramount importance.

#### BORDEN'S PROBABLE POLICY.

It seems now not improbable that Mr. Borden, no matter what he may propose by way of one direct and final contribution to the Old Country navy, will produce a program mainly proposing coast defence on both oceans. Sir Wilfrid has as good as promised to stand by such design. It is one that we shall all have

to back, no matter how widely and steadily we may differ in case a direct bounty of millions or dreadnaughts to the London Admiralty be proposed by the Premier. The main business, Canada's safety, is really quite outside the category of things that are well enough, and therefore suitable to leave alone.

My allowed space has been almost exhausted on the two principal affairs likely to embarrass Mr. Borden during the coming session of Parliament. His program of last session for general improvements of Canadian highways seemed good, and was probably popular. It was talked by what many of us think a fantastic objection against extension of Federal action to improvements hitherto left mainly to Provinces and municipalities. Mr. Haughton Lennox, now on the bench, then said what seemed to me a wise thing—viz.—that the Federal power should not be scared, by the baboon of "provincial rights," from performing good public works on Federal responsibility. But this opinion, and many others, whose development may soon spring naturally from imminent parliamentary proceedings, may be best left to future numbers of MacLean's Magazine.

### SOLITUDE

The 'raptured poet often tells  
Of solitude in leafy dells;  
And e'en if I no poet be  
Still solitude appeals to me.  
And woe betide who doth intrude  
Upon my leafy solitude.

I know a wood, I know a hill,  
Where all is calm and all is still;  
And there I sit and dream alone,  
At no one's pleasure save my own.  
And then I pray you not transgress  
Upon my happy loneliness.

And yet if in the wood I found  
Among the leaves upon the ground,  
And in the shadow of a tree—  
You—sitting smiling up at me,  
Pd snap my fingers, though it's rude,  
At poets and their solitude!

*Alway St. John in Pearson's Magazine.*

## Pres. Falconer—an Organizing Genius

By W. A. Craick

An intimate view of President Falconer, of Toronto University, is presented in this character sketch, which is also somewhat of an interview in that it alludes to revealing the personality of the man it throws an interesting sidelight on the nature of his work. As Canadians seem to know him better, they are beginning to realize that not only have they a big man in Dr. Falconer, but also one consistently fitted in every sense for the successful discharge of the enormous duties which have devolved upon him in the formidable task of University organization and the raising of educational standards in this country. This article gives a glimpse of the man as he is, together with some of his views on educational problems.

IN the spring of 1907, Principal Falconer of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, took passage aboard a liner sailing from New York for Mediterranean ports. His objective was Greece and he had in prospect a pleasant summer wandering about and viewing the historic sights of that famous land. The academic year was over and with a mind free from immediate care he was bent on spending an enjoyable holiday.

The Atlantic voyage was safely accomplished and the liner entered the Mediterranean. Several stops were made at French and Italian ports and then the ship passed up the Adriatic and dropped anchor at Venice. Mail and cablegrams were brought aboard. Among the latter was one addressed to the Principal. He hurriedly tore it open and read the message. It was to this effect, "You

have been selected as the new President of the University of Toronto; will you accept the appointment?" In this somewhat out-of-the-way manner the present

head of the University of Toronto was apprised of the honor which had been conferred upon him. It is true that he was not in ignorance that his name had been under consideration by the committee of the Board of Governors, which had been instructed to name the president, but in his modesty he had never deemed it possible that the choice would fall upon him. The cablegram came almost as a bolt from the blue and for a moment he was quite overcome. Then, realizing that it was a call to a great and useful national work, he sent back his acceptance.

The story of the quest of the committee of the Board of Governors for a



DR. FALCONER,  
President of Toronto University.

successor to President Loudon is not without its interesting features. The new act by which the University of Toronto was reorganized and placed on a



Walking is his favorite recreation.

more satisfactory financial basis was passed by the Legislature of Ontario in the session of 1907. Following upon the enactment of this measure, a Board of Governors was appointed to adminis-

ter University affairs. Their first duty was to secure a new head for the reorganized institution. To expedite the work, a special committee was drafted, on which such eminent Canadians as Sir William Meredith, the Chancellor of the University; Sir Edmund Walker, chairman of the Board of Governors; Sir Charles Moss, Dr. J. A. Macdonald and the late Dr. Teffy consented to serve.

Great Britain, the United States and Canada were scoured for eligible men and a list was gradually compiled, of those who were deemed strong enough for the position. Members of the committee were themselves responsible for several nominations, while numerous suggestions were received from outsiders. At length the committee met to make its selection. Eighty-seven names were up for consideration and the task of picking the best man was no easy one. Finally the choice of the members rested on Professor Michael Sadler of Manchester, England, a distinguished educationist. He was duly approached but after mature consideration declined the offer, giving as his reason the fact that he had set his heart on the work of improving the English educational system and did not feel that he could relinquish the task.

The committee, disappointed, but still with eighty-six names before them, met again. Some members, among them Dr. Macdonald who had nominated him, put in a strong plea for the Principal of the Presbyterian College in Halifax. As he was unknown personally to a large majority of the Board, the committee decided to send for him and place him under a close personal examination. This was on a Thursday. They were aware that Principal Falconer was sailing for Greece on the following Tuesday, but an urgent telegram was dispatched to him and in response, the Halifax man appeared on the scene. The experience must have been a severe ordeal. The Principal was inebriated by Sir Edmund Walker, at the Toronto Club, was cross-examined by "Tom" White at the National Trust Co., was interviewed by Sir William Meredith at his residence and was



Dr. Falconer at his desk.

generally observed from all angles by members of the Board of Governors. After it was over, the future finance minister of Canada voiced the opinion of the Board, when he exclaimed delightedly, "That's the man for us." Meanwhile Principal Falconer himself hurried away to catch his steanship at New York, quite unaware that he had made such a hit. The committee reassembled the following week and unanimously decided to tender him the appointment, sending him their offer by cable, as already described.

In the fall of 1907, President Falconer was duly installed in the important office to which he had been called and at once took up the task of carrying out the re-organization programme

that had been inaugurated with his appointment. He has now held office for five years, a sufficient testing time for any man and that he has abundantly justified the expectations of those who sponsored him is everywhere admitted. Indeed, he has proved himself a bigger and a stronger man than even his greatest admirers were prepared to prophesy.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, the future president was born in the city of Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island early in the year that witnessed the confederation of the Canadian provinces. In his tenth year the family moved to the island of Trinidad, where his father was called to a charge, and there young Falconer passed his boy-



The main building of Toronto University.

hood days. What youth brought up in the prosaic surroundings of a Canadian town would not envy this boy his opportunities, living in a part of the world where romantic adventure has long had its seat. The West Indies of the story books, with their pirates and their buccaners, their buried treasure and their golden galleons, were right at hand, and while the reality might have been as unromantic as the life in a peaceful Canadian village, yet there must have been much to captivate a boyish mind in the strange tropical surroundings. He saw a good deal of Trinidad and at one time penetrated far up the Orinoco River in South America on a memorable holiday trip.

Young Falconer, however, was more of a student than most boys and in the school at Poet of Spain, presided over at the time by an excellent old scholar, he soon became head of his class. The chief prize at this school was known as the West Indian Gilchrist Scholarship, given in connection with the work of the University of London. This he was

easily able to win and at the age of seventeen, along with his brother James he sailed for the land of his forefathers across the Atlantic. Both boys registered at the University of Edinburgh and both carried on their studies together trying the same examinations and taking the same degrees. The provisions of the Gilchrist Scholarship required its holder to be examined each year at London and to London he went at the prescribed time. From the University of London he took his bachelor of arts degree in 1888 and the following year the University of Edinburgh gave him his master's hood.

From their earliest years the Falconer boys had been destined for the ministry by pious parents, and having completed their arts course, they immediately turned their attention to divinity, continuing their studies at Edinburgh. These were halcyon times for them, for both were enthusiastic students. Their winters were spent in the Scottish capital, while in summer they crossed to Germany and attended the summer ses-

sions at Leipzig or Berlin or Marburg. Finally in 1892, having achieved the distinction of bachelor of divinity, they retraced their way across the Atlantic and took up the chain of existence again on Canadian soil.

Robert Falconer immediately received an appointment as lecturer on New Testament Exegesis in the Presbyterian College, Halifax. His brother accepted a charge in the province. From lecturer, Robert advanced to a full professorship in 1895, and in 1904 became in addition principal of the college. The life in Halifax was very pleasant for him. The duties of his position were not extremely onerous. He had time to read, to study and to write. He became a valued contributor to several theological publications and even went to the extent of writing a book on "The Truth of the Apostolic Gospel," which was published in 1904. In the long vacations he travelled extensively and at other times took a keen delight in going for lengthy rambles with congenial companions through the beautiful country around Halifax. Walking is

still, as it was then, his favorite form of recreation.

On the social side he was associated in a small club with several men who have since then won distinction in the educational life of Canada. There was Dr. Gordon, then minister of St. Andrew's Church in Halifax, now principal of Queen's University, Kingston; Alfred Gandler, his brother-in-law, now principal of Knox College, Toronto, but then in charge of Port Missey Church; Clarence McKinnon, who had a small charge just outside Halifax and who is now his successor in the principalship of the Presbyterian College; Walter Murray, then a professor in Dalhousie University, now president of the University of Saskatchewan; and his brother James who is to-day his successor as professor of New Testament Exegesis in Halifax. The club met alternately in the studies of its members and discussed theological and philosophical questions, and if Principal McKinnon was the most brilliant of the six, President Falconer was the deepest thinker and the sanest in his judgments.



Dr. Falconer leading a Convocation procession across the Varsity campus.



Then came a time of change. Other duties devolved upon the members of the little club and in the arduous work of the principalship, Dr. Falconer found his time more fully occupied. The duty of keeping the needs of the College before the church fell upon him and he was constantly in the pulpit urging its claims on the people. Meanwhile further academic distinctions had been his. In 1902 his alma mater gave him the degree of Litt.D. The state University

cultivities of habit or idiosyncracies of disposition about him which make it a simple thing to sketch an interesting portrait. He is one of those thorough-going, matter-of-fact individuals about whom it is hard to weave any entertaining anecdotal paragraphs. Nevertheless there are certain characteristics in his make-up, which lend distinction to his personality and to these some reference should be made.

Absolute fairness seems to be one of



Dr. Ellet, the famous educationalist, and Mrs. Ellet, as the occasion of their visit to Toronto, where they were guests of Dr. Falconer and Mrs. Falconer, in whose apartments this photograph was taken.

of New Brunswick and the Roman Catholic University of St. Francis Xavier alike honored him with the degree of LL.D., while in 1906, Knox College, Toronto, conferred upon him a D.D. Subsequently he has had LL.D.'s from Toronto, McMaster, Dalhousie and Manitoba, so that the number of his degrees is far beyond the average.

Personally President Falconer is not a man who lends himself easily to the pen of the descriptive writer. There are none of those oddities of character, pe-

his most outstanding qualities. Placed as he is in a position, in which he is frequently called upon to settle questions of discipline, he has invariably taken a broad-minded stand. He always listens to the other side, weighs conditions carefully and then decides on the merits of the case. At times he may appear stubborn in his views, but it will invariably be found that he has arrived at his decision only after long and careful cogitation.

Those who know anything of Uni-

versity affairs for the past twenty or thirty years must be aware how very much the University's progress has been hampered by jealousies engendered by cliques. No better man could have been selected to cope with this situation than President Falconer. He came to the University, "nobody's body," and he has retained his position of independence. He possesses the gift of getting on well with everybody and even with the most crotchety members of the Senate and Board of Governors he is "persona grata."

He has continued to maintain the dignity of his position with rare success. Combining a pleasing presence with a fine gift of oratory, he is an ideal representative of a great University. Toronto owes not a little of her fame among the other universities of the world to the influence he has exerted on various occasions when he has been called on to speak for her. As an instance, last summer at the congress of universities of the empire, he was one of the outstanding figures. At the same time throughout Canada he is being looked to more and more as a mentor on things educational and especially in the West his word has come to carry great weight.

His life is an extremely busy one, almost his whole time being consumed in handling the work of his office. He no longer has an opportunity to lecture and this prohibition is one of the things that he regrets most keenly, as it prevents him from getting into close touch with the students as a body. While still a comparatively young man, the burden

of his task is becoming a heavy one and his friends are anxiously looking forward to the time when he will be re-



Dr. Falconer in action as a popular speaker

lieved of part of the work and have an opportunity to devote more time to thinking out pressing problems.

President Falconer is perhaps best known to the public as a speaker. He possesses a remarkably clear, carrying voice, which in itself is a great asset. Add to this a wealth of ideas, gathered from much study, travel and observation, and an ability to think on his feet, and he is well equipped for platform work. There is possibly a little heaviness in his remarks. He means all he says and therefore lacks some of the sprightliness and wit of the "jollier." But anyone who enjoys fine English, clearly enunciated and fraught with sound sense, will appreciate his oratorical efforts.

The President confesses frankly that he has never been a success in any form of sport, being, as he says, too clumsy to become proficient at any game requiring physical skill. His favorite recreation is still pedestrianism though he has few opportunities to indulge it. Like many men of note he pays a large annual fee to a golf club, but only plays around the course about once a year, thereby proving the truth of the contention that, next, to screwing, golf is the most expensive sport on earth.

And now to get a clear glimpse of his personality and to learn something of the views he entertains regarding the University, a hurried visit to his office in the main building, will prove helpful. Seated behind a large flat-topped desk, plentifully beset with books and correspondence, in a room known to the graduates of the nineties as the registrar's office, Dr. Falconer receives his visitors with the kindly welcome of the man, whose life is devoted to the uplift of humanity. There is a quiet dignity about him that impresses one with the genuineness of his personality. He shows none of those airs of superiority and condescension that oftentimes cloak less important individuals, while his conversation is frank and unfeigned. There is a boyishness about his appearance that would lead one to suppose him younger than he actually is. The face is open, with merely a faint suggestion of the sternness that usually marks the pedagogues. Of medium

height, the figure is erect and well proportioned.

As he sits back in his chair, let us chat with him for a few minutes about the affairs of the great institution over the destinies of which he now presides.

"What can I say about the development of the University since I became President?" he replies in answer to a leading question. "Well I must disclaim any personal credit for the great advance that has been made. We have been carried along on a wave of progress. The re-organization policy adopted some years ago and which is still being matured, is one force that has helped to build up the University. The prosperity of the country is a second irresistible cause and the growing desire of the people for higher education is yet a third. All three have contributed materially to our growth."

"What do you consider the most significant movement of recent years in the policy of the University?" was the next query.

"Undoubtedly the raising of our standards," replied the President. "The standards of entrance are going up and we are aiming to get the schools of the country to do more advanced teaching, thereby relieving the University of much of its elementary work. As a result we hope to graduate better professional men and make Toronto's degrees stronger than ever, even though they have always been good. We have advanced the course in medicine from four to five years, in applied sciences from three to four years, and our arts courses are also being raised. And yet in spite of that, the attendance in all the faculties continues to grow."

"A natural question arises here. How do you regard the great development in technical education as opposed to scholastic learning?"

"The development of technical education has to go on very rapidly in a country like Canada. At the same time we are maintaining the balance pretty well in the University. Centres of learning like this cannot afford to lower the standard in arts or neglect the dead languages. We want thinkers in this country, men who are not only ready to

take up the practical work of to-morrow, but who can think out the problems that confront us. The mistake is often made of considering Canadians as a young people. We are really an old people living in a new land. We must know what share the past has taken in our development. We ought to be quite free from intellectual crudity in this country and the universities should strive to prevent it. To the universities we must look for the men of original mind, who have been trained to think for themselves. And for this reason we strive to maintain the balance between action and thought."

"What are your views as to the place of sport in University life?"

"Very necessary," answered the President. "We aim to get as many of the students as possible to engage in sport and are glad to see so many taking it up. We don't want a situation where the multitude look on and see a few playing a game, but where every student will participate. When the new gymnasium is completed, we hope to see more and more take part. Meanwhile we are not permitting the sporting element to predominate, because we are raising the intellectual standard. Better to have a few well trained men, physically and intellectually, than a multitude of a lower standard of accomplishment. Compulsory physical training? Well, I wouldn't like to express an opinion on that. I am personally in favor of a physical examination of every student."

"One last question. What about the University and public life? Are the

graduates taking up their share of the burden; or are they shrinking from politics?"

"They are doing pretty well. There is W. T. White, the Minister of Finance, as a good example. It is, of course, rare for University men to go direct into public life. They need to go through a certain amount of business or professional experience first. The case of Governor Woodrow Wilson is certainly rare. At the same time graduates should take more interest in politics, while it might often be good policy for public men to consult with the men in the Universities oftener than they do."

At this point, President Falconer jumps to his feet. His day is cut into exact slices and there can be no overlapping. An inexorable memory reminds him that he is due elsewhere and the brief interview is at an end. However, there is this consolation. In fifteen minutes he has been able to give a very concise account of his views on the progress and policy of the big University.

There was much adverse comment when President Falconer was appointed. He was practically an unknown quantity; what was more, in the eyes of many, he was a minister. The only strong point in his favor was that he was a Canadian. That he has outlived this criticism and has attained a position of high regard, on the strength of his good qualities alone, is evidence of the power of his personality and his fitness for the work with which he has been entrusted.

## THE LIBERAL EDUCATION

"That man is best educated who is most useful. It is necessary to define anew the liberal education. Studies are no longer considered liberal in proportion to their remoteness from practical learning, but, on the contrary, to their direct relationship to life."

## The Call of The Tame

By O. Henry

WHEN the inauguration was accomplished—the proceedings were made smooth by the presence of the Rough Riders—it is well known that a herd of those competent and loyal ex-warriors paid a visit to the big city. The newspaper reporters dug out of their trunks the old broad-brimmed hats and leather belts that they wear to North Beach fish fries, and mixed with the visitors. No damage was done beyond the employment of the wonderful plural "reader-feet" in each of the scribe's stories. The Westerners mildly contemplated the skyscrapers as high as the third story, yawned at Broadway, hunched down in the big chairs in hotel corridors, and altogether looked as bored and dejected as a member of Ye Ancient and Honorable artillery separated during a sham battle from his vanguard.

Out of this sightseeing delegation of good King T-eddy's Gentlemen of the Royal Bear-hounds dropped one Greenbrier Nye, of Pin Feather, Ariz.

The daily cyclone of Sixth Avenue's rush hour swept him away from the company of his partners true. The dust from a thousand rustling skirts filled his eyes. The mighty roar of trains rushing above the sky deafened him. The lightning-flash of twice ten hundred beaming eyes confused his vision.

The storm was so sudden and tremendous that Greenbrier's first impulse was to be down and grab a root. And then he remembered that the disturbance was human, and not elemental; and he backed out of it with a grin into a doorway.

The reporters had written that but for the wide-brimmed hats the West

was not visible upon these gauchos of the South. Heaven sharpen their eyes! The suit of black diagonal, wrinkled in impossible places; the bright blue four-in-hand, factory tied; the low, turned-down collar, pattern of the days of Seymour and Blair, white glazed as the letters on the window of the open-day-and-night-except-Sunday restaurants; the outcurve at the knees from the saddle grip; the peculiar spread of the half-closed right thumb and fingers from the stiff hold upon the circling lasso; the deeply absorbed weather tan that the hottest sun of Cape May can never equal: the seldom-winking blue eyes that unconsciously divided the rushing crowds into fairs, as though they were being counted out of a corral; the segregated loneliness and solemnity of expression, as of an Emperor or of one whose horizons have not intruded upon him nearer than a day's ride—these brands of the West were set upon Greenbrier Nye. Oh, yes; he wore a broad-brimmed hat, gentle reader—just like those the Madison Square Post Office mail-carriers wear when they go up to Bronx Park on Sunday afternoons.

Suddenly Greenbrier Nye jumped into the drifting herd of metropolitan cattle, seized upon a man, dragged him out of the stream and gave him a buffet upon his collarbone that sent him reeling against the wall.

The victim recovered his hat, with the angry look of a New Yorker who has suffered an outrage and intends to write to the Trib. about it. But he looked at his assailant, and knew that the blow was in consideration of love and affection after the manner of the West, which greets its friends with contempt

and uproar and pounding fists, and receives its enemies in decorum and order, such as the judicious placing of the welcoming ballet demands.

"God in the mountains!" cried Greenbrier, holding fast to the foreleg of his cull. "Can this be Longhorn Merritt?"

The other man was—oh, look on Broadway any day for the pattern—business man—latest rolled-brim derby—good barber, business, digestion and tailor.

"Greenbrier Nye!" he exclaimed, grasping the hand that had smitten him. "My dear fellow! So glad to see you! How did you come to—oh, to be sure—the inaugural ceremonies—I remember you joined the Rough Riders. You must come and have luncheon with me, of course."

Greenbrier pinned him sedily but firmly to the wall with a hand the size, shape and color of a McClellan saddle.

"Longy," he said, in a melancholy voice that disturbed traffic, "what have they been doing to you?" You act just like a citizen. They done made you in to a inmate of the city directory. You never made no such Johnny Branch exclamation of yourself as that out on the Gila. 'Come and have lunching with me.' You never defined grub by any such terms of reproach in them days."

"I've been living in New York seven years," said Merritt. "It's been eight since we punched cows together in Old Man Garcia's outfit. Well, let's go to a cafe, anyhow. It sounds good to hear it called 'grub' again."

They picked their way through the crowd to a hotel, and drifted, as by a natural law, to the bar.

"Speak up," invited Greenbrier.

"A dry Martini," said Merritt.

"Oh, Lord," cried Greenbrier; "and yet me and you once saw the same pink Gila monsters crawling up the walls of the same hotel in Canon Diablo! A dry—but let that pass. Whiskey straight—and they're on you."

Merritt smiled, and paid.

They lunched in a small extension of the dining room that connected with

the cafe. Merritt dexterously diverted his friend's choice, that hovered over ham and eggs, to a piece of celery, a salmon cutlet, a partridge pie and a desirable salad.

"On the day," said Greenbrier, grieved and thunderous, "when I can't hold but one drink before eating when I meet a friend I ain't seen in eight years at a 2 by 4 table in a thirty-cent town at 1 o'clock on the third day of the week, I want nine bronches to kick me forty times over a 640-acre section of land. Get them statistics!"

"Right, old man," laughed Merritt. "Waiter, bring an absinthe frappe and—what's yours, Greenbrier?"

"Whiskey straight," mourned Nye. "Out of the neck of a bottle you used to take it, Longy—straight out of the neck of a bottle on a galloping pony—Arizona redeye, not this—oh, what's the use? They're on you."

Merritt slipped the wine curd under his glass.

"All right. I suppose you think I'm spoiled by the city. I'm as good a Westerner as you are, Greenbrier; but, somehow, I can't make up my mind to go back out there."

"I'll tell you what you are, Merritt," said Greenbrier, laying one elbow in his salad and the other in his butter. "You are a concentrated, effete, unconditional, short-sleeved, Gottschewski Miss Sally Walker. God made you perpendicular and suitable to ride straddle and use cuss words in the original. Wherefore you have suffered his handiwork to elapse by removing yourself to New York and putting on little shoes tied with strings, and making faces when you talk. I've seen you rope and tie a steer in 1234. If you was to see one now you'd write to the Police Commissioner about it. And these flapdoodle drinks that you inoculate your system with—these little essences of cowpox with acorns in 'em, and paregoric slip—they ain't anyways in assent with the cordiality of manhood. I hate to see you this way."

"Well, Greenbrier," said Merritt, with apology in his tone, "in a way you

are right. Sometimes I do feel like I was being raised on the bottle. But, I tell you, New York is comfortable—comfortable. There's something about it—the sights and the crowds, and the way it changes every day, and the very air of it that seems to tie a one-mile-long stake rope around a man's neck, with the other end fastened somewhere about Thirty-fourth Street. I don't know what it is."

"God knows," said Greenbrier sadly, "and I know. The East has gobbled you up. You was venison, and now you're veal. You put me in mind of a saponia in a window. You've been signed, sealed and diskivered. Requeint in hoc signo. You make me thirsty."

"A green chaireuse here," said Merritt to the waiter.

"Whiskey straight," sighed Greenbrier, "and they're on you, you renegade of the round-ups."

"Gullity, with an application for mercy," said Merritt. "You don't know how it is, Greenbrier. It's so comfortable here that —"

"Please loan me your smelling salts," pleaded Greenbrier. "If I hadn't seen you once bluff three bluffers from Phoenix —"

Greenbrier's voice died away in pure grief.

"Cigars" he called harshly to the waiter, to hide his emotion.

"A peck of Turkish cigarettes for mine," said Merritt.

"They're on you," chanted Greenbrier, struggling to conceal his contempt.

At seven they dined in the Where-to-Dine-Well column.

That evening a galaxy had assembled there. Bright shone the lights o'er fair women and be—let it go, anyhow—brave men. The orchestra played charmingly.

Merritt put forth exertions on the dinner. Greenbrier was his old friend, and be liked him. He persuaded him to drink a cocktail.

"I take the horehound tea," said

Greenbrier, "for old times' sake. But I'd prefer whiskey straight. They're on you."

"Right!" said Merritt. "Now run your eye down that bill of fare and see if it seems to hitch on any items."

"Lay me on my lava bed!" said Greenbrier, with bulging eyes. "All these specimens of nutriment in the grub wagon! What's this? Horse with the heaves? I press. But look along! Here's truck for twenty round-ups all spelled out in different sections. Wait till I see."

The viands ordered, Merritt turned to the wine list.

"This Medoc isn't bad," he suggested.

"You're the doc," said Greenbrier.

"I'd rather have whiskey straight. It's on you."

"How was the range when you left the Gila?" asked Merritt.

"Fine," said Greenbrier. "You see that lady in the red speckled silk at that table? Well, she could warm over her beans at my campfire. Yes, the range was good. She looks so nice as a white mustang I see once on Black River."

When the coffee came, Greenbrier put one foot on the seat of the chair next to him.

"You said it was a comfortable town, Longy," he said, meditatively. "Yes, it's a comfortable town. It's different from the plains in a blue nether. What did you call that mess in the crock with the handle, Longy? Oh, yes, squabs in a cash roll. They're worth the roll. That white mustang had just such a way of turning his head and shaking his mane—look at her, Longy. If I thought I could sell out my ranch at a fair price, I believe I'd—"

"Gyar—song!" he suddenly cried, in a voice that paralyzed every knife and fork in the restaurant.

The waiter bowed toward the table.

"Two more of them cocktail drinks," ordered Greenbrier.

Merritt looked at him and smiled significantly.

"They're on me," said Greenbrier, blowing a puff of smoke to the ceiling.

## Canada's Pure Food Problem

By John MacCormac

There should be reciprocity in foodstuffs in Canada in at least one particular. As between producer and consumer there should be reciprocity in quality and prices—the quality should be as good as the price is high. That is all that is involved in the fight against adulterated products and in the campaign for pure foods. In Canada the battle has been less spectacular than that waged in the United States, but the results have been quite as satisfactory. Canadians, however, are not as familiar with Canadian laws and regulations touching food stuffs as they should be. In this article some salient facts concerning them are presented.

A WOMAN once pushed open the glass doors of a corner grocery store and made her way to its main counter. There was nothing in the least extraordinary or unusual about her and that is why her actions were significant for she typified the average Canadian housewife doing part of her daily buying.

The woman made two purchases. One was a tin of fruit jam and the other of chicken soup—at least that was what she asked and paid for but not what the genial grocer with the white apron and the smiling face percolated up for her. The woman knew the grocer; he was a member of the congregation to which she belonged, where he taught a bible class and contributed generously to the mission fund. She considered him an upright man. And as the adjective is generally accepted, he was.

And yet, instead of the fruit jam and the chicken soup which this woman had ordered and had a right to expect what she really got were two tins, one containing a little—a very little—of the fruit of which such a highly colored representation appeared on the outside of the can; some dextrin, which is

a substitute for gum arabic and not the best thing for the human stomach, and glucose, which is a syrupy compound you could make yourself by treating starch with dilute sulphuric acid. The other tin was labeled "chicken soup," but it wasn't. It was veal soup, and slightly spoiled veal soup at that, with a faint acidity of contents due to corrosion of the can in which it was contained.

Neither the jam which was not jam nor the chicken soup which was not chicken soup was so adulterated as to be actually dangerous in use and there are those who would urge that in such case the ignorance of the ultimate consumer was also his bliss and all for the good of the canning industry. The grocer—well the grocer would simply blame it on the manufacturer from whom he obtained his goods and let it go at that. The manufacturer might plead that "they all did it," that competition was keen, necessitating a certain amount of leeway in regards quality, and finally that if the latter were inferior his prices were lower anyway.

As a matter of fact the blame might be divided between all three parties to the deal, the manufacturer who made

the goods, the grocer who retailed them and, finally, the average housewife who bought them. Yes, the housewife is at fault for much of the present adulteration of food in Canada as elsewhere and she will continue to be until she learns to apply her mother's and her grandmother's old-fashioned methods of intelligent inspection of all purchases to modern systems of food selling. Canned goods are a comparatively recent development; two decades ago the average housewife of that time did not buy them and consequently had little to fear from adulteration. Yet one fancies that if the modern Canadian woman of a family paid the greater personal attention to detail that her predecessor did twenty years ago it would quickly become not only honesty but policy for the manufacturer to turn out pure goods.

The trouble is that often popular demand is in the other direction. The public desire for white flour, for instance, has resulted in the bleaching of much of the product by millers with oxides of nitrogen, and numerous other instances could be cited where a badly informed public opinion has tempted the manufacturers to adulteration.

But, while the education of the Canadian housewife will have to be left to time, her interests as the ultimate consumer are all along protected by an agency maintained by the government of this country, the food inspection branch of the inland revenue department. It is to this end, also, that there has been built up under the capable direction of Dr. A. McGill, chief analyst of this department and known as the Dr. Wiley of Canada, a system of national food control of which Canadians may be proud.

The question of the adulteration of food is, economically, easily one of the most important which the twentieth century has to solve. And as everybody has to eat, its solution is naturally one of universal interest not only from the point of view of the public but of the honest producer and trader himself. But to the working public, the great

mass who have to toil hard that they may earn their daily bread, it is of special import. Investigation has shown that where the purchaser with money to spend on more than his necessities seeks the best article and often, in fact, buys his food and drink for the sake of its flavor, he is not very likely to obtain an adulterated article, because the more expensive foods are seldom adulterated. It is the poorer purchaser who is buying his food for his daily nourishment who especially needs protection.

Then, if we look at the adulteration question from the point of view of the honest producer and trader it will become apparent that the unfair competition caused by trading in adulterated articles which can either be sold at a lower rate or a greater profit than the real thing is a very serious matter. Even if fraud with foodstuffs were not objectionable from a hygienic point of view commercial morality demands a food control.

#### THE PURE FOOD MOVEMENT.

The result has been the promulgation, from time to time, of what are known as food standards, that is, definitions of what different foods should properly be, what should be their standards of quality and their limits of variability. The work, although only commenced a short time ago, has already made satisfactory progress and the standards of meat and meat products, grain and grain products, milk and its products, maple sugar and syrup as well as a number of other foods have already been defined by the advisory board which has charge of it. The chief act of parliament under which food control is carried out is the Adulteration Act, while the Inspection and Sales Act, the Meat and Canned Foods Act, the Canned Goods Act and the Customs Act, administered by different departments, have also to do with this branch of government activity. Under the Adulteration Act samples are collected by the inspectors, analysed and the results published in bulletin form and where adulteration is found the

offender is specially notified. Adulteration of food in this country is taken to consist of reducing the quality or strength of the article in question by admixture, substitution of an inferior

which is colored or coated to conceal damage, milk or butter from diseased animals being included. Where the matter added is food for the production or preparation of an article of commerce



DR. A. MCGILL,

who, as head of the pure food bureau in this country has been called "the Dr. Wiley of Canada."

substance, abstraction of a valuable constituent, imitation or false naming, or the addition of poison. Food is also adulterated which consists of diseased or putrid material whose strength or purity is below a fixed standard or

in a state fit for carriage and consumption is not injurious to health such food is not regarded as adulterated but must be labelled a mixture. Adulteration of a character injurious to health, however, incurs a penalty not to exceed

\$500 or six months' imprisonment or both.

It will readily be seen that the determination of food standards is one of no little difficulty. Many articles of food are as yet not susceptible to legal definition and this is the chief obstacle to the carrying of cases of adulteration into court. Yet all foodstuffs, whatever their origin, are by their very nature perishable and the products of their putrefaction, although not perhaps injurious to life, are such as to lessen the value of the food. It is therefore necessary, in arriving at a satisfactory definition, to make the first requisite one of soundness and, in the case of unmanufactured foods such as milk, to require normal origin. Milk is defined as the fresh, clean and unaltered product obtained by the complete, uninterrupted milking, under proper sanitary conditions, of one or more healthy cows, properly fed and kept, excluding that obtained two weeks before and one week after calving, and containing not less than three and one-quarter per cent. of milk fat and not less than eight and one-half per cent. milk solids other than fat. Although this legal minimum standard is fixed, however, it does not deprive any municipality of authority to enact a higher one, thus giving a community, willing to pay for what it gets, the right to state just what it is willing to buy and pay for as milk.

#### HOW FOOD IS COPYRIGHTED.

One of the main objects of food definition is the practical copyrighting of food names in the interest of the public, whose property they are. This does not quite fall in with the wishes of some manufacturers who would like to adopt them as disguises. The manufacturer of oleomargarine would greatly prefer to label his product butter, for instance, cottonseed stearin, tallow oil and oil admixture are offered you as lard; liquid glucose as syrup and solid glucose as sugar. A richly dyed solution of glue perhaps aspires to wide sale as red currant jelly and dilute acetic acid answers to the name of vinegar. Glucose syr-

up, too, is sometimes proffered to the unsuspecting customer under the disguise of table syrup or golden syrup, whereas golden syrup, by constant association, has really come to imply a cane sugar product. Chief Analyst McGill would make the disguising of glucose syrup illegal just because of this latter fact.

The man who produces a new food is naturally anxious to let you call it by an old and well known name if he can. Demand for a new product under a new name, you see, has to be cultivated and the public has to be educated, which is a matter involving much expense. Unless food names are legally protected, just as those medicines of a proprietary character, the producer is able to avoid this expense by allowing his new food to be known by the name of that of which it is really only an imitation or a substitute.

While a number of unmanufactured goods may be so defined that the analyst is able to say of a certain sample, "This article is up to definition and therefore genuine," it is almost impossible to attempt to do so with manufactured foods. One can require normal origin in a commodity like milk but it would be a mistake to demand fixity of method of production in raspberry jam, changes in the manufacture of which might tend only to improvement. In this case there is nothing left to the government but to fix constants, numerical or otherwise, which will enable it to say which foods have the right to be sold under certain names and which have not. Further than this it does not go. An article is up to standard requirements if it says so but does not aim to give the standard of purity, leaving it to the manufacturer of higher class goods, to do his own advertising while at the same time effecting the prevention of fraud by the maker of lower than standard foods.

#### ATTITUDE TOWARDS PRESERVATIVES.

What is the attitude of the Dominion Government toward food preservatives? Well, it is not so uncompromising as that of Dr. Wiley, the guardian angel

of the United States' national stomach, who has more than once stated that he expects to "continue to work until I see the whole company of preservatives and coloring matters in the bonneyard." The view of our own chief analyst is that certain preservatives may be, at their worst, a necessary evil. Then there is a lot of misunderstanding about this whole question. Take the time-honored, every-day preservatives—salt, sugar, vinegar, spices, smoke, etc.—It has been demonstrated that any of these is capable of doing positive injury to digestion and yet no one thinks of banishing them or has any qualms about eating foods treated with them. The question for the expert then, in regard to the other class of preservatives, of which boric acid, formaldehyde and saccharin are perhaps the best known, is whether they may be employed in quantities so small as to have no harmful effect on the health while at the same time serving to preserve food. When it is borne in mind that, since the year 1903, there have been 26,311 recorded cases of ptomaine poisoning in the United States, of which 1,078 proved fatal, the vital import of devising some effective manner of preserving food becomes at once apparent. But for the use of preservatives the number might easily have been ten times as great.

Where foods are specially intended for the use of infants and invalids, however, Dr. McGill considers they should be entirely free from potent chemical preservatives. He is also of opinion that the presence of all preservatives not perceptible by the senses should be plainly stated on the labels of all foods and the smallest possible amount to be effective used.

Canadian national food control prohibits the use of coloring matters harmful to health, employed in making an article seem to be what it is not or to enhance the apparent value of an inferior product, but does not object to the use of colors to give attractiveness to candies, cheese, luster, cake icing, green peas or other foods.

The results of the examinations made are published in the form of bulletins

by the inland revenue department, which does not hesitate to say what it means. In the case of infant foods, for example, the chief analyst reports that, "It must be said of some of those directed to be prepared with water only that they would seem to provide a starvation diet for infants, so far as the fat is concerned."

Another bulletin points out that those of us who have been satisfying our thirst and temperance principles at the same time by consuming the supposedly luscious root beer and the apparently harmless ginger ale, have really been whitened sepulchres all along for, says the bulletin, "two samples sold as root beer and ginger beer respectively contain alcohol equivalent to more than four per cent. of proof spirit and on this account should be regarded as alcoholic beverages, although they are not, malt liquors."

While our non-alcoholic liquors are, however, sometimes too strong, cur openly spirituous ones are found to be too weak. According to a report on distilled liquors in Quebec province, "more than thirty per cent. of the whiskey samples fell short of containing half the alcohol strength known as proof. There can be no doubt that this constitutes a real fraud and calls for legal redress."

Besides the adulteration of food in solid or liquid form the department has given much consideration to patent medicines. Only recently a bulletin on headache powders informed the remedy buying public that it was purchasing compounds which in many cases contained drugs decidedly injurious to health and in fact dangerous to life. More than half the powders examined contained a dose of acetanilide which, with phenacetin is usually the chief ingredient of these nostrums, in amount greater than the limit declared safe by expert medical authority and without, in some cases, any indication of the presence of these drugs. In others the latter was concealed under various technical terms, while preposterous claims as to their curative powers were frequently made.

## When Integrity Told

By Edward J. Moore

"Tell you what I'll do, Steel," said the senior partner, studying the young man as he spoke, "cut down those estimates for the rest of it by about thirty thousand and I'll share even with you on the profits."

The partners had been looking over blueprints and estimates for a new skyscraper which the firm was running up for the Standard Company down on St. Paul Street.

"You can do it mighty easy," Barclay continued eagerly. "You've sunk a good deal more than I expected in those caissons and concrete in the foundation. Looks as if you expected to hold up the whole town instead of a hundred feet of it, but that's done now and can't be helped. You can clear yourself on the steel work in the upper stories. Why can't you stick in some lighter 'T' beams for those eighteen-inch pieces in the main frames above the seventh story and cut down on the steel all round. We've got to do it some way."

Steel's eyes came up from the blueprints with a jerk, but his face showed even more determination than surprise. The evening's conference had revealed some hitherto unexpected characteristics in his new partner.

"I can't see how, Mr. Barclay," he said decisively. "You know I've cut those estimates down to the last possible safety notch working along the lines of the engineer's specifications, and—"

"Hang the specifications," broke in Barclay. "What difference do they make? You know how I stand with the city hall gang. If I didn't we wouldn't have had this contract. A word to Jennings will insure that the inspection goes all right. It's only a farce anyway.

"It seems to me you're a little kilted, Steel," Barclay continued, definitely. "You're trying to make your pile the same as the rest of them. Why won't you use the same tools? How did Mess and Pollock get up where they are? Got a set of plans passed by the city architect, worked from 'fixed' ones and cut out a tidy bit of stuff from each contract. The inspection didn't amount to anything and nobody outside the ring is any wiser. Their buildings are safe enough."

"Perhaps they are," said Steel, sharply, "but next time you go down William street squint up the east corner of the Towning Wedge—you know Pollock put that up in four months two years ago—and see if you can't see where the overhang is sagging. And if you go up to the first story below the roof," Steel looked out of the window contemplatively, "the seventeenth, I think, and go to a little hallway at the back, you can look down beside the fire escape and see where the wall has buckled about a foot on the outside of the elevator shaft. I ran a plumb down there one day when nobody was around."

"Oh, those are petty things," said Barclay, impatiently, "and only one man in a thousand, a crank like you who's looking for 'em, would find them. The people know nothing about it and trust to us without bothering their heads. Look at the Scotia building, Murphy's new job, just across from ours. It looks all right and he's four stories ahead of you now. Clarke told me the other day that Murphy expects to clear up forty thousand on the job. Why shouldn't we do the same? Well," as Steel did not reply at once, "I've made you my offer."

In the meantime Steel was busy with a little mental conflict. For several reasons it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to reject Barclay's proposition. Only a few months before a plump little God who is usually pictured with an archery outfit but minus his trousers, had pumped a few telling missiles into a vital spot in the young man's anatomy and in consequence he was anxiously fighting for recognition and a small fortune to found a home of his own. However, the grit instilled in him by a long line of straightforward grandfathers stood him in good stead. Barclay noticed that his jaw was set even firmer than usual when he looked up to reply.

"If you want me to inch on my estimates and go below the safety point for a few extra thousands, Barclay, you've gripped the wrong man. I don't care to carry the responsibility for the safety of a couple of thousand of my fellow citizens on my conscience. Very evidently that idea doesn't bother those other big fellows very much. I tell you, Barclay," Steel was getting vehement, "I'm hot on this thing. Your gang and others like them have no more regard for human life than you have for a sack of cement. It's altogether an unconsidered element with you. And it's not only in this town and in building construction that the thing's felt. You can see it around you everywhere. It's simply a case of graft and grab above any consideration for human safety."

Steel was talking excitedly and his eyes shone as his thoughts were given rapid expression.

"A chap nowadays gets a bridge contract through a pull," he continued, "or by buying up a couple of directors. Then he goes to work and calculates how he can follow the official plans in seeming and at the same time cut down on the original estimate. He takes a big chance, puts in some light steel or beds his piers in the mud, has the inspector 'fixed' by the ring and his job is passed as O. K. It may stand for a month or five years but some day, after an ice jam, one of the piers gives way under an excursion train, and the papers are black with a casualty list.

What's the result? The thing is howled over for a day but is hushed up by the system and mighty soon forgotten and the beggar who murdered that bunch of people gets off scot free and does the same thing over again.

"Isn't it true?" Steel queried, and without waiting for reply, "The same thing happens every day. Look at the Destroyer *Ferð*, whose port boilers blew up in Prince Rupert harbor the other day and roasted sixty of the poor devils in her. The inspector had been over her at Vancouver a month before but had been bought up by the Old Country builders and passed everything as first class. Old man Siamson told me yesterday that the officer whispered to him that the middle boiler—they were Bellevilles, you know—was full of rotten tubing.

"Who suffers for this? The inspector? The lumber? You know how the thing works out. I tell you, Barclay, God Almighty has a tremendous score written down against some of these fellows. And," Steel continued, more quietly, though with even greater earnestness, "I want you to know that I don't propose to be one of the number. I'll ruin me, I suppose, to get out of the firm as things stand just now, but I'll do it, yes and a hundred times more before I'll cut down on those estimates you've seen to-night."

"I did spend more than I expected on the piling and concrete in the foundation but it struck me just at the last moment that the shaft of the new Verden tube would pass that corner. You can never depend on how those big tunnels will juggle with the ground around your pier beds, particularly if you're in quick sand, which we struck there, so I had to run down those caissons and fill 'em up with concrete to provide for that."

Barclay had been studying his young partner closely during this lengthy speech but years of political experience seemed to have hardened his sensibilities.

"Quite a sermon, Steel, quite a sermon," he said with a somewhat forced laugh. "You take those everyday affairs very hard. But I see your mind's

made up. Think the matter over for a week or so."

Steel had become thoroughly routed. He grabbed up the bunch of estimates, jammed them in his inside pocket and flung himself out of the office without even a "good-night" to his partner. The elevators had stopped hours before so he ran down the several flights of stairs and out into the street.

A few minutes of rapid walking brought him to a more rational mood, and he began to think of things about him. The thought that Murphy's building was ahead of his own and that the other contractor was apparently so successful, troubled him a good deal and after a moment's consideration he decided to walk down to the new Scotia building to have a look at what the contractor was doing. As he neared the corner the web-like steel framework of the new buildings, Murphy's near him and his own across the corner, were accentuated in the moonlight. The Scotia building was enclosed somewhat further up than his own but beyond that no appreciable difference was at first evident. A word to the watchman, a former employee of his, gained him passage through a gate in the shelter sheds and he began to look about him. He had no compunction in invading the enemy's camp, as it were, for he knew Murphy had been all over his own building some little time before. Steel indeed laid to this visit and to Murphy's interference a good deal of the trouble he had had with Barclay.

The watchman's lantern only served to light his immediate vicinity and all around was in shadow. He could see, however, piles of massive steel beams, which would later be hoisted and riveted into place in the upper framework and huge heaps of fat sacks of cement for the concrete wall, which lay around everywhere. The end of a pile protruding from one of these heaps drew his attention and he called the watchman with his lantern over for a closer inspection.

"So Murphy has it standing on cedar piling," he said to himself. "Wonder how long he thinks they'll carry the weight in this quicksand?" His own

building rested on half a dozen concrete pillars built up from bed rock by the caisson method. "Wonder if the rest of the thing is run on the same plan?" he soliloquized.

A few moments' climb up the workmen's ladders connecting the several floors brought him up to the level of the enclosing concrete. Here the steelwork was finely put together and everything appeared substantial. When he walked over and examined the wall, however, he started in surprise. The concrete was only three inches thick. True, it was fairly well reinforced with light steel but such a covering seemed a mere paste over the framework of the towering structure.

Steel went further upward till progress became difficult and then, looking about him, realized that the framework was without the usual amount of wind bracing. In the street he had noticed no breeze, but at that height the wind was quite strong and he fancied he could see the corner piers, far above him, swaying slightly. What would happen when the framework was enclosed by a wall which would present itself like a gigantic sail above the surrounding buildings? Murphy had certainly calculated closely and was taking some big chances.

Steel had seen enough to substantiate his suppositions. He made his way carefully downward.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks later Steel was enjoying a breezy afternoon in a cut boat on the harbor. His tinsie was with him and he had been telling her something of his conversation with Barclay and of its probable consequences. Then they bore off on a new tack and the wind began to come in glorious puffs, heeling the light boat over till the deck ran awash and the breeze spilled over the top of the big mainsail. As they came round the end of the island the city loomed up quite distinctly before them, and pointing the lee of the breakwater they got into temporary shelter. Then Steel had a chance to point out the new skyscrapers, which, side by side, towered over the buildings around them.

The Scotia structure appeared to be almost completed. Murphy had forced his concrete workers to chase up after the steelwork and almost the whole building was enclosed with a white, substantial-looking wall. Though they were gazing at one side they could see in profile the many-windowed front, showing the unique architecture of the reinforced-concrete building. It was a magnificent structure.

The building adjacent seemed rather disappointing. The brickwork had gone up somewhat slowly and now the outer wall only enclosed nine rows of stories completed. Above this the great steel framework rose in very evident slenderness, for the network of bracing and trusswork was scarcely visible at that distance.

"If I hadn't faith in you, Frank," said the girl, "I'd be inclined to think Mr. Barclay was right. Murphy does seem to be ahead of you this time."

"Perhaps I have been a bit too careful," said Steel, "but when—"

A sudden squall heeled the boat over, cutting off further reply, and the storm which had swept up unnoticed while they had been studying the buildings was on them in sudden fury. For several moments Steel saw nothing but the approaching squall, wondering if he could manage to get another reef in the sail, but a sudden horrified cry from the girl at the other end of the cockpit made him wheel round and fix his eyes on the new buildings.

The sight photographed itself on his memory as if through a moving lens. Murphy's building seemed to give a gigantic stagger, then, as if pushed by a titanic hand, it toppled over sideways, the front bowing outwards as it fell. A cloud of white dust floated upward for a moment but the storm closing down suddenly blotted out everything at a distance.

"God help the poor wretches inside of it," muttered Steel, between his teeth.

The girl sank sobbing into the bottom of the cockpit but in a moment recovered herself and sprang up to help Steel with the boat.

\* \* \* \* \*

After seeing the girl in a cab Steel rushed to the scene of the disaster. He could hear the quick throbbing of the fire engines above the roar of the crowd, several blocks away. Turning a corner he drew a breath of thankfulness. His own building was standing solid as a mountain, though the lower stories were plastered with white dust.

The corner opposite showed a fearful sight. A horrible mass of twisted steel lay in stupendous confusion. Huge beams, some showing jagged ends, others doubled up like half-open jack-knives, stuck out from the debris. The wreck lay half in the street and half in the ruins of a departmental store which had stood beside it. The falling mass had crashed in the roof of the lower building, and piercing to the very cellars had crushed out the lives of scores of unwarmed human beings inside.

A cloud of odorous smoke ascending from the rear of the ruins and the presence of the fire engines suggested other horrors. Scores of begrimed firemen were working frantically, though seemingly unavailably, in the depths of the wreckage. At irregular intervals white-covered stretchers bearing inanimate burdens were carried up to the crest of the ruins and out to a row of ambulances at the side. The crowd, which had earlier been hysterical and clamorous, became quieter as these added elements of the catastrophe became evident and only an occasional voice was heard calling for the name of the build-

Steel fought his way through the crowd and with some difficulty got past the cordon of police. Getting round the corner he saw Murphy standing on a pile of broken concrete talking to a group of reporters. It was evident that the insider had been much excited but he was rapidly recovering his usual poise.

"It was this new Verdun tunnel that did the mischief," he said coolly, pointing downward. "The retaining plates behind their shield forty feet down gave way just before the accident. Poor joints, I guess. The quicksand rushed in, filled up the tunnel and drew away from the piling in our foundation. Just



then that cyclone came along and tipped her over. No one's to blame. It couldn't be helped."

Just then someone hurt in from the outside of the group and made for Murphy. It was Barclay. Costless and dusty, for he had been helping in the rescue work, he shook his fist at the contractor.

"Couldn't be helped, eh?" he burst out. "Then how do you account for the fact that the building behind you is still standing," pointing to Steel's structure across the corner. "Still," after a moment's consideration, "I can't blame you much, Murphy, I would have done the same myself."

Then Barclay saw Steel and rushing round the edge of the group gripped his partner's hand.

"Thank God for such a man as you, Frank," he said joyfully. "I see it all now. You saved us from this horrible thing. I'm mighty thankful now you put in those caissons."

"I was here when the whole business happened," he went on, rapidly. "Murphy had a man 'phone to the office that the 'tube' had caved in and might upset our foundations. I ran down and looked over your work, but everything was tight and solid. Then I went across the street. Down in the sub-cellar Murphy was on his knees looking at some long cracks in the cement around one of the main pillars. 'It's nothing,' he said, when I got near him; 'let's see if your pier ain't the same.' We went over and were on the way

downstairs when the storm pushed his building over and buckled it up like a cardboard box. Jove, but the crash was awful. One of those long, ripping, grinding roars which burn out your very nerves."

"How did Murphy take it," Steel asked quietly.

"I didn't notice him much, only that he muttered something about windbracing. When he saw we were safe he groaned and said it would mean three hundred thousand to him. He seems to be taking it cool now."

"He's taking it cool," Steel exclaimed, in a tone that was biting, "but Murphy's time's coming."

They turned as another stretcher, weighed down with the usual burden, was carried out to the street. As it passed, a bit of cloth of a peculiar shade of purple hanging over the edge, part of a woman's gown, caught Murphy's attention. With a start and an exclamation he called to the bearers and rushed over. Steel noticed that his face had become suddenly white.

First he caught at the bit of projecting cloth, then groaned, then, as he reluctantly pulled the covering aside from the face, fell on his knees beside the stretcher, sobbing.

"God help him. It's his daughter," Barclay said pityingly, as he caught a glimpse of the young, upturned face.

Steel turned away with tears in his eyes. "Murphy's time has come," he said.



Kelwood, a country home which is a reproduction of the decay of age.

## Kelwood: an English Estate in Canada

By W. Lacey Amy

The remarkable country home described in this article has many points of exceptional interest. Twenty years were occupied in the selection of the lumber used in its construction, while two feet thick divide its rooms from basement to attic, and every inch of its woodwork is solid oak or bird's eye maple. Built in 1863, it still stands "a reproduction of the decay of age." Overlooking the village of Coburne, in the province of Ontario, "Kelwood" is in every sense a fine old English estate, such as is rarely found in Canada.

### IN THE AUTUMN

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now

Warms the low spot; upon its greasy mould

The porpie oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough

Drops its bright spoil like arrowheads of gold.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Francis craters to the contrary it is not such a long step from the man with the hoe to the man with the estate. The coexistence of two conditions that sound so discordant is largely a matter of ambition in these democratic days of home-spun opulence. The possession of an estate is not a formidable aim, nor the dream of an uncontrolled brain in Canada. To his suburban lot the street-car landed proprietor hurries home at six o'clock, swallows his lunch from one hand while he changes his shoes with the other, and shoulders the immortal hoe to revel in the soil of his

twenty-five foot lot—his soil. An hour earlier a fellow land-owner, more fortunate in his half-acre and shorter hours, has tightened his belt for the solving of the problems of garden and lawn and park in space confined past his ambitions. Still earlier in the afternoon an auto has broken the speed laws in a cloud of dust to reach further out the estate of five or ten acres; and in white flannels the owner is giving directions to the landscape gardener and the shovel men, ever with the storied English estate in his mind.

But to Canada there is little oppor-



Roads hidden in dead pine needles.

tunity for the broad estates that have maintained in England not only a beauty of landscape, but also a distinct class of independent gentlemen, honest to themselves, their dependents and their country, historic for the staunch integrity that is bred of centuries of proud citizenship and dignity. The growth of such an estate occupies too many years and demands too much ready money for Canada to have attained to that luxury in a general way.

It is only when the native forest has been seized and trained before the hum of commerce and rush began its modifying assaults that this country has been able to mould a genuine old squire's home for the ambitious Canadian. And perhaps the only instance of that in Ontario, at least, exists to-day within ninety miles of Toronto.

Kelwood is honored only in its own

district. But by age, by location, by its grand old trees and roadways it lays silent claim to wider distinction. For almost half a century it has held watch over the village of Colborne. From the brow of a hundred-foot hill rising abruptly behind the village it looks out beyond the houses half hidden in the trees, over the flashing waters of Lake Ontario, and on a clear day away to the smoke of Rochester. And behind the house it hides its sixty acres of park and drive and pond, a fairyland of shadow and brightness, of grove and clearing, of woodland paths and graded drive-ways, of hill and hollow, of rustling bower and trickling spring. The forty acres of farmland complete the requirements of the most ambitious squire.

Far back in Canadian history when the taint of commerce was relieved by government grants of land and other favours, when the pioneer with faith to spend for the future was rewarded in the present, the grandfather of Joseph Keeler built three sawmills. The risk brought the gift of several thousand acres of land, covering the present sites of Colborne, Lakeport and Warkworth. Incidentally the slow-growing seed of Colborne was planted at that time.

Joseph Keeler, the grandson, was a man of feelings and ambitions. One of these was to represent his district at Ottawa. In this he succeeded three times. Early in life he felt the spur of the estate ambition and commenced its fulfilment in his daily duties. At that time he was the master of Cat Hollow, now Lakeport, from which the shipments of the district in lumber and produce were made. Quietly he made it a practice for twenty years of selecting the best of the lumber that passed through his hands and storing it in his large storeroom, called the *Marmora*.

In 1863 he commenced the structure that satisfied him for his life and will gratify a few more generations to come.

In those days of few contractors, fewer brickyards, a man with ideas like Keeler's had to possess the hands to back his brains; he must work out his own dreams. Keeler made his own bricks, which will stand a monument to his ability. In walls that even fifty

years afterwards stand solid he welded them together with lime burnt in a kiln, now fallen in grass-covered ruins. And inside he fitted the timber that had been drying for twenty years—drying so well that to-day not a crack breaks the surface.

The house stands a repudiation of the decay of age. Its builder was twenty years ahead of his age in design, so that it is yet more modern in appearance than structures that, born since, are ready to pass away. When Keeler built he had in mind his descendants—many generations of them. Walls two feet thick divide the rooms from basement to attic, making the cellar a formidable dungeon, and of the upper stories a heart-rending waste of space. Between the walls a four inch air space tempers the extremes without. Every inch of woodwork (there is enough of it to build half a dozen modern houses) is solid oak or bird's eye maple, the doors running nine feet up in rooms of thirteen feet ceiling.

Each of the sixteen rooms opens on both stories into a circular rotunda divided by a floor largely of glass. The floor of the lower is made up of one hundred shaped boards radiating out to make the complete circle from a point in the centre. One of Keeler's successors, possessing several traits more prominent than taste, has endeavored to make these rotundas the showrooms of the house. In every space on the walls between the many doors has been painted scene that for imagination and execution would give painters to the first love story of the boarding school girl. These paintings, covering the walls up the stairs, as well, are supposed to represent hunting and pastoral scenes. Wonderfully colored cattle, huge, frisky horses, fish that no line would bear, deer in beautiful poses—they're all there, with embellishments none but that painter could have imagined. And to leave no doubt of his ability to improve the original this later owner painted the hardwood floor of the lower rotunda with its hundred pointed boards—painted it, and in that useful kitchen color, grey, at that. He also added a verandah of the style of twenty years



Every inch of woodwork is solid oak or bird's eye maple.

ago, that frill-and-furbelows style, that goes with Keeler's effort about as well as a lace collar on the neck of Venus de Milo.

In every room a massive marble grate, black or white, tells of the provision for comfort. China closets, clothes closets, window and corner seats reveal the hand of a woman in the planning. The basement was built as the servants' quarters, with kitchens, bake ovens, grates, dumb waiters, ventilators and closets. And that the duties of the squire weighed on Keeler is shown by the large west wing set apart as an immense ballroom.

From the massive, handleless, oak front door, with its iron knocker, through a two-story covered driveway one looks into the real dreamland of

the estate. Only ten yards north the park commences abruptly in stately pine trees. For a quarter of a mile it wanders in a dignified way to the crest of a slope. In trees of smaller size it climbs down the hillside, jumps a well-graded driveway, and drops slowly away again to a rippling stream and the remains of a pond to which the muskrats took a disastrous fancy. A tiny ribbon of water winds through evergreen trees that give way to nothing else until they reach the dam. And there still remains a spring bubbling up in an iron pipe, approached by a grass-covered road and a crude bridge.

All through the sixty acres of trees gravel roads have been built, now hidden a little with moss and years of dead pine needles. The driveway half way down the slope was intended for the main road from the back country



A fairland of woodland paths.

to Lakoport. But unsentimental government surveyors interfered. The farmlands at the back of the park were selected for the site of Colborne. But with the independence of things too small to train, that village walked away and planted itself on the lower levels on the other side of the hill. Unwittingly it took a stand where it would not break in on the quaintness of old-land Kelwood.

A mounted owner with taste and no reverence for those paintings, a little underbrushing in the parklands, a new dam indigestible for muskrats, a not-too-suspicious regarding the driveways, a servants' trail to brighten the house, an old English gardener with his hands united—these are the needs to assure the integrity of the dreamland of Kelwood as an estate fit for any squire.



The remains of a dam.

## The Smoke Bellew Series

### TALE ELEVEN: The Town-Site of Tra-Lee

By Jack London

SMOKE and Shorty encountered each other, going in opposite directions, at the corner where stood the Elkhorn saloon. The former's face wore a pleased expression, and he was walking briskly. Shorty, on the other hand, was slouching along in a depressed and indeterminate fashion.

"Whither away?" Smoke challenged gaily.

"Danged if I know," came the disconsolate answer. "Wish I did. They ain't nothin' to take me anywhere. I've set two hours in the deadiest game of draw—nothing excitin', no hands, an' broke even. Played a rubber of cribbage with Skiff Mitchell for the drinks, an' now I'm that languid for somethin' doin' that I'm perambulating the streets on the chance of seeing a dog-fight, or a argument, or somethin'. Did you close for the Myrtle?"

"Sure. She's ours. All tied up at Circle City and waiting for the ice to go out."

The Myrtle was an old river steamboat, which the little syndicate, headed by Smoke, had been trying to buy as one of the necessary items in the draining of Surprise Lake. The preparations for that huge work were complete, and remained only the tedious waiting until the ice passed out and the river ran free. Then the Myrtle was to ply back and forth between Dawson and the head of navigation on McQuestion river, carrying supplies, machinery and laborers. From this point on the McQuestion, a trail had been blazed across the chaotic volcanic region to the lake. No more would man wander

lost in the Loco Lands as Smoke had done on his first two expeditions.

Shorty received the news that the Myrtle had been bought with a profound sigh.

"That settles it. It's the last thing. Now they ain't nothin' to do an' nothin' to think until the ice breaks, an' doin' nothin' is the hardest kind of work I know. I'm plumb exhausted. An' furthermore, I'm sure tired of bein' asked, 'How's eggs this mornin', Shorty?' You hear me, Smoke. I'm goin' to pull my freight. What d'you say? Let's outfit a sled an' hike up the Klondike. I just got word they's a run of caribou about two hundred miles back, an' besides, they's talk that that section is 'scampin' grounds of a tribe of white Indians. Nobody ain't never seen 'em—"

"Then how do they know about them?" Smoke inquired.

"I'm just tellin' you what I heard," Shorty answered in a grieved voice. "Which ain't the point I'm drivin' at. I'm sure pinin' away in this here burg of unhurried dead, an' if I don't do something danged quick I'll be turnin' up my toes an' cassin' in. I'm that soft an' effete right now that I've lost my taste for beans, an' bacon. Come on. Let's hike. We can sashay up to the Rockies an' back in four or five weeks."

"I've got something better on hand," Smoke answered. "That's why I was looking for you. Come on along."

"Now?"

"Sure."

"Where to?"

"Across the river to make a call on old Dwight Sanderson."

"Never heard of him," Shorty said dejectedly. "An' never heard of no one livin' across the river anyway. What's he want to live for there? Ain't he got no sense?"

"He's got something to sell," Smoke laughed.

"Dogs? A gold mine? Tobacco? Rubber boots?"

Smoke shook his head to each question. "Come on 'along and find out, because I'm going to buy it off of him on a spec, and if you want you can come in half."

"Don't tell me it's eggs!" Shorty cried, his face twisted into an expression of facetious and sarcastic alarm.

"Come on 'along," Smoke told him. "And I'll give you ten guesses while we're crossing the ice."

They dipped down the high bank at the foot of the street, and came out upon the ice-covered Yukon. Three-quarters of a mile away, directly opposite the other bank of the stream uprose in precipitous bluffs hundreds of feet in height. Toward these bluffs, winding and twisting in and out among broken and up-thrown blocks of ice, ran a slightly traveled trail. It was patent that no one had been over it since the last snowfall of the week before. Shorty trudged at his partner's heels, bemusing the time with guesses at what Dwight Sanderson had to sell.

"Reindeer? . . . Copper-nine or brickyari? . . . that's one guess . . . Bear-skins, or any kind of skins? . . . Lottery tickets? . . . A potato ranch?"

"Getting near it," Smoke encouraged.

"And better than that."

"Two private ranches? A cheese factory? . . . A moss farm?"

"That's not so bad, Shorty. It's not a thousand miles away."

"A quarry?"

"That's as near as the moss farm and the potato ranch."

"Hold on. Let me think. I got one guess comin'."

"Say, Smoke. I ain't goin' to use that last guess. When this thing you're

buyin' sounds like a potato ranch, a moss farm, an' a stone quarry, I quit. An' I don't go in on the deal till I see it an' size it up. What is it?"

"Well, you'll see the cards on the table soon enough. Cast your eyes up there. See the smoke from that cabin? That's where Dwight Sanderson lives. He's holding down a townsite location."

"What else is he holdin' down?"

"That's all," Smoke laughed. "Except rheumatism. I hear he's been suffering from it."

"Say," Shorty's hand flashed out and with an abrupt shoulder-grip brought his comrade to a halt. "You ain't tellin' me you're buyin' a town-site at this fallin'-off place?"

"That's your tenth guess, and you win. Come on."

"But wait a moment," Shorty pleaded. "Look at it—nothin' but bluffs an' slides, all up-and-down. Where could the town stand?"

"Search me."

"Then you ain't buyin' it for a town?"

"But Dwight Sanderson's selling it for a town," Smoke huffed. "Come on. We've got to climb this slide."

The slide was steep, and a narrow trail zigzagged up it in a formidable Jacob's Ladder. Shorty moaned and groaned over the sharp corners and the steep pitches.

"Think of a town-site here. They ain't a flat space big enough for a postage stamp. An' it's the wrong side of the river. All the freightin' goes the other way. Look at Dawson there. Room to spread for forty thousand more people. Say, Smoke. You're a meat-eater. I know that. An' I know you ain't buyin' it for a town. Then what in hell are you buyin' it for?"

"To sell, of course."

"But other folks ain't as crazy as old man Sanderson an' you."

"Maybe not in the same way, Shorty. Now, I'm going to take this town-site, break it up in parcels, and sell it to a lot of the same people who live over in Dawson."

"Hu! All Dawson's still laughin' at you an' me an' them eggs. You want to make 'em laugh some more, hey?"

"I certainly do."

"But it's too dangd expensive, Smoke. I helped you to make 'em laugh on the eggs, an' my share of the laugh cost me something like nine thousand dollars."

"All right. You don't have to come in on this. The profits will be all mine, but you've got to help me just the same."

"Oh, I'll help all right. An' they can laugh at me some more. But nary a ounce do I drop this time. What's old Sanderson holdin' it at? A couple of hundred?"

"Ten thousand. I ought to get it for five."

"Wish I was a minister," Shorty breathed fervently.

"What for?"

"So I could preach the gob-dangdest, eloquentest sermon on a text you may have hearn—to wit: a fool an' his money."

"Come in," they heard Dwight Sanderson yell irritably, when they knocked at his door, and they entered to find him squatted by a stone fireplace and pounding coffee wrapped in a piece of flour-sacking. It was very evident, first, that he was cooking a meal, and, next, that he resented their inopportune arrival. As he glowered up at them, it could be seen that he was marvelously irritated. Of his face only his nose, large and hipped, and his eyes, heavy and black, were visible. Hair sprouted from him. It scrambled about his ears and hid his collar, while a tangled mop fell down the forehead to meet the bushy eyebrows. The beard, iron gray and dirty, began directly under the eyes and fell to his waist in a bush almost as deep and broad as it was long. The back of every finger was a small mat of hair, while the wrists advertised how jumble-matted must be the forearms.

"What d'ye want?" he demanded harshly, emptying the pounded coffee into the coffee pot that stood on the coals near the front of the fireplace.

"To talk business," Smoke answered, "if we can sit down while we do it."

"Sit down, then," was the ungacious reply. "Nobody's hinderin' you."

Smoke and Shorty settled themselves on a couple of uncomfortable hand-hewn benches near the table.

"You've a town-site located here, I understand," Smoke began. "What do you want for it?"

"Ten thousand dollars," came the answer. "And now that I've told you, you can laugh, damn you, and go your way. There's the door. Good-bye."

"But I don't want to laugh. I know plenty of funnier things to do than to climb up this cliff of yours. I want to buy your town-site."

"You do, eh? Well, I'm glad to hear sense," Sanderson came over and sat down facing his visitors, his hands resting on the table and his eyes peering apprehensively toward the coffee pot. "I've told you my price, and I ain't ashamed to tell you again—ten thousand. And you can laugh or buy, it's all one to me."

To show his indifference, he drummed with his knobby knuckles on the table and stared at the coffee pot. A minute later he began to hum a monotonous. "Tm-la-loo, tm-la-tee, tm-la-tee, tm-la-loo."

"Gee!" Shorty murmured in an aside to his partner. "This ain't talkin' business. It's sure take-it-or-leave-it freem-out." He hummed and hurred and cleared his throat. "Say, old sport, what in Sam Hill did you want to locate a town-site here for?"

"For the same reason you want to buy it right now," the man retorted.

"Who? Me?" Shorty's tones were sally indignant. "Not on your life. It's my friend here that's hankerin' to buy. He ain't sleep nights thinkin' of this here town-site of yours. He's a collector, that's what he is, an' he's queer in the parrot, which is the way with collectors. He just craves town-sites, an' he wants yours for his collection. I'm along to see he don't do himself no hurt. But he ain't real dangerous, take it from me."

"Shut up, Shorty," Smoke reproved. "Who's buying this town-site anyway? Now look here, Mr. Sanderson. This town-site isn't worth ten thousand. If it was worth that much it would be worth a hundred thousand just as easily. If it isn't worth a hundred thousand—and you know it isn't—then it isn't worth ten cents."

The hairy man drummed with his knuckles and hummed, "Tra-la-loo, tra-la-loo."

"Well, spit it out—what's eatin' you," Shorty cried impatiently.

"I know who you are," Sanderson said, addressing himself to Smoke. "You've got money and mines. You're a keen one. You trimmed the Dawson gamblers. Anything you touch makes money. Now folks may think you lost on them eggs, but I know better—"

"Look here, old sport," Shorty broke in with ominous solemnity. "I didn't hike across the ice an' climb this here sky-scraper of yours to hear insinuations about eggs. I've got that? I'm miled an' peaceable as dressed lamb an' veal chops; but if they's any one thing that'll turn me into a yelpin' wild wolf that's got hydrophobia from a skunk, that one thing is eggs. You'll sure just kindly keep eggs outta the conversation, if you don't want you an' your town-site roughhousin' off the scenery. Just keep to the business in hand, that's all."

The hairy man drummed and hummed till the coffee pot boiled over. Setting it with a part cup of cold water, and placing it to one side of the warm hearth, he resumed his seat.

"How much will you offer?" he asked of Smoke.

"Five thousand," Shorty growled.

Again came an interval of drumming and of tra-la-loo-ing and tra-la-loo-ing.

"You ain't no fool," Sanderson announced to Smoke. "You said if it wasn't worth a hundred thousand it wasn't worth ten cents. Yet you offer five thousand for it. Then it is worth a hundred thousand. I raise my price to twenty thousand."

"You can't make twenty cents out of it," Smoke replied heatedly. "Not if you stayed here till you rot."

"I'll make it out of you."

"No you won't."

"Then I reckon I'll stay an' rot," Sanderson answered with an air of finality.

He took no further notice of his guests, and went about his culinary tasks as if he were alone. When he had warmed over a pot of beans and a slab of sour-dough bread, he set the table for one and proceeded to eat, the fringe of his long beard bobbing into the beans on occasion.

"No, thank you," Shorty murmured. "We ain't a bit hungry. We just eat before we come."

"Let's see your papers," Smoke said at last.

Sanderson fumbled under the head of his bunk and tossed out a package of documents.

"It's all tight and right," he said. "That long one there, with the big seals, come all the way from Ottawa. Nothing territorial about that. The national Canadian government cinches me in the possession of this town-site."

"How many lots you sold in the two years you've had it?" Shorty queried.

"None of your business," the hairy one answered dourly. "There ain't no law against a man living alone on his town-site if he wants to."

"I'll give you five thousand," Smoke said.

Sanderson shook his head and bled his beard in the bean-plate.

"I don't know which is the craziest," Shorty lamented. "Come outside a minute, Smoke. I want to whisper to you."

Reluctantly, Smoke yielded to his partners' persuasions.

"Ain't it never entered your head," Shorty said, as they stood in the snow outside the door, "that they's miles an' miles of cliffs on both sides this fool town-site that don't belong to nobody an' that you can have for the locustin' and stakin'?"

"They won't do," Smoke answered.



"They entered to find him seated by a stove, his plate and pounding coffee wrapped in a piece of sour-dough."

"Why won't they?"

"It makes you wonder, with all those miles and miles, why I'm buying this particular spot, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," Shorty agreed emphatically.

"And that's the very point," Smoke went on triumphantly. "If it makes you wonder, it will make others wonder. And when they wonder they'll come a-running. By your own wondering you prove it's sound psychology. Now, Shorty, listen to me; I'm going to hand Dawson a package that will knock the spots out of the egg-lough. Come on inside."

"Hello," said Sanderson, as they entered. "I thought I'd seen the last of you."

"Now what is your lowest figure?" Smoke asked.

"Twenty thousand."

"I'll give you ten thousand."

"All right, I'll sell at that figure. It's all I wanted in the first place. When will you pay the dust over?"

"To-morrow, at the North-West Bank. But there are two other things I want besides for that ten thousand. In the first place, when you receive your money you pull down the river to Forty Mile and stay there the rest of the winter."

"That's easy. What else?"

"I'm going to pay you twenty-five thousand, and you rebate me fifteen of it."

"I'm agreeable," Sanderson turned to Shorty. "Folks said I was a fool when I come over here 'n' town-sid," he jeered. "Well, I'm a ten-thousand-dollar fool, ain't I?"

"The Klondike's sure full of fools," was all Shorty could retort, "an' when they's so many of 'em some has to be lucky, don't they?"

## II

Next morning the legal transfer of Dwight Sanderson's town-site was made—"henceforth to be known as the town-site of Fro-Lee," Smoke incorporated in the deed. Also, at the North-West Bank, twenty-five thousand of Smoke's

gold was weighed out by the cashier, while half a dozen casual onlookers noted the weighing, the amount and the recipient.

In a mining camp all men are suspicious. Any untoward act of any man is likely to be the cue to a secret gold-strike, whether the untoward act be no more than a hunting trip for moose or a stroll after dark to observe the aurora borealis. And when it became known that so prominent a figure as Smoke Bellow had paid twenty-five thousand dollars to old Dwight Sanderson, Dawson wanted to know what he had paid it for. What had Dwight Sanderson, starving on his abandoned town-site, ever owned that was worth twenty-five thousand? In lieu of an answer, Dawson was justified in keeping Smoke in feverish contemplation. Gold from the grass-roots was the camp's history, and what else than gold from the grass-roots could have netted old Sanderson so generous a sum?

By mid-afternoon it was common knowledge that several score of men had made up light stampeding packs and cached them in the convenient saloons along Main Street. Wherever Smoke moved, he was the observed of many eyes. And as proof that he was taken seriously, not one man of the many of his acquaintance had the effrontery to ask him about his deal with Dwight Sanderson. On the other hand, no one mentioned eggs to Smoke. Shorty was under similar surveillance and delicacy of friendliness.

"Makes me feel like I'd killed somebody, or had smallpox, the way they watch me an' seem afraid to speak," Shorty confessed, when he chanced to meet Smoke in front of the Elkhorn. "Look at Bill Saltman there acro' the way—just dyin' to look, an' keepin' his eyes down the street all the time. Wouldn't think he knowed you an' me excited, to look at him. But I bet you the drinks, Smoke, if you an' me flop around the corner quick like we was goin' somewhere, an' then turn back from around the next corner, that we run into him a-shikin' hell-bell."

They tried the trick, and, doubling back around the second corner, encountered Saltman swinging a long trail-aside in pursuit.

"Hello, Bill," Smoke greeted. "Which way?"

"Hello—just a-strollin'," Saltman answered, "just a-strollin'. Weather's fine, ain't it?"

"Huh!" Shorty jeered. "If you call that strollin', what might you walk real fast at?"

When Shorty fed the dogs that evening, he was keenly conscious that from the encircling darkness a dozen pairs of eyes were boring in upon him. And when he stick-tied the dogs, instead of letting them forage free through the night, he knew that he had administered another jolt to the nervousness of Dawson.

According to program, Smoke ate supper down town and then proceeded to enjoy himself. Wherever he appeared, he was the center of interest, and he purposely made the rounds. Saloons filled up after his entrance, and emptied following upon his departure. If he caught a stack of chips at a sleazy roulette table, inside five minutes a dozen players were around him. He avenged himself, in a small way, on Lucille Avray, by getting up and sauntering out of the Opera House just as she came on to sing her most popular song. In three minutes two-thirds of her audience had vanished after him.

At one in the morning he walked along an unusually populous Main Street and took the turning that led up the hill to his cabin. And when he paused in the ascent, he could hear behind him the crunch of moosepans on the snow.

For an hour the cabin was in darkness, then he lighted a candle, and, after a delay sufficient for a man to dress in, he and Shorty opened the door and began harnessing the dogs. As the light from the cabin flared out upon them and their work, a soft whistle went up from not far away. This whistle was repeated down the hill.

"Listen to it," Smoke chuckled. "They're relayed on us and are passing the word down to town. I'll bet you there are forty men right now rolling out of their blankets and climbing into their pants."

"Ain't folks fools," Shorty giggled back. "Say, Smoke, they ain't nothin' in bad graft. A geezer that'd work with his hands these days is a—well, a geezer. The world's sure huslin' full an' dribblin' over the edges with fools a-hooin' to be separated from their dust. An' before we start down the hill I want to announce, if you're still agreeable, that I come in half on this deal."

The sled was lightly loaded with a sleeping and grub outfit. A small coil of steel cable protruded inconspicuously from underneath a grub sack, while a crowbar lay half-hidden along the bottom of the sled next to the lashings.

Shorty fedded the cable with a swift passing mitten, and gave a last affectionate touch to the crowbar.

"Huh!" he whispered. "I'd sure do some talk thinkin' myself if I seen them objects on a sled on a dark night."

They drove the dogs down the hill with cautious silence, and when, emerged on the flat, they turned the team north along Main Street toward the sawmill and directly away from the business part of the town, they observed even greater caution. They had seen no one, yet when this change of direction was initiated, out of the dim starlit darkness behind arose a whistle. Past the sawmill and the hospital, at lively speed, they went for a quarter of a mile. Then they turned about and beaded back over the ground they had just covered. At the end of the first hundred yards they barely missed colliding with five men racing along at a quick dog-trot. All were slightly stooped to the weight of stampeding packs. One of them stooped Smoke's lead-dog, and the rest clustered around.

"Seen a sled goin' the other way?" was asked.

"None," Smoke answered. "Is that you, Bill?"

"Well, I'll be damned," Bill Saltman

elated in honest surprise. "If it ain't Smoke!"

"What are you doing out this time of night?" Smoke inquired. "Strolling?"

Before Bill Saltman could make reply, two running men joined the group. These were followed by several more, while the crunch of feet on the snow heralded the imminent arrival of many others.

"Who are your friends?" Smoke asked. "Where's the stampede?"

Saltman, lighting his pipe, which it was impossible for him to enjoy with lungs panting from the run, did not reply. The ruse of the match was too obviously for the purpose of seeing the sled to be misunderstood, and Smoke voted every pair of eyes focus on the coil of cable and the crowbar. Then the match went out.

"Just heard a rumor, that's all, just a rumor," Saltman mumbled with ponderous secretiveness.

"You might let Shorty and me in on it," Smoke urged.

Sombody snickered sarcastically in the background.

"Where are you bound?" Saltman demanded.

"And who are you?" Smoke countered. "Committee of safety?"

"Just interested, just interested," Saltman said.

"You bet your sweet life we're interested," another voice spoke up out of the darkness.

"Say," Shorty put in, "I wonder who's feedin' the foolishness?"

Everybody laughed nervously.

"Come on, Shorty; we'll be getting along," Smoke said, muzzling the dogs.

The crowd formed in behind and followed.

"Say, ain't you all made a mistake?" Shorty gibed. "When we met you you was goin', an' now you're comin' without bein' anywhere. Lost your tag?"

"You go to hell," was Saltman's courtesy. "We go on' come just as we damn feel like. We don't travel with tags."

And the sled, with Smoke in the lead and Shorty at the pole, went on down Main Street escorted by three score men, each of whom, on his back, bore a stampeding pack. It was three in the morning, and only the all-night rounders saw the procession and were able to tell Dawson about it next day.

Half an hour later, the hill was climbed and the dogs unharnessed at the cabin door, the sixty star grimly attendant.

"Good night, fellows," Smoke said as he closed the door.

In five minutes the candle was put out, but before half an hour had passed Smoke and Shorty emerged softly, and without light began harnessing the dogs.

"Hello, Smoke," Saltman said, stepping near enough for them to see the loom of his form.

"Can't shake you, Bill, I see," Smoke replied cheerfully. "Where's your friends?"

"Gone to have a drink. They left me to keep an eye on you, and keep it I will. What's in the wind anyway, Smoke? You can't shake us, so you might as well let us in. We're all your friends. You know that."

"There are times when you can let your friends in," Smoke evaded, "and times when you can't. And, Bill, this is one of the times when we can't. You'd better go to bed. Good night."

"Ain't going to be no good night, Smoke. You don't know us. We're woodchicks. We stick."

Smoke sighed. "Well, Bill, if you will have your will, I guess you'll have to have it. Come on, Shorty, we can't fool around any longer."

Saltman emitted a shrill whistle as the sled started, and swung in behind. From down the hill and across the flat came the answering whistles of the relays. Shorty was at the pee-pole, and Smoke and Saltman walked side by side.

"Look here, Bill," Smoke said. "I'll make you a proposition. Do you want to come in alone on this?"

Saltman did not hesitate.

"An' throw the gang down? No, sir. We'll all come in."

"You first, then," Smoke exclaimed, lurching into a clinch and tripping the other into the deep snow beside the trail.

Shorty hawed the dogs and swung the team to the south on the trail that led among the scattered cabins on the slopes to the rear of Dawson.

and Saltman, locked together, pushed the snow. Smoke considered the gill-edge condition, but Saltman outweighed him by fifty pounds of clean, trail-hardened muscle and repeatedly mastered him. Time and time again he got Smoke on his back, and Smoke lay complacently and rested. But each time Saltman attempted to get off of him and get away, Smoke reached out a detaining, tripping hand that brought about a new clinch and wrestle.

"You can go some," Saltman acknowledged, panting, at the end of ten minutes, as he sat astride Smoke's chest. "But I down you every time."

"And I hold you every time," Smoke panted back. "That's what I'm here for, just to hold you. Where do you think Shorty's getting to all this time?"

Saltman made a wild effort to get clear, and all but succeeded. Smoke gripped his ankle and threw him in a headlong tumble. From down the hill came anxious questioning whistles. Saltman sat up and whistled a shrill answer, and was grappled by Smoke, who rolled him face upward and sat astride his chest, his knees resting on Saltman's shoulders and holding him down. And in this position the stampedeers found them. Smoke laughed and got up.

"Well, good night, fellows," he said, and started down the hill, with sixty exasperated and grimly determined stampedeers at his heels.

He turned north, past the sawmill and the hospital, and took the river trail along the precipitous bluffs at the base of Moosehide Mountain. Crossing the Indian village, he held on to the

mouth of Moose Creek, then turned and faced his pursuers.

"You make me tired," he said, with a good imitation of a snarl.

"Hope we ain't a-forcin' you," Saltman murmured politely.

"Oh, no, not at all," Smoke snarled with an even better imitation, as he passed among them on the back-trail to Dawson. Twice he attempted to cross the trailless ice-jams of the river, still resolutely followed, and both times he gave up and returned to the Dawson shore. Straight down Main Street he trudged, crossing the ice of Klondike River to Klondike City and again retreating to Dawson. At eight o'clock, as gray began to show, he led his weary gang to Slavovitch's restaurant, where tables were at a premium for breakfast.

"Good night, fellows," he said, as he paid his reckoning.

And again he said good night, as he took the climb of the hill. In the clear light of day they did not follow him, contenting themselves with watching him up the hill to his cabin.

### III

For two days Smoke lingered about town, continually under vigilant espionage. Shorty, with the sled and dogs, had disappeared. Neither travelers up and down the Yukon, nor from Bonanza, Eldorado or the Klondike, had seen him. Remained only Smoke, who, soon or late, was certain to try to connect with his missing partner; and upon Smoke everybody's attention was centered. On the second night he did not leave his cabin, putting out the lamp at nine in the evening and setting the alarm for two next morning. The watch outside heard the alarm go off, so that when, half an hour later, he emerged from the cabin, he found waiting him a band, not of sixty men, but of at least three hundred. A flaming aurora borealis lighted the scene, and thus hugely escorted, he walked down to town and entered the Elkhorn. The place was immediately packed and jammed by an anxious and irritated multi-

tude that brought drinks and for four weary hours watched Smoke play cribbage with his old friend Breck. Shortly after six in the morning, with an expression on his face of commingled hatred and gloom, seeing no one, recognizing no one, Smoke left the Elkhorn and went up Main Street, behind him the three hundred, formed in disorderly ranks, chanting "Hay-foot! Straw-foot!—Hept!—Hept!—Hept!"

"Good night, fellows," he said bitterly, at the edge of the Yukon bank where the winter trail dipped down. "I'm going to get breakfast and go to bed."

The three hundred shouted that they were with him, and followed him out upon the frozen river on the direct path he took for Tra-Lee. At seven in the morning he led his stampeding cohort up the zig-zag trail, across the face of the slide, that led to Dwight Sanderson's cabin. The light of a candle showed through the parchment-paper window, and smoke curled from the chimney. Shorty threw open the door.

"Come on in, Smoke," he greeted. "Breakfast's ready. Who-all are your friends?"

Smoke turned on the threshold. "Well, good night, you fellows. Hope you enjoyed your passier?"

"Hold on a moment, Smoke," Bill Saltman cried, his voice keen with disappointment. "Want to talk with you a moment."

"Fire away," Smoke answered genially.

"What'd you pay old Sanderson twenty-five thousand for? Will you answer that?"

"Bill, you give me a pain," was Smoke's reply. "I came over here for a country residence, so to say, and here are you and a gang trying to cross-examine me when I'm looking for peace an' quietness and breakfast. What's a country residence good for, except for peace and quietness?"

"You ain't answered the question." Bill Saltman came back with rigid logic.

"And I'm not going to, Bill. That

affair is peculiarly a personal affair between Dwight Sanderson and me. Any other questions?"

"How about that crowbar an' steel cable then, what you had on your sled the other night?"

"It's none of your blessed and ruddy business, Bill. Though if Shorty wants to tell you, he can."

"Sure!" Shorty cried, springing eagerly into the breach. His mouth opened, then he faltered and turned to his partner. "Smoke, confidentially, just between you an' me, I don't think it is any of their damn business. Come on in. The life's gettin' boiled outa that coffee."

The door closed, and the three hundred sagged into forlorn and grumbling groups.

"Say, Saltman," one man said. "I thought you was goin' to lead us to it."

"Not on your life," Saltman answered crustily. "I said Smoke would lead us to it."

"An' this is it?"

"You know as much about it as me, an' we all know Smoke's got something salted down somewheres. Or else for what did he pay Sanderson the twenty-five thousand? Not for this mangy town-rat, that's sure an' certain."

A chorus of cries affirmed Saltman's judgment.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" some one queried dolefully.

"Me for one for breakfast," Wild Water Charley said cheerfully. "You led us up a blind alley this time, Bill."

"I tell you I didn't," Saltman objected. "Smoke led us. An' just the same, what about them twenty-five thousand?"

#### IV

At half-past eight, when daylight had grown strong, Shorty opened the door and peered out.

"Shucks," he exclaimed. "They-all's hiked back to Dawson. I thought they was goin' to camp here."

"Don't worry; they'll come sneaking back," Smoke reassured him. "If I don't miss my guess you'll see half

Dawson over here before we're done with it. Now jump in and lend me a hand. We've got work to do."

"Aw, for heaven's sake put me on," Shorty complained, when, at the end of an hour, he surveyed the result of their toil—a windlass in the corner of the cabin, with an endless rope that ran around double log-rollers.

Smoke turned it with a minimum of effort, and the rope slipped and creaked.

"Now Shorty, you go outside and tell me what it sounds like."

Shorty, listening at the closed door, heard all the sounds of a windlass hoisting a load, and caught himself unconsciously attempting to estimate the depth of shaft out of which this load was being hoisted. Next came a lunge, and in his mind's eye he saw the bucket swinging short to the windlass. Then he heard the quick lower-away and the dull sound as of the bucket coming to abrupt rest on the edge of the shaft. He threw open the door, heaving.

"I got you," he cried. "I almost fell for it myself. What next?"

The next one was the dragging into the cabin of a dozen sled loads of rock. And through an exceedingly busy day there were many other nexts.

"Now you run the dogs over to Dawson this evening," Smoke instructed, when supper was finished. "Leave them with Breck. He'll take care of them. They'll be watching what you do, so get Breck to go to the A. C. Company and buy up all the blasting powder—there's only several hundred pounds in stock. And have Breck order half a dozen hard-rock drills from the blacksmith. Breck's a quarts man, and he'll give the blacksmith a rough idea of what he wants made. And give Breck these location descriptions, so that he can record them at the Gold Commissioner's to-morrow. And finally, at ten o'clock, you be on Main Street listening. Mind you, I don't want them to be too loud. Dawson must just hear them and no more than hear them. I'll let off three, of different quantities, and you note which is more nearly the right thing."

At ten that night, Shorty, strolling down Main Street, aware of many curious eyes, his ears keyed tensely, heard a very faint and distant explosion. Thirty seconds later there was a second, sufficiently loud to attract the attention of others on the street. Then came a third, so violent that it rattled the windows and brought the inhabitants into the street.

"Shook 'em up beautiful," Shorty proclaimed breathlessly, an hour afterward, when he arrived at the cabin on Tra-Lee. He gripped Smoke's hand. "You should a-saw 'em. Ever kick over an ant-hole? Dawson's just like that. Main Street was crawlin' an' hummin' when I pulled my freight. You won't see Tra-Lee to-morrow for folks. An' if they ain't some a-sneakin' around right now I don't know minin' nature, that's all."

Smoke grinned, stepped to the fake windlass, and gave it a couple of creaking turns. Shorty pulled out the moss-chinking from between the logs so as to make peep-holes on every side of the cabin. Then he blew out the candle.

"Now," he whispered at the end of half an hour.

Smoke turned the windlass slowly, paused after several minutes, caught up a galvanized bucket filled with earth and struck it with slide and scrape and grind against the heap of rocks they had hauled in. Then he lighted a cigarette, shielding the flame of the match in his hands.

"They's three of 'em," Shorty whispered. "You oughta saw 'em. Sey, when you made that bucket-damp noise it was fair quiverin'." They're one at the window now tryin' to peek in."

Smoke glowed his cigarette, and glanced at his watch.

"We've got to do this thing regularly," he breathed. "We'll haul up a bucket every fifteen minutes. And in the meantime . . ."

Through triple thicknesses of sucking, he struck a cold-chisel on the face of a rock.

"Beautiful, beautiful," Shorty moaned with delight. He crept over noise-



lessly from the peep-hole. "They've got their heads together, an' I can almost see 'em talkin'."

And from then until four in the morning, at fifteen-minute intervals, the seeping of a bucket was hoisted on the windlass that creaked and ran around on itself and hoisted nothing. Then their visitors departed, and Smoke and Shorty went to bed.

After daylight, Shorty examined the moccasin marks.

"Big Bill Saltman was one of them," he concluded. "Look at the size of it!"

Smoke looked out over the river. "Get ready for visitors. There are two crossin' the lee now."

"Hah! Wait, till Brock files that string of claims at nine o'clock. There'll be two thousand crossin' over."

"And every mother's son of them yammerin' 'Mother Lode';" Smoke laughed. "The source of Klondike placers found at last."

Shorty, who had clambered to the top of a steep shoulder of rock, gazed with eye of a connoisseur at the strip they had staked, fifteen hundred feet wide, which began at the river's edge, ran up the slide, on and up the deep ravine to the mountain top, and which, as he well knew, ran on down the other side to the boundary of Tra-Lee Town-Site.

"It sure looks like a true fissure vein," he said. "A expert could almost trace the lines of it under the snow. It'd fool anybody. The slide fills the front of it—an' see them outcrops? Look like the real thing, only they ain't."

When the two men, crossing the river, climbed the zig-zag trail up the slide, they found a closed cabin. Bill Saltman, who led the way, went softly to the door, listened, then beckoned Wild Water Charley up to him. From inside came the creak and whine of a windlass bearing a heavy load. They waited at the final pause, then heard the lowed-away and the import of a bucket on rock. Four times, in the next hour, they heard the thing repeated. Then Wild Water knocked on the door. From inside came low furtive noises,

silences, and more furtive noises, and at the end of five minutes Smoke opened the door an inch, breathing heavily, and peered out. They saw on his face and shirt powdered rock-fragments. His greeting was suspiciously genial.

"Wait a minute," he added, "and I'll be with you."

Pulling on his mittens, he slipped through the door and confronted the visitors outside in the snow. Their quick eyes noted his shirt, across the shoulders, discolored and powdery, and the knees of his overalls that showed signs of dirt brushed hastily but not quite thoroughly away.

"Rather early for a call," he observed. "What brings you across the river? Going hunting?"

"We're on, Smoke," Wild Water said confidentially. "An' you'd just as well come through. You've got something here."

"If you're looking for eggs—?" Smoke began.

"Aw, forget it. We mean business."

"You mean you want to buy lots, eh?" Smoke rattled on swiftly. "There's some damn building sites here. But, you see, we can't sell yet. We haven't had the town surveyed. Come around next week, Wild Water, and for peace and quietness I'll show you something swell, if you're anxious to live over here. Next week, sure, it will be surveyed. Good bye. Sorry I can't ask you inside, but Shorty—well, you know him. He's peculiar. He says he came over for peace and quietness, and he's asleep now. I wouldn't wake him for the world."

As Smoke talked he shook their hands warmly in farewell. Still talking and shaking their hands, he stepped inside and closed the door.

They looked at each other and nodded significantly.

"See the knees of his pants?" Saltman whispered hoarsely.

"Sure. An' his shoulders. He's been bampin' an' crawlin' around in a shaft." As Wild Water talked, his eyes wandered up the snow-covered ravine until they were halted by something

that brought a whistle to his lips. "Just cast your eyes up there, Bill. See where I'm pointin'?" If that ain't a prospect-hole! An' follow it out to both sides—you can see where they tromped in the snow. If it ain't rim-rock on both sides I don't know what rim-rock is. It's a fissure vein all right."

"An' look at the size of it!" Saltman cried. "They got something here, you bet."

"An' run your eyes down the slide there—see them bluffs standin' out an' slopin' in. The whole slide's in the mouth of the vein as well."

"An' just keep a lookin' on, out on the lee there, on the trail," Saltman directed. "Looks like most of Dawson, don't it?"

Wild Water took one glance and saw the trail, like a moving snake, black with men clear to the far Dawson hang down which the same unbroken string of men was pouring.

"Well, I'm goin' to get a look-in at that prospect-hole before they get here," he said, turning and starting swiftly up the ravine.

But the cabin door opened, and the two occupants stepped out.

"Hey!" Smoke called. "Where are you going?"

"To pick out a lot," Wild Water called back. "Look at the river. All Dawson's stampeding to buy lots, an' we're goin' to beat 'em to it for the choice. That's right, ain't it, Bill?"

"Sure thing," Saltman corroborated. "This has the makin' of a Jim Gandy suburb, an' it sure looks like it'll be some popular."

"Well, we're not selling lots over in that section where you're heading," Smoke answered. "Over to the right there, and back on top the bluffs, are the lots. This section, running from the river and over the tops, is reserved. So come on back."

"It's the spot we've selected," Saltman argued.

"But there's nothing doing, I tell you," Smoke said sharply.

"Any objections to our strolling, then?" Saltman persisted.

"Decidedly. Your strolling is getting monotonous. Come on back out of that."

"I just reckon we'll stroll anyways," Saltman replied stubbornly. "Come on, Wild Water."

"I warn you, you are trespassing," was Smoke's final word.

"Nope, just strollin'," Saltman gaily retorted, turning his back and starting on.

"Hey! Stop in your tracks, Bill, or I'll sure bore you!" Shorty thundered, drawing and leveling two Colt's forty-fours. He put his moccasin on top of Smoke's and muttered just over his breath: "Say, Smoke; pipe me! The real goods, eh? Just the stuff you read in the magazines, ain't it? Now just listen." He raised his voice. "Bill Saltman, step another step in your steps an' I let eleven holes through your damned orderly carcass. Get that?"

Saltman stopped perplexed.

"He sure got me," Shorty mumbled to Smoke. "But if he goes on I'm up against it hard. I can't shoot. What'll I do?"

"Look here, Shorty, listen to reason," Saltman begged.

"Come here to me an' we'll talk reason," was Shorty's retort.

And they were still talking reason when the head of the stampede emerged from the zig-zag trail and came upon them.

"You can't call a man a trespasser when he's on a town-site lookin' to buy lots," Wild Water was arguing, and Shorty was objecting, "But they's private property in town-sites, an' that there strip is private property, that's all. I tell you again, it ain't for sale."

## V

"Now we've got to swing this thing on the jump," Smoke muttered to Shorty. "If they ever get out of hand . . ."

"You've sure got your nerve, if you think you can hold them," Shorty muttered back. "They's two thousan' of 'em an' more a-comin'." They'll break this line any minute."

The line ran along the near rim of the ravine, and Shorty had formed it by halting the first arrivals when they got that far in their invasion. In the crowd were half a dozen North-West policemen and a lieutenant. With the latter Smoke conferred in undertones.

"They're still piling out of Dawson," he said, "and before long there will be five thousand here. The danger is if they start jumping claims. When you figure there are only five claims, it means a thousand men to a claim, and four thousand out of the five will try to jump the nearest claim. It can't be done, and if it ever starts, there'll be more dead men here than in the whole history of Alaska. Besides, those five claims were recorded this morning and can't be jumped. In short, claim-jumping mustn't start."

"Right-O," said the lieutenant. "I'll get my men together and station them. We can't have any trouble here, and we won't have. But you'd better get up and talk to them."

"There must be some mistake, fellows," Smoke began in a loud voice. "We're not ready to sell lots. The streets are not surveyed yet. But next week we shall have the grand opening sale."

He was interrupted by an outburst of impatience and indignation.

"We don't want lots," a young miner cried out. "We don't want what's on top of the ground. We've come for what's under the ground."

"We don't know what we've got under the ground," Smoke answered. "But we do know we've got a fine town-site on top of it."

"Sure," Shorty added. "Grand for scenery an' solitude. Folks lovin' solitude come a-flockin' here by thousands. Most popular solitude on the Yukon."

Again the impatient cries arose, and Saltman, who had been talking with the later comers, came to the front.

"We're here to stake claims," he opened. "We know what you've did—filed a string of five quartz claims on end, and there they are over there running across the town-site on the line of

the slide and the canyon. Only you misplayed. Two of them entries is fake. Who is Seth Talbot? No one never heard of him. You filed a claim this mornin' in his name. An' you filed a claim in the name of Harry Macewell. Now Harry Macewell ain't in the country. He's down in Seattle. Went out last fall. Them two claims is open to relocation."

"Suppose I have his power of attorney?" Smoke queried.

"You ain't," Saltman answered. "An' if you have you got to show it. Any-way here's where we relocate. Come on, fellows."

Saltman, stepping across the dead-line, had turned to encourage a following, when the police lieutenant's voice rang out and stopped the forward surge of the great mass.

"Hold on there! You can't do that, you know!"

"Can't, eh?" said Bill Saltman. "The law says a fake location can be relocated, don't it?"

"That's right, Bill! Stay with it!" the crowd cheered from the safe side of the line.

"It's the law, ain't it?" Saltman demanded truculently of the lieutenant.

"It may be the law," came the steady answer. "But I can't and won't allow a move of five thousand men to attempt to jump two claims. It would be a dangerous riot, and we're here to see there is no riot. Here, now, on this spot, the North-West Police constitutes the law. The next man who crosses the line will be shot. You, Bill Saltman, step back across it."

Saltman obeyed reluctantly. But an ominous restlessness became apparent in the mass of men, irregularly pecked and scattered as it was over a landscape that was mostly up-and-down.

"Heavens," the lieutenant whispered to Smoke. "Look at them like flies on the edge of the cliff there. Any disorder in that mass would force hundreds of them over."

Smoke shuddered and got up. "I'm willing to play fair, fellows. If you insist on town lots I'll sell them to



"Bill Saltman went safely to the door, entered, then backed out with Water Charley up to him."

you, one hundred apiece, and you can rifle locations when the survey is made." With raised hand he killed the movement of disgust. "Don't move, anybody. If you do, there'll be hundreds of you shoved over the bluff. The situation is dangerous."

"Just the same, you can't hog it," a voice went up. "We don't want lots. We want to relocate."

"But there are only two disputed claims," Smoke argued. "When they're relocated, where will the rest of you be?"

"Take your feet out of the trough an' pool the town-site," the man went on. "Pool the mineral rights with the town-site, too."

"But there isn't anything in the mineral rights, I tell you," Smoke objected. "Then pool them with the rest. We'll take our chances on it."

"Fellows, you're forcing me," Smoke said. "I wish you'd stayed on your side the river."

But his wavering indecision was so manifest, that with a mighty roar the crowd swept him on to agreement. Saltman and others in the front rank demurred.

"Bill Saltman, here, and Wild Water don't want you all in," Smoke informed the crowd. "Who's hogging it now?"

And thence Saltman and Wild Water became profoundly unpopular.

"Now how are we going to do it?" Smoke asked. "Shorty and I ought to keep control. We discovered this town-site."

"That's right!" many cried. "A square deal!" "It's only fair!"

"Three-fifths to us," Smoke suggested, "and you fellows come in for two-fifths. And you've got to pay for your shares."

"Ten cents on the dollar!" was a cry. "And non-emessable!"

"And the president of the company to come around personally and pay you your dividends on a silver platter," Smoke enquired. "No, sir. You fellows have got to be reasonable. Ten cents on the dollar will help start things. You buy two-fifths of the stock, hun-

dred dollars par, at ten dollars. That's the best I can do. And if you don't like it, just start jumping the claims. I won't stand more than a two-fifths goop."

"No big capitalization!" a voice called, and it was this voice that crystallized the collective mind of the crowd into consent.

"There's about five thousand of you, which will make 5,000 shares," Smoke worked the problem aloud. "And 5,000 is two-fifths of 12,500. Therefore the Tra-Lee Town-Site Company is capitalized for \$1,250,000, there being 12,500 shares, hundred per, you fellows buying 5,000 of them at ten dollars apiece. And I don't care a whoop whether you accept it or not. And I call you all to witness that you're forcing me against my will."

With the assurance of the crowd that they had caught him with the goods on him in the shape of the two fake locations, a committee was formed and the rough organization of the Tra-Lee Town-Site Company effected.

By twilight the work was accomplished and Tra-Lee was deserted, save for Smoke and Shorty, who ate supper in the cabin and chuckled at the list of shareholders, four thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four strong, and at the gold-secks which they knew contained approximately forty-eight thousand seven hundred and forty dollars.

"But you ain't swung it yet," Shorty objected.

"He'll be here," Smoke asserted with conviction. "He's a born gambler, and when Breck whispers the tip to him even heart disease wouldn't stop him."

Within the hour came a knock at the door, and Wild Water entered, followed by Bill Saltman. Their eyes swept the cabin eagerly, coming to rest on the window elaborately concealed by blankets. Not quite hidden were fresh-fractured rocks that belonged anywhere save on the floor of a cabin.

"But suppose I did want to vote twelve hundred shares," Wild Water was arguing half an hour later. "With the other five thousand sold to-day it'd

make only sixty-two hundred shares. That'd leave you and Shorty with sixty-three hundred. You'd still control."

"But what'd you want with all that of a town-site?" Shorty queried.

"You can answer that better'n me," Wild Water replied. "An' between you an' me," his gaze drifted over the blanket-dropped window, "it's a pretty good looking town-site."

"But Bill wants some," Smoke said grudgingly, "and we simply won't part with more than five hundred shares."

"How much you got to invest?" Wild Water asked Saltman.

"Oh, say five thousand. It was all I could scare up. It's outside along with yours."

"Wild Water," Smoke went on, in the same grudging, complaining voice, "if I didn't know you so well, I wouldn't sell you a single bearded share. And anyway, Shorty and I won't part with more than five hundred, and they'll cost you fifty dollars apiece. That's the last word, and if you don't like it, good night. Bill can take a hundred, and you can have the other four hundred."

## VI

Next day Dawson began its lough. It started early in the morning, just after daylight, when Smoke went to the bulletin board outside the A. C. Company store and tacked up a notice. Men gathered and were reading and snickering over his shoulder ere he had driven the last tack. Soon the bulletin board was crowded by hundreds who could not get near enough to read. Then a reader was appointed by acclamation, and thereafter, throughout the day, many men were acclaimed to read in loud voice the notice Smoke Bellow had nailed up. And there were numbers of men who stood in the snow and heard it read several times in order to memorize the succulent items that appeared in the following order:

THE TRA-LEE TOWN-SITE COMPANY KEEPS ITS ACCOUNTS ON THE WALL. THIS IS ITS FIRST AND ITS LAST.

ANY SHAREHOLDER WHO OB-

JECTS TO DONATING TEN DOLLARS TO THE DAWSON GENERAL HOSPITAL, MAY OBTAIN HIS TEN DOLLARS ON PERSONAL APPLICATION TO WILD WATER CHARLEY, AND, FAILING THAT, WILL ABSOLUTELY OBTAIN IT ON APPLICATION TO SMOKE BELLEW.

Money received and disbursed.

From 4,574 shares @ \$10. . . \$45,740.00

To Dwight Sanderson for Town-Site of Tra-Lee. . . \$10,000.00  
To incidental expenses, to wit: powder, drills, wind-lane, Gold Commissioner's office, etc. . . . . 1,000.00

Total . . . . . \$11,000.00  
To Dawson General Hospital 37,740.00  
\$48,740.00

From Bill Saltman, for 100 shares privately purchased @ \$50 . . . . . \$ 5,000.00

To Bill Saltman, in recognition of services as volunteer stampeding promoter. 5,000.00

From Wild Water Charley, for 400 shares privately purchased at \$50. . . . . 20,000.00

To Dawson General Hospital To Smoke Bellow and Jack Short, balance in full on egg deal and morally owing . . . . . 17,000.00  
\$20,000.00

SHARES REMAINING TO ACCOUNT FOR, 7,126. THESE SHARES, HELD BY SMOKE BELLEW AND JACK SHORT, VALUE NIL, MAY BE OBTAINED GRATIS, FOR THE ASKING, BY ANY AND ALL RESIDENTS OF DAWSON DESIRING CHANGE OF DOMICILE TO THE PEACE AND SOLITUDE OF THE TOWN OF TRA-LEE.

(NOTE—PEACE AND SOLITUDE ALWAYS AND PERPETUALLY GUARANTEED IN THE TOWN OF TRA-LEE.)

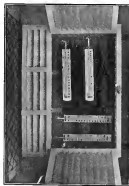
(Signed) Smoke Bellow, President.  
(Signed) Jack Short, Secretary.

## How The Weather is Made

By John Holt

While the actual making of the weather may still be beyond the limit of human control, the task of forecasting it has been reduced to a science. When in your daily paper you casually glance at the "probe," do you ever ask yourself how the forecasts are prepared? So far as Canada is concerned this article answers the question in all its details, explaining to the reader precisely "How the Weather is Made." To most people the facts presented will prove of much interest, since so little is actually known of the operations of the much abused "weather man," who after all simply does his best, which, as our contributor remarks, "is a mighty good one even if it is not perfect."

"It's talking 'bout the weather That has made the weather vain. "WHEN Providence made the weather," said the dear old lady, "there was some dependin' on it. But now these here meteorologists have got ahold of it there's no tellin' what to expect." From most of us the poor "weather man" gets short shrift. If we do not exactly blame him for the weather we get, we still cherish a sort of unspoken grudge against him as one who is connected intimately with the vile thing; and we jeer at him mercilessly when his forecasts happen to get left at the post instead of romping in winners at long odds. Poor "Probs" has almost as few



The thermometer outfit of a modern weather observatory. The upright thermometers record maximum and minimum temperatures; of the horizontal thermometer one is ordinary while the other is a wet bulb used to determine the humidity of the atmosphere.

friends as the Tax Collector. But he does his best—and a wonderfully good best it is if we only stopped to realize it. Not much more than a

generation ago the weather man was still in the kindergarten stage of his business; three generations ago and there was no chance of his existing at all. Curiously enough it is electricity, one of the things he understands least about, and which occasionally is a distinct upsetter of his calculations, that has made possible a great deal of the work he does.

Until it was possible to get telegraphic reports of weather conditions from distant parts of the country, most weather work was necessarily of a

"post mortem" nature. All the weather man could do was to say what had happened on the previous day or make a guess at what would happen on the day after based on what had happened before under similar circumstances. Now he "sees the weather coming," and tells you what he sees.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the "Probs." of Great Britain within the past six or eight years. That is to say since the lengthening of the range of wireless telegraphy and its almost universal adoption on board ship. The forecasts were pretty good before, but with the aid of wireless reports—which are still rather scrappy and unorganized—the weather man has been able to correct and add to them the information he gets from the Atlantic—where a lot of English weather is manufactured. Atmospheric conditions which were quite unknown until they touched the cliffs of Galway, or came whooping over the Cornish moors at Land's End, can nowadays be "seen coming" hundreds of miles away. And the Atlantic wireless reports are continually being improved.

### CANADIAN WEATHER IMPROVEMENTS.

The next three or four years may see a similar improvement in the Canadian weather man's work. There is talk of establishing a chain of wireless stations round Hudson Bay and through the trackless wastes of Labrador. At present all sorts of diabolical weather plots are secretly hatched in these forsaken regions of which the weather man can know nothing until they are right on top of him. He can make a rough sort of estimate of what to expect, but certainty is as yet denied him. It is as if he was compelled to keep the blinds pulled down over the north windows of his observatory—he can see weather coming from the east and the west and the south and is able to foretell pretty accurately what will be produced at any given point at any time by the conditions in these quarters of the compass; but the north is sealed and secret and at any moment something that the weather imps have been concealing behind the barrier of the arctic circle



An interior view of the thermometer outfit.

may come swooping along and upset the whole bag of tricks. The matter will probably come under discussion at the present sitting of Parliament, and



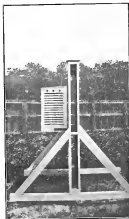
Another view of the thermometer outfit.

if the Naval Department get their wireless stations established the weather man will be able to get his north window open and the occasions will be lessened on which we take our rain-coats from the hook and mutter bitterly: "Probs. said 'Bright sunshine and continuing fair'—and now look at the darned thing!"

However, as I say, the weather man's best is a mighty good one even if it is not perfect. The difficulties under which he labors are enormous. His knowledge is great, but there are still wide gaps in it which he can fill only by guesswork. If we merely take a glance at what is the outside

edge of a small portion of the weather man's work we may realize something of the difficulties under which he labors and acquire more patience with his occasional fallings.

All the weather of Canada and Newfoundland—which climatically are in confederation—pays a daily call at a not particularly conspicuous building on Bloor Street, Toronto. Most of the United States weather drops in there also, for the elections of last year had no climatic effect and there is perfect reciprocity in this commodity. And besides this there are less important calls from most of the weather all over the world. Terrible storms, cyclones, earthquakes rage—telegraphically—in that quiet building and the weather man keeps an eye on them all and records their life history by drawing lines on maps.



The thermometer outfit of a modern weather observation station. The double screen protects the instruments from the direct heat of the sun and the increased caloric from the disturbing influence of sun and rain.

is never a mere local affair, but an organization—for want of a better word—which does business continually. The weather may stand with one foot in Algoma and the other in Texas and reach over and tickle the Atlantic coast with its hands, so to speak. And Probs. has to figure out what will be the precise effect on every part of Canada when the Texas foot is shifted and moved up to the middle west or over to San Francisco. What is more, he must try to foresee at what precise moment the foot will be shifted and the mood which will influence the direction of the shift.

The weather is, as it were, a giant, or a family of erratic giants. The weather man has studied their habits and can foretell their movements accordingly. Occasionally one of them changes his mind in a manner con-

The Toronto building is the central office of the meteorological service of Canada, corresponding to the head office of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington and the Central Office of London. It is the place where the "weather is made" for the whole Dominion—except the coastal strip on the other side of the Rockies—and for Newfoundland as well. It is a big job even determining the "Probs." and that is only a small portion of the weather man's work.

To begin with it is necessary to realize that the weather man does things on a large scale—a very large scale. It



The meteorological observatory in Toronto, "through which all the Canadian weather passes."

rary to habit—shifts his course, suddenly decides to sit down and enjoy the scenery at one particular spot, comes into unexpected collision with a brother giant and has a stormy argument, or gives a brother the cast direct whom the weather man has expected him to meet. But as a rule the weather man, through patient observation, can see what is going to happen, just as a keen observer of character and human nature can foretell with fair accuracy the actions of a human being.

Weather conditions depend upon the progression of "atmospheric disturbances" across the face of the world. All sorts of things give rise to and influence these disturbances and have an effect on their progression—mountain ranges, large bodies of water, even the wooded or cleared nature of tracts of country, and in addition there are minor local conditions which produce minor local effects without appreciably influencing the big areas of disturbance.

In dealing with these atmospheric

disturbances the meteorologist makes use of several "tools." First and most important is the Barometer which takes note of the differences in the distribution of the atmosphere—which may be said, in fact, to determine the character of the atmospheric disturbances. Without the Barometer the weather man would be practically helpless. Then there are the Wind Vanes and Anemometers, for determining the direction and velocity of air currents; Thermometers for temperature; and Rain Gauges for recording the quantity of rainfall.

These are all very different from the ordinary variations of these instruments with which most people are familiar. The Barometer is a vastly more complicated affair than that frying-pan sort of thing which hangs in the front hall and which Pa taps with his finger and looks at wisely without really understanding anything of what it is trying to say. The Weather Vanes run on delicate bearings; the Thermometers

are tested to the last degree of accuracy; the instruments are very carefully placed so that they will not be influenced by adverse circumstances; and all of them automatically record their movements during the twenty-four hours.

This is at the Toronto station. Across the continent are a chain of forty or more big sub-stations where the instruments are accurate but not necessarily so elaborate as in Toronto; and besides these there are innumerable small observation points scattered all over the country in almost every town and village. People are sometimes surprised at the absence of snow gauges as well as rain gauges, but as a matter of fact they are of little use in a country with so heavy a snowfall as Canada; they get clogged and choked, or the snow blows out of them, and consequently the weather man has to fall back upon primitive measurements with a ruler at spots which he judges are representative, and can only regret the consequent loss of accuracy.

As a matter of fact even the most delicate instruments are not absolutely accurate. Take an Anemometer, for instance, a device consisting outwardly of four little cups at the ends of four horizontal arms which in their revolutions actuate a mechanism which indicates the velocity of the wind which turns them. Obviously when a gust of wind arises it must overcome a certain inertia in the instrument and there must be a small but appreciable delay before the arms start revolving. Conversely, when the gust dies down the anemometer must continue to spin for a moment before it also stops. Similarly the sluggishness of a thermometer must take a certain time to overcome before it responds to a change of temperature. With delicate instruments and various ingenious compensating devices these inaccuracies are reduced to a minimum and anyway they are far too small to have any effect on the comparatively rough work of "Proba." I mention them and the snow gauges merely as an indication of the mechanical difficulties which the weather man has to face in all branches of his work; the laborious

calculations necessary to allow for these inaccuracies may well be imagined.

#### WORK IS EXTENSIVE.

Forecasting, as I say, is only one detail of the weather man's work—an important detail but by no means the most difficult or complicated. There is much recording and tabulating to be done, and some research work. Mariners' charts and bulletins detailing the recent weather in various parts of Canada have to be prepared and sent out; and there are certain special branches of the forecasting work to be attended to, such as wiring the various coastal stations to hoist storm signals and the like.

Take this "Notice to Mariners" for instance. "To Mariners:—In September during the past 30 years 1873 to 1911 each inclusive, 98 gales occurred on the Lakes, 28 fresh to heavy and 70 moderate. On 3 occasions the winds backed, 86 veered, and 9 they veered in some localities and backed in others. In the St. Lawrence Valley and the Gulf there were 107 gales, 32 fresh to heavy and 75 moderate, 13 backed, 83 veered, and 11 backed in some localities and veered in others. In the Maritime Provinces 76 gales occurred, 21 fresh to heavy and 55 moderate, 10 backed, 58 veered, and 8 backed in some localities and veered in others."

You see it is a digest of weather conditions over a period of forty years, and the records covering that period had to be searched in order to make it. Such searching and keeping up to date of the records is a detail of the weather man's work.

But there is work enough even behind the ordinary little quarter column of small type we are familiar with in the morning's paper and which ranks in importance in our eyes above the news of the Presidential elections, or the special correspondence from the European capitals. Directly and indirectly, some hundreds of people are concerned in building up the basis on which those half dozen slender little paragraphs are built.

Strung across the Dominion are the chain of observation stations. Victoria, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Quebec, St.

John's, Newfoundland, and Halifax are the chief sub-stations of the forty and odd which are in constant communication with "Proba." at his Toronto headquarters. He has a sort of suburban residence at Victoria also, whence forecasts are issued of the weather along the Pacific slope. But all the rest of the Canadian forecasts come from Bloor Street.

At precisely the same instant, twice every twenty-four hours, observations are taken at all the stations. They are taken at 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. 75th meridian, which means of course, that they have to be taken later than that at points east of Toronto and earlier at points west owing to the difference of time. Thus the Dawson City man has to turn out at the cold grey hour of four in the morning to inspect his instruments, while the St. John's weather man can take a comfortable breakfast before making his observations at nine.

The smaller sub-stations submit monthly reports which are used in the record and tabulation work. Sometimes their work is hardly scientifically accurate. I remember one meteorological sub-officer who got into a tangle with his own instruments. Although it was an exceptionally wet summer his rain gauge declared vehemently that there was a drought. The instrument was examined and found faultless, yet still the drought continued. Eventually, it was found that the officer's small daughter, to save herself a trip to the pump, had been filling her watering pot at the gauge when she attended to the flowers in the greenhouse.

But occurrences like this do not happen where it is really important. You must imagine the various officers at various local hours of the day and night, but always at eight o'clock by Toronto time, going out and collecting the material for their reports. They take the barometric pressure of the atmosphere; the temperature of the air; make a note of the state of the weather—whether it is raining, snowing, clear or cloudy and so on; note the direction and velocity of the wind; and the amount of precipitation since the previous reading; also if

in the morning, the lowest temperature of the preceding night, if at night, the highest of the preceding day. The barometric readings they reduce to sea level, that is to say they make allowance for the height of the station above the sea and quote their readings as if taken at the sea level; this is in order to make them comparable.

All these observations are then telegraphed through to the Chief at Toronto, and form the chief basis of his calculations. Besides these, however, he gets similar reports from various stations in the States, also twice a day, and once a day from the whole northern hemisphere. Altogether he receives two hundred or more reports every day; about forty from points in Canada, 140 from the States, and 20 from Europe and Asia. Thus the weather man on Bloor Street, not only has a bird's-eye view of the weather all over Canada, but all across Asia and Russia and Europe—over the whole world, in fact, north of the equator.

When the observations are all in, the Chief has to see how they fit in with one another, and from them deduce his various forecasts. How many maps of North America he has drawn in his time it is impossible to say, but he has drawn so many and is so familiar with the map that he can make one from memory any day and could probably come pretty close to accuracy blindfolded. The first step of his day's work is to take a map of North America and enter on it the various barometric readings he has received. Each of the stations has a barometric figure entered on it, and eventually those stations having the same figures are connected by lines called isobars. Isobars are drawn for every tenth of an inch difference in pressure, and it follows, of course, that all places along them, between the stations they connect have approximately the same barometric pressure. Arrows are drawn to show the wind direction and velocity at the various stations, and various symbols indicate the states of the weather. When the pressures and isobars have been filled in, the map has a weird appearance. It is covered with lines mostly winding and circling about

some central spot. There may be one starting up by Winnipeg winding east and south via Detroit to a point in Texas, its central curve roughly paralleling a circle planked down in Omaha or Nebraska. Other lines may skirt down around the Atlantic coast with the central circle somewhere about New York and reaching from Montreal to Charleston. There are usually a number of these circles scattered over the map with other lines either ringing them concentrically or winding in a vague sort of way from one to the other.

#### MAKING THE WEATHER MAP.

To the uninitiated the map looks like a Chinese puzzle, but to the weather man it is all as clear as daylight. The circles and their attendant lines are found to group themselves in two ways. Either the pressure increases towards the centre of each circle or it decreases. In the first case the circles are "high areas" and the second "low areas"—"storm centres" in which the winds circle in a direction contrary to the movement of the hands of a watch; in high areas the movement being the other way. Generally speaking, the low areas are, as I say, storm centres, carrying with them unsettled, stormy weather with a tendency towards a warmer temperature. The high areas carry with them fine weather and a tendency to cooler conditions.

In the weather man's morning map we will suppose that the circle or "area" which he finds centered in Omaha is a low one—that is, the barometric pressures at the various stations get lower and lower as they approach that central point. There is therefore a storm centre over in the middle west; the reports of actual weather conditions indicate how bad the storm may be, whether it is merely an unsettled state of weather or an actual raging storm of one kind or another; the wind reports evidence the intensity of the atmospheric disturbance.

The direction and speed of travel of the areas are deduced from the amount of rate of fall of the barometric pressure. That is to say, the area travels

in the direction towards which the barometric depression is most pronounced. In the weather map for Sept. 15th reproduced with this article, the high area centered in British Columbia would travel eastwards across the place on the map where the isobars are closest together and not southwards where they are spread out, indicating that the "slope" of the high area is not so "steep" so to speak. The speed is deduced from the rate of fall.

Roughly speaking the weather man makes his forecasts by keeping an eye on the centre of each particular area. It is travelling eastwards, say, at a certain speed. Very well then; the probable weather in its course can be prophesied with fair accuracy. Of course, the further away from the storm centre the place prophesied about may be, the more likelihood of inaccuracy in the forecast. The Omaha area, for instance, may be travelling north-east, in which case it may be expected to pass over Michigan and so on over western Ontario and upwards into Quebec, its influence stretching on either side over a district proportionate to its extent. But if it is deflected a few degrees at the beginning it may travel far to the south of the expected course and fetch up somewhere in the Maritimes instead of in northern Quebec. Like the railway time tables the courses of areas of atmospheric disturbance are "subject to change without notice" and the public who are disturbed by the change rise as one man and curse poor "Probs." just as they furiously rage against the innocent train dispatcher who cannot help himself.

This of course is merely the roughest outline of the work. The areas are not fixed, unchangeable sort of things which can be depended on arriving at their destination in the same state that they started out even if they remain of one mind as to the course they are going to pursue. All sorts of things influence them and change or modify their character.

Many of these influences are the fixed physical characteristics of the country which can be taken accurate account of by the weather man. Mountains, for

example, have a great effect on the atmospheric conditions which lull up against them. The Rockies, so to speak, hold back a lot of "weather" and keep it from finding its way into the Dominion at all; and vice versa. The height of land which stretches from Nainana to Collingwood has the effect of depositing much larger quantities of moisture on its western than its eastern slope. The areas travelling eastwards when they reach the Height of Land are forced upward into the cold upper regions where they are chilled and condensed—the moisture they contained falling as rain or snow. After the area has crossed the Height the area descends again appreciably robbed of moisture and, expanding, easily contains the moisture that remains until a meeting with a cool current of air, another trip into the higher regions, or some other cause condenses it again and results in another rain storm.

#### FORECASTING DIFFICULT IN CANADA.

Canada is such a "mixed" country that it is especially difficult to forecast its weather or to depend even upon its most dependable qualities. There is a general drift of weather across North America from west to east which "Probs." can reasonably depend upon, though at times the drift zig-zags across country and even occasionally reverses. The alternations of mountain, prairie, forest and big stretches of water cause all kinds of sudden changes which the weather man is not troubled with in a less varied country such as Australia for example. Here the great level stretches of desert in the interior and the comparative absence of water make it possible to foretell the weather for as long as four days ahead and when a better wireless service is arranged with ships approaching the Australian coast it will be possible to make still longer forecasts. The Canadian weather man is lucky if he can look a day ahead with any certainty as to accuracy.

The areas travel at all sorts of speeds and sometimes even remain stationary for quite long periods especially in the North Atlantic. That means, of course, that the districts influenced by the area

enjoy "a spell of settled weather," day after day the same until the area takes it into its head to move on. Moreover, it has due effect on other districts outside that immediate area since it holds up areas that are following and compels them to remain stationary also unless they slide off to one side or have sufficient force to push the opposing area on or force it aside.

Such things as this are, of course, very difficult for the weather man to anticipate. And there are things he does not know; the effect of the change in the electrical potential of the atmosphere, for instance. If he knew exactly how the free electricity in the air was acting it would be a great help to him.

But everything in nature has an explanation and knowledge is widening. Every year, almost, there is some discovery which gives the work of "Probs." greater possibilities of accuracy. All the time he is watching the weather less with a view to telling what it will be like to-morrow than to finding out exactly why it was like what it was yesterday.

Half the time "Probs." is a coroner and his "post mortem" work is of the most important. The Canadian meteorological Department has done considerable useful work in this respect. At Agincourt near Toronto they have made use of kites to explore the upper atmosphere—great kites which would soar beyond the possibilities of an airman's light carrying instruments which record the conditions they find existing there. Balloons both captive and free have been used for similar purposes, and many valuable scraps of information have been obtained.

The Canadian weather bureau helped to confirm the theory of the "isothermal" layer. Balloons sent up succeeded in establishing the existence of a layer of atmosphere which has a constant temperature and which surrounds the immediate atmosphere of the earth in which our "weather" takes place. And beyond this again was discovered a second layer of a warmer temperature.

Though practically constant in temperature, these isothermal layers rise or fall in height and their mission is to

act as "indicators" to inner atmosphere. But at best these are only scraps to be patiently pieced together and to be added to from time to time till the weather man's knowledge of his fickle subject is quite complete.

#### POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

And when that day arrives, what then? Will we ever know so much about the weather that we can control it, or at any rate modify it to be more in accordance with what we want. Even that day may come, though our few poor, crude attempts as it to-day are mostly failures. Attempts to "make rain" with the aid of dynamite or otherwise have in the opinion of our best Canadian weather men all been failures, and the professed "rain makers" one occasionally hears of are generally classed as fakers. The hail destroying experiments of Southern France and Italy have been among the most successful, but are woefully uncertain. In these regions hail is a very powerful enemy of the vineyards and in many places may be seen curious contrivances something like a cross between a gun and a gramophone which are used for "shooting" approaching hail clouds and dissipating them before they are a real danger. They are "shot" in actual fact, but the projectile is a whirling vortex of air exactly like a smoke ring which, whirling into the cloud, breaks it up. But the success of this scheme has been very limited and uncertain and its proved value is not great. We will not be liable to claim to control the weather until we can prevent the hail or thunder cloud from forming or can drive it where we will to dissipate itself at some waste spot where it can do no harm—what a thought, by the by! the Sahara desert as the world's "storm dumping place" to which all the world's storms are berled, a region of perpetual thunder and lightning, cyclone and tempest. The idea is ridiculous, of course, but imposing.

No; the weather man laughs at the idea of ever being able to control the weather to any appreciable extent but he looks forward hopefully to the day

when we shall know so much about its origin and habits that we will be able to avoid most of the inconveniences under which we suffer to-day.

And very serious inconveniences some of them are, as everyone may realize. To you or me a forecast of the weather may mean no more than to influence us as to what clothes we shall wear, or whether we shall light the furnace. But to the farmer, the sailor, to everyone whose business is affected by the elements an accurate forecast is of the greatest possible service. On the coast to the fishermen a forecast of the winds especially is almost a necessity—and to this department our "Probe" in Toronto and his junior partner in Victoria pay a great deal of attention.

It is odd when you come to think of it, that the fishermen of Newfoundland should look all the way to Toronto to see what favorable winds they are going to have or what perils of fog or storm they may have to brave. It shows in a very striking way what a triumph of modern centralization is our Canadian "Probe." It shows too how science has superseded superstition. The fishermen relies on the storm cone and the weather forecast where once he listened to "weather wise" old veterans or relied implicitly on "signs" and the movements of animals or fishes. Most of the old popular weather signs are utterly discredited and the weather man can show good long lists of statistics to prove them wrong—the St. Swithin's Day superstition for example. In some of them there is just that grain of truth which makes a falsehood all the false but practically none of them is to be relied upon. Statistics show that for every time a superstition happens to be right there are many more times that it is wrong.

Superior to all superstition, sitting in calm isolation, the weather man hovers over the North Pole and casts a comprehensive eye over the whole northern hemisphere. He and the telegraph editor of the newspaper are the men who get the world's news first—and the weather man ranks the higher of the two, for what news is more important than the weather.

## Political Spoils

By J. Sanford Rickards

IN its one-store days the Hoesier hamlet of Terhune had been content with a home-made post-office: not such as now ornaments the front of one of its modern stores, but a cage built in one corner of its only business room and pigeon-holed according to the alphabet.

Although then, as now, post-offices were considered to be political plums, it so happened that David Bogan, a Democrat, had been custodian of this one through the respective administrations of both national parties, because his store, on the east side of the road, was the only business building suitable to accommodate the postal services of the neighborhood.

The daily receiving and sending of the few straggling letters and papers that constituted the mail was an item of no small importance in the eyes of the inhabitants; but apparently it was not so regarded by the swiftly passing trains that thundered by the station. No one would have guessed that Uncle Sam paid good money for the transportation of this mail, so unceremoniously was it kicked out at the doors of the "fast mail cars." It was taken on board by an iron lever reaching out from the car door and snatching the mail-bag suspended in a wooden frame. He Wallace, who had been operator at Terhune for eleven years, avowed that only twice during this time had the iron lever failed to perform its function.

In addition to being postmaster and store-keeper, David Bogan was a Justice of the Peace, and so was referred to as the "Squire." He was also blessed with a "birth-right" in the Quaker church, and therefore held himself and his family uncompromisingly to the old-style faith, refusing to follow his fellow sheep through their stages of religious

metamorphosis whereby they successively became Campbellites, Newlights, Methodists, Presbyterians, and United Brethren.

Because of his spiritual predilections, David had never indulged himself in any self-congratulatory attitudes toward his rather exalted position in the community. However, about the year 1890 his dignity as postmaster had been radically enhanced by a new, factory-made post-office that was sent to be installed in the front of his store, and along with it had come an increase in salary.

In spite of his sober and commonplace habits, David now felt his self-importance asserting itself. Then, too, the advance in income materially simplified his living problem, which was to maintain his mother-in-law, his wife, and his daughter, and teach his son a trade.

These were indeed halcyon days. For fifty-odd years, he told himself, he had been casting his bread upon the waters: now it was coming back, and it was bringing with it not merely better but also a sweetened branded "distinction." Now that honor was thrust upon him, surely it was no sin to bask in its radiance! So with great waves of satisfaction he began to recall promises of milk and honey for the faithful and no begging in their last days for the righteous.

In the first year of the reign of the new post-office came store-keeper number two. This was Judson Miller; whose boyhood had been spent in the vicinity, but who, during the six years of his early manhood, had served in the army. He came home on crutches, not as a result of battles fought for his country, but as a consequence of a railroad wreck. After due course of cou-



travesty, he emerged from the wreck litigation, walking with a cane, wearing a signet ring, and possessing four hundred dollars in cash. With the money he opened a store on the west side of the dusty pike, directly opposite the establishment of the scrupulous Quaker.

To be sure, he drew away some of the Squire's trade, and this greatly annoyed David's friends, one of whom approached him on the subject: "Ain't you kinder 'feared, David, that this here new store of Judson Miller's 'll take away some of yer trade?"

Before replying David balanced a lump of brown sugar on the point of a sugar-scoop, and swept it into his mouth with a sucking noise.

"Well, I don't cal'late on losin' no great site. You see, since the government of these United States put this new 'parlament in my store here," and he flourished the scoop grandiloquently toward the cabinet arrangement, "I've been gettin' a right smart of trade from down 'round Fancher's corner an' other places. Nope, I reckon there ain't much danger of it, Andy."

"Well, I s'pose as how you orter know, recin' as yer runnin' the business; but I'll be concerned if I think that store 'cross there's goin' to do you any good."

Meanwhile Judson seemed satisfied with a not extravagant patronage. He was also content to lean on the front gate of the Bogan residence on dull days, and recount his experiences of army life to the postmaster's daughter, Lizzie. At such times Lizzie found great comfort in the barrel-stave hammock swinging in the porch.

During one of these mid-day interviews, her mother's voice fell sharply on her ears: "Liz-zee! Oh, Liz-zee! Come here."

When the daughter ran into the kitchen, Mrs. Bogan began in a milder tone:

"A body would think that porch, with the sun a-bilin' down on thee, is a first rate summer resort, the way thee's always swingin' out there."

"Why, Maw, I was just talkin' to Judson a few minutes."

"Pears like that's all thee does. Run

over to the store an' tell yer Paw to send me a couple of eggs and a bag of corn-meal, so I c'n make him some corn flapjacks fer dinner. Hurry up, now."

Grind enough to escape further questioning, Lizzie hastened out. Her mother straightened up from the table and rubbed off the dough that clung to her fingers, while she mused aloud:

"I do wonder when that feller's goin' to stop courtin' long 'nough to pop the question? 'Pears to me it'd be better fer him an' David both if their stores could be put together."

But on the following Sunday afternoon, as a group of Terhune's male population sat on store steps and leaned against pecked poll hatchbacks, Abe Farwick, the blacksmith, propounded a question that was destined not only to excite the ambitious mother's fondest hope, but likewise to expel harmony and peace and to enthrone discord throughout the confines of the village.

"I've jist been thinkin'," said Abe, drawing the stem of a clay pipe from between his teeth, "that the post-office 'll have to move after the 'lection this fall."

"What in tarnation 're you drivin' at, Abe?" asked Andy Isard, who had left off his incessant grinding of a tobacco cud in order to catch the full significance of the blacksmith's words. "That office's been in Squire Bogan's store fer nigh onto twenty years now, an' I reckon he keeps it as well as anybody else could, don't he?"

"I'm not sayin' that the Squire don't keep it well 'nough; but ye've heard tell of the sayin' that 'to the victor belongs the spoils,' ain't you? Well, now, if the Republican party wins this comin' campaign, as it's been doin' most of the time for the last thirty years, I reckon there won't be much use of a Democratic store-keeper runnin' the post-office, seem' as how Judson here is a Republican."

Now, Abe, like the majority of the population of Terhune, was a Republican, and could afford to conclude his argument with a very convincing wink. Andy, on the other hand, was one of a few Democrats in town who had con-

sistently voted against the Republican party from the date of its inception, and in no one could Farwick's remark have stirred up more bitterness and apprehension. This anxiety Andy straightaway conveyed to David, who received it in a crestfallen manner.

The feeling of uneasiness became widespread in the Democratic ranks as the days of autumn rolled away, but it especially possessed the old Quaker, who began to experience sleepless nights, and to upbraid himself with the preachers' cry that "all is vanity." If a Republican administration were elected, the post office must cross the street to his competitor, leaving him without a prop and divesting him of all his fame. He scarcely knew which would be the harder to bear, the memory of honors surrendered or the sting of poverty known of old.

Meanwhile Judson sat at his window with a new and unfamiliar thrill. He contemplated the increased income and acknowledged distinction that would come with his appointment. His spirits were running high, even as David Bogan's were sinking in sullen despair.

Daily the interests and sympathies of the citizens became more intensified. The two political factions unconsciously shaped themselves, each having for its recognized head its postmaster possibility. This brought on a serious change in business relations; all the Republican customers began to trade with the younger merchant, and only the patronage of the Democratic minority was left for David.

This sounded the first note of warning to Judson's conscience, for he knew that such a falling-off in business would ruin his veteran rival. But what could he do? If his party should win, he would be enrolled as postmaster. That was a perfectly honorable spoil, and had been instituted by a custom as hoary as political parties themselves. Therefore he could not refuse it.

In the community, feeling continued to mount to a high pitch, and it looked as if the once-quiet neighborhood would be torn by strife. For several days Lizzie had not been seen in the barrel-stave hammock. Miller noted this and

secretly chafed under the sting of it.

Shortly before election the minister of the oft-conforming flock returned to preach his bi-weekly sermon, and lodged in the home of the president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

"Oh, Brother Williams! I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed that good lady, the care-worn expression of her voice exceeded only by that of her brow. "The town's all torn by strife an' factions over mevin' the post office. The Republicans 're sayin' that the Squire's havin' it all these years has been jist the same as givin' aid to one of their enemies. I know you can do something that will pour oil on the troubled waters and make 'em think more about their souls' welfare."

"My dear sister, when men are contending for political spoils they shun the contemplations of the welfare of their souls," spoke the pastor, with the air of a prophet.

"Well, I s'pose you're right," she assented resignedly. "An' I do sometimes wonder if we'll ever overthrow the powers of the Evil One."

Regarding the fulfillment of this last, she was to receive no encouragement from the incidents of the coming Sabbath day. Her husband was a staunch supporter of Squire Bogan, so every Republican stayed away from church rather than listen to a sermon preached by a minister who had apparently allied himself with the opposite faction by sojourning in one of their homes.

Even the sparse Democratic audience gave place to vacant benches when the preacher began a sermon on the Scriptural admonition to "love one another."

Domestic relations were the next to be invaded. Dick Whaley, a perfectly restful and unenergetic citizen, was driven from home by his irate wife. In emphatic terms she had praised the Squire and laid special stress on the fact that he had always provided for his wife's mother. To this abnormal habit of David's Dick had taken voluble exception, and thereby hung a disagreement that ended in a violence unsurpassed even by the participations of the small boys of the village, many of

whom were blackened eyes and bruised spots testifying to the loyalty of themselves to the champions adhered to by their respective fathers.

Up to this time but two residents had refrained from taking part in the postal controversy which had now come to be the sole issue in the approaching election. One of these was the Squire's dog—a mongrel of the commonest yellow-breed, but a good fighter, who had asserted his superiority over all of his kind in Terhune except that other resident—the white bulldog belonging to Judson Miller.

The yellow hybrid and the dirty white bull were the glaring rivals in dogdom, even as their masters had come to represent a feud among the ballot-casters. It was natural, then, that before this political dissension could end, it should descend, for ultimate decision, to these canine rivals.

Election day was gray and cheerless. Groups moved back and forth between the polls and the stores, neighbor passing neighbor without recognition or greeting. The early darkness brought a cold, drizzling rain to disperse the groups of low-voiced, anxious women from the yard-gates along the road. Down at the voting place they had begun to count the ballots in the flickering glare of smoky kerosene lamps; while the knots of men outside retreated to their homes.

Squire Bogan sat by the hear-stove in the rear of his store, nervously fingering the leaves of a law book. It was the final day of what seemed to him a long fight; consequently he was filled with feverish irritation. Over his steel-rimmed spectacles, he vented his feelings to Andy Lizard.

"It ain't lawful ner constitutional to change the location of the post-office," spoke the Squire. "I find nothing in these statutes to support the change; an' if the other party moves the post-office, it will be the same as stealin' sugar from my store."

"Just so, Squire," responded Andy. "Just so. It's a plain case of bein' robbed of the privilege that's been justly your'n all these years."

An hour later, into the store across the street came a messenger from the polls to inform Judson that the town had gone Republican, and to say that he "lowed they would soon be coming into his store to get the mail."

Judson locked the door and sat for a long time by the smouldering fire. The spell was won—surely there could be no longer any doubt about that. He glanced toward the corner where he had decided to place the paneled credenza; but the thrill accompanying previous contemplations of this arrangement did not now return. By degrees Miller was beginning to appreciate the ugliness of a community strife that had turned neighbor against neighbor, had ruptured homes, and had driven men from the house of worship; and the cause of it all was the craving for a paltry political spoil to be doled out like so much ginger-bread from the hand of a victorious demagogue. However much he rued the estrangements of his fellow citizens, the hardest part to bear was the scorn of Lizzie Bogan. Prior to the post-office difficulties, he had felt that she looked forward to his daily loiterings quite as much as he; and now he believed she was being loyal to her father at the expense of her own happiness as well as his. He regretted that he had not been more bold back in the peaceful days and entered upon negotiations that now could never be. If such an alliance could have been made, he knew that the conflict of the hour would have been easily averted.

The ex-soldier finally fell asleep in his chair, and his harassing thoughts subsided into dreams where he was tormented by demons in the likeness of his Quaker rival, and ever and anon these gave way before the face and voice of Lizzie Bogan.

A loud clatter brought him back from his troubled dreamland. He started up; his body was cold and numb, and the fire was long since out. The clatter continued at the door until he turned the key. Dick Whaley pushed into the room, and the store-keeper caught a glimpse of eastern light trying

to straggle through a cold November morning's fog.

"Gimme two pounds o' pickled meat. I'm goin' home to eat breakfast," announced the early customer, with the faintest suggestion of triumph in his tone.

"D'you mean yer wife's let you come back, Dick?" inquired Judson, between chattering teeth, as he fished into the pork-barrel and speared a chunk of briny meat on a long metal fork abundantly corroded with contaminations peculiar to a country store.

"Yep. The 'section's over now, an' I reckon there ain't anything more to quarrel about. You got two pounds there, Jud?"

"Well, it lacks three or four ounces, but I guess that won't make any difference."

"I reckon you'd better git as much as two pounds, because—well, because Moll said so." He added the last in a sheepish sort of tone, and Miller journeyed to the barrel on another fishing expedition, this time returning with a smaller chunk of fat between a layer of skin and a streak of lean.

While this was going on, the dirty white bulldog was alternately stretching and shaking himself out from the niche between the kerosene tank and the sordid mahogany barrel. As Whaley passed out, the dog slipped by him through the closing door.

The Squire's yellow hybrid was truffling diagonally across the street, sniffing at the ground as if in search of food. At sight of him, an ugly light flashed from the eyes of the recalcitrant husband, and a triumphant smile played about the corners of his mouth. Under his hat was a sore bump made by the impact of a stick of stove-wood in the hands of his spouse, and Squire Bogan had been the main point of disagreement. However unenergetic Dick Whaley may have been in the presence of work, he was anything but phlegmatic when confronted by an opportunity for revenge.

He glanced each way along the street. No one was in sight. Quickly thrust-

ing his hand into one end of the dark-brown paper package, he pulled out the small chunk of meat and tossed it in front of the advancing cur. Both dogs sprang after the bait, but, as Dick had calculated, the yellow one arrived first and seized it with a snarling growl.

For the space of a second the white dog hesitated.

"Sic him, bull!" hissed Whaley.

A dirty white streak shot through the air and landed on the yellow dog's neck. In an effort to shake himself free, the latter hurled the meat in the direction of the provoker. It had barely dropped when Whaley caught the toe of his shoe under it and sent it into the side ditch a rod away. Just as the canine pandemonium broke forth in howls of rage and pain.

A fire-alarm is the only other terrifying signal that could have brought such a response. From the two forty-rod rows of houses the inhabitants poured forth through never-closed gates. To the howlings that issued from the writhing heap of dirty-white and yellow were added the shouts of men and the glee of boys, all of them snatching sticks as they raced towards the spot.

The Squire and Judson pushed into the quickly formed circle from opposite sides.

"Git back!" the former shouted. "Git back an' give 'em a fair chance!"

But it was soon evident that this was not needed, for the yellow hybrid had been unable to shake off the first thrust-grip of his antagonist. Every spectator turned his eyes on the Squire, who stood regarding the form of his dog as it grew more and more limp in the bulldog's powerful jaws.

The Quaker postmaster was like a solitary soldier driven to the last trench: deserted by customers and friends, ridiculed by women and boys, voted out of honor and emolument, as he believed, by fellow-townsmen, he stood witnessing the snapping of the life-blood of his faithful pet by the dog of his successful rival.

Lifting his angry face, he vented the

vehement that was surging in his breast:

"Judson Miller, thee's drove off my customers, stole my post-office, an' now thy dog's killed mine. I reckon I can't stand no more."

With that he snatched the young store-keeper's cane and swung it above his head. But the latter, so unexpectedly thrown upon his lame knee, pitched forward to the ground and accidentally collided with the feet of his assailant with such force as completely to bow him over, while the cane descended full in the face of Dick Whaley, who had been standing back of Miller. Blinded with pain and rage, Dick lurched forward, kicking and striking at the fallen Squire.

This was a signal for a general melee. All the pent-up feelings of the previous days found expression in curses, blows, and hurled missiles. Fists struck out, sticks gouged and whacked. At the bottom of the heap was the ex-soldier, pined down so tightly he could not move. Just above him was his aged rival, entirely submerged by the human pile save for one free hand, that continued to brandish back and forth a piece of the now broken cane.

By the time the town constable and the neighborhood doctor reached the scene, the rumpus had made the dog-fight of a minute before appear in comparison like a tranquil autumn twilight in the presence of an infuriated blizzard.



Aided by Lizzie Bogan and other women, these worthy and dignified servants of community welfare began patiently to disentangle this conglomerated edifice of election returns. When the Squire's head, turtle-like, finally protruded between the legs of those above, his daughter addressed him:

"Now, Paw! Ain't thee ashamed of thyself! Look how thee's went an' broke Judson's cane!"

Before the Squire could reply, Ike Wallace came running up the road from the depot, waving a telegraph blank and shouting:

"New York's gone Democratic! Cleveland's 'lected, an' the post-office won't haf to move!"

The Squire sat up, spitting like a rapid-fire gun.

"I reckon it's about time for me to be puttin' up the 7.43 mail," he offered, as his only observation.

With much difficulty, Judson scrambled to his feet and looked about for support. Smiling and blushing, Lizzie offered her arm. Proudly leaning on this affectionate substitute for his broken walking-stick, the vanquished victor walked back towards his store. This was a signal for the combatants to disperse.

It is a maxim repeated in every tongue that "love finds a way"; but only in these United States of America do men turn from the passionate moments of anger at white heat and willingly accept victory or defeat as it is dictated by election returns.

## Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

By Dr. O. S. Marden

There is no longer any question as to the insistent demand for trained men; the only problem with which practical business men are confronted is the meeting of it. Want of thoroughness is the curse of the age. The tendency to go into things without thorough training is one of the unfortunate phases of modern business life. Men blunder into all sorts of lines of which they know nothing, and reap only failure and reverse as a reward. The untalented mind is as much for the educated; ignorance is no match for intelligence. In the article which he contributes in this issue, Dr. Marden makes this clear, both in "Superiority as a Trade-Mark" and "Knowing How."

### I.—Superiority as a Trade-Mark

As a rule, success is the triumph of common, ordinary virtues. A careful, painstaking habit is a sign of the genius that achieves. If we analyze the lives of most successful people, we find that they were not geniuses. We do not find that they had very marked ability but that they averaged up pretty well; that they had the habit of industry, of painstaking, of doing things to a finish.

Any person of good common sense and fairly good judgment, a hard worker, thrifty, with painstaking habits, who does not botch his work, who does everything to a complete finish, is almost sure of a successful career. It is the constant application of these homely qualities, the common faculties, common principles, with great industry and determination, and the habit of painstaking—not great genius or very marked ability in any particular line—that increases the world's achievers.

The tendency to go into things without thorough training is one of the most unfortunate phases of our business life. Superiority is a great curse in America. As a rule our youths are not half as well grounded in principles, in

technical training, as the English youths are. They have nothing like the thorough preparation of the English, their superb discipline and effective training. In England the youth is brought up with the idea that he must not only learn to do one thing, but he must learn to do it supremely well. The typical American youth thinks he can do most anything he turns his hand to, often without previous training.

I recently clipped from one of our dailies the advertisement of an institution that puts the university cap on boys and girls who cannot spell the words used in an ordinary letter without the dictionary. The advertiser claims that comparatively few weeks' or months' training, day or evening, at very little cost, will equip those who take this course as bookkeepers, stenographers, etc., and will guarantee them good positions. Think of the infinite harm to efficiency, to the laying of solid life foundations, which comes from such fake institutions. What a shame thus to deceive young people and make them believe that it is unnecessary to spend years in preparation; that they

can take infinitely shorter cuts to success, to their goal, and that it is foolish to spend precious years and lay solid substantial foundations when all the essentials of life can be learned in a few weeks.

Want of thoroughness is the great lack, the curse, of the age. Few young Americans ever thoroughly learn a trade or any one thing. Just as the student crams to "get through" a dreaded examination, most youths pick up their knowledge as they go along, without very much special training. The typical young American gets a job wherever he can, whether he is specially fitted for it or not, and watches for the "main chance." When he sees it, he goes for it, regardless of fitness or previous training. How very seldom we find young people who are willing to take time to prepare thoroughly for their life-work. They get just a little education, a little smattering of books, and then they imagine themselves ready for business.

"Can't wait" is the characteristic of America, is written over everything. Our intelligence offices are full of people who wander about from place to place, have great difficulty in getting positions, and when they have them, can't keep them, because they never learned to do any one thing well. The result is that they become drifters, never becoming proficient in any calling, never acquire facility or efficiency.

As a rule, our youths are seldom trained in staying power as they should be; they are not trained to stick and hang on. They are so loosely attached to their vocations that they are easily detached from them. The trouble with many of them is that they have no inspired faith in their own ability or in the glorious opportunity of every day work. They have early fallen into the habit of thinking themselves mediocre and the ordinary work of the world scarcely worth the doing. On the other hand, many are aspiring to do the extraordinary, overvaluing their own talents, and indifferent to opportunities at hand, the only means of climbing up to

higher duties and true achievement.

But if we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world, we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in their youth, or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather of the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who could stay by a task until it was done, and well done; who have had grit, persistence, common sense and honesty.

It is the steady exercise of these ordinary, homely virtues, united with average ability, rather than a deceptive display of more showy qualities in youth, that enables a man to achieve greatly and honorably. So, if we were to attempt to make a forecast of the successful men of the future, we should not look for them among the ranks of the "smart" boys, those who think they "know it all," and are anxious to win by a short route.

The thorough boys are the boys that are heard from, and usually from posts far higher up than those filled by the boys who were too "smart" or too indifferent to be thorough.

But thoroughness from the start is the only sure foundation. Everywhere we see men being crippled by the half-done things away back in their boyhood, which they never expected to hear from again, but which are constantly hobbling up to trip them.

Look at the desk of a man who thought it was not worth while to be exact in little things when a boy. It is loaded with papers and letters. Confusion reigns everywhere. Such a man never knows where he stands. He lacks system and thoroughness, is slovenly in his business habits. His slipshod methods are infectious. Everyone who works for him catches the contagion. Nobody has confidence in the man who half-does things. The botcher cannot get credit, his notes go to protest, he misses his engagements, he can never be depended upon. What a calamity for a youth to grow to manhood and

find his whole future compromised and endangered by the habit of half-doing things formed early in his boyhood! He may not have known that careless, indifferent work makes a careless, indifferent man.

Whatever the stage of your advancement, do the thing you are doing as though your whole future depended upon it. I have in mind a poor chorus girl who got an opportunity to speak two or three apparently trifling lines in a play. She made up her mind that this might be the chance of a life-time. She studied the lines and practised giving as much color, setting and expression as possible to them, and when the time came, she gave the lines with such distinction and expression that she made the hit of the evening, was at once given important parts, and is now a noted actress.

Many a youth has been promoted because of the quality and distinction which he gave to an apparently very unimportant piece of work. First of all, thoroughness, as the foundation of success, demands putting dignity into the countless little things that make up your daily work, thus dignifying your position entire, whatever it may be. It is a curious fact that most people think because their occupations in life are humble, because they occupy no official place of special importance, no position of distinction, that they are of very little account, and they get in the habit of regarding themselves as nobodies in particular. Now, every individual should look upon his vocation, however humble, with the same sense of pride as he would if he were occupying a post of great distinction. Why not?

Your position in life, your vocation, is just as significant to you as that of the President of the United States is to him. It is your sacred duty to honor that position, to make it respected, if it has been belittled, just as Roger Sherman, Vice-President Wilson, Kitto and many other great souls lifted out of its former contempt the cobble's trade, so that it was regarded at one time as an occupation of considerable distinction.

*A great personality, a superb life's devotion, will lift any necessary occupation into dignity and respect. Insist that, whatever you do, you will stand erect; live your own life, your own creed.*

It is a pitiable thing to see people apologizing to those who happen to occupy a little higher place in life, for their own humble calling, explaining that they have not been able to climb up further. Why should any human being who does what is necessary feel that he should apologize, even to the highest officials in the land? If you do your work in a kingly manner, if you put your heart into it, if you put your trade-mark on everything that passes through your hands, the trade-mark of character, the patent of nobility, you need not apologize. In the first place, we should never do anything which is justifiably disagreeable to us or demoralizing to ourselves or others.

There is a great deal of false hero-worship in this country. It is a dangerous thing to run after those who happen to have been a little more fortunate than yourself. If you are doing the best work you are capable of under the circumstances, dignify it by doing it in a superior manner. A king may cobble on the throne, while a cobbler may do kingly work mending shoes on his bench. Many a man is still cobbling in Congress while mechanics and farmers in his own community may be putting the stamp of royalty upon their work. There is many a stenographer or private secretary who is really greater than the mayor or governor she serves. She may be putting a queenly stamp upon her work, while her employer is disgracing his job. It is doing work in a kingly fashion that makes the real king. Nobility is the child of superior quality.

The fortune you make is of little consequence in comparison with the influence you have exerted in making your fortune, the standard you have set up for your fellows. Whatever your line of work, it is a great thing to set a pace for your competitors, to raise the stand-

and of your specialty so high that your name will ever be identified with elevated methods and lofty purpose.

Recently, a memorial window was placed in a public building in memory of the Roosevelt administration. Why? It was not because Mr. Roosevelt's administration was perfect, not because he did not make any mistakes and serious blunders, but because he set up standards in the White House which had not been there before since Lincoln's time. It was because of his lofty purpose, his determination to give his fellows a square deal.

*It is a disgrace to cobbler in Congress, but it is highly to put the stamp of royalty upon mending shoes, to cobbler in the spirit of an artist, instead of an artisan.*

Thoroughness, born of the dignity he recognizes in his calling, should mark any man's work. It is a dangerous time in a youth's life when he first allows himself to half do a thing. There is a certain loss of self-respect for which he can never quite forgive himself. He is never quite the same man again after doing a botched job. Something of manhood has gone out of him, a lowering of the ideal has taken place which will tend always to degrade his work and his life.

There are thousands of patents and devices in the Patent Office at Washington which are absolutely useless because the inventor or discoverer did not think out his idea to the finish, did not carry his device quite far enough to make it practical. Much of Edison's fortune and reputation has come from picking up these dropped threads, these half-carried-out ideas, of these almost successful inventors, and continuing them, completing, developing to final perfection what these almost-inventors had begun and dropped.

There are a thousand persons who can start a thing with great enthusiasm to one who can carry it to completion. The majority of people fall down before they reach their goal, stop this side of their laurels, because they never learned the habit of perfecting what they un-

dertake. The ideal of perfection must be held high and kept clear and clean. The standard of thoroughness must be kept up, or the general conduct of life will drop.

The very reputation of being a high-class man is everything. The reputation of regarding the quality of your work as your trade-mark, and of being very jealous of the quality of your service; the reputation of being ambitious to carry everything you touch to completion, will not only give you an infinite satisfaction later in life and will save you from thousands of temptations to cheat yourself and sell yourself, but it will be the greatest possible factor in your advancement, your promotion.

I once heard of a laborer who was leaning over his hoe when it was nearly time to quit work, and when asked what he was doing, said he was waiting for the whistle to blow so that he could quit. I have never known a man who made it a rule to wait for the whistle to amount to much. Everywhere we see people waiting for the whistle to blow, and as a rule, they remain perpetual clerks, perpetual day laborers.

Whatever your vocation, resolve that you will be a man of quality, that you will have nothing about you which is second-class, inferior, cheap; that you will have nothing to do with shoddy and shams, that you will have nothing to do with inferiority, because it will contaminate your ideals. Make it a rule to set the pace for those about you. Show them by your manner, your dress, that you have nothing to do with cheapness and commonness. Just make up your mind at the very outset that your work is going to stand for quality, that you will let others slight their jobs, and slippish, slovenly work if they will, but that you are going to stamp a superior quality upon everything that goes out of your hands, that whatever you do shall bear the hall-mark of excellence. Let others work for quantity if they will, let quality be your motto, so that everything that your name is associated with shall suggest excellence, the best that can be done, or can be made.

Stamp the trade-mark thoroughness, of individuality, of distinctiveness, upon everything that you touch. Then you will be a marked man, your services will be in great demand, and you will have the satisfaction of constantly hearing the "Well done!" of that small voice within you.

Accustoming oneself to the second-best is fatal to all excellence, just as familiarity with inferiority, with slipshod, easy-going methods, is fatal to the building up of habits of system and order. Learn to be particular with yourself, exacting as to the quality of your work. Never accept from yourself inferior work. If you do, every time you attempt to slight your task, slovenliness will grow easier and easier. *The habit of doing one's best and never accepting anything else, is a character-builder, it buttresses and sustains and supports the whole man. The habit of forcing oneself up to standard is a most important one.*

*All slipshod, slovenly work is lying.* Many people who tell the truth with their tongues lie with their service, lie in poor work, bad work. Lies in half-done jobs are often worse than lying with one's tongue, because their indifference and carelessness may cost precious lives or limbs. Many a railroad accident, many a disaster on the water, has been caused by careless workmen away back in the machine shop.

Imperial material, defective bolts, bubbles in steel rails, iron columns or beams, the fault of careless workmen in the foundry, have caused many fatal accidents. Multitudes of people have been permanently maimed or have lost their lives by the half-done job or botched work.

The dangers of carelessness cannot be over emphasized. Just a little indifference or carelessness, just a few little bubbles in a casting, and a whole building is wrecked or a bridge goes down into the river, carrying its train of precious human freight.

Yet everywhere we see evidences of carelessness and shirking.

A prominent New York business man tells me that he was once tempted, because of the meanness and stinginess of his employer, to slight a very important piece of cabinet work, and cover up defects. He says that he has never forgiven himself. This poor job has haunted him for twenty-five years, and it has cost him many a sleepless night.

On every hand we see people cheapening themselves, marring their own records, injuring their reputations, without realizing it, by doing a poor job. Resolve to be a high-class man in everything. Resolve that you will have nothing to do with anything that is cheap, inferior, shoddy, or with shame. Be genuine in everything, so that people will look up to you. Get the reputation of being a man of quality.

Mr. Tiffany made it a life rule never under any circumstances to deceive a customer, or allow him to be disappointed in anything purchased at his store. This is why people from all parts of the world felt perfect confidence in sending to him large sums of money for goods, goods they had no chance to examine before purchasing, but without a shadow of doubt that they would be treated squarely. And this practice of utter fairness to his patrons has acted supremely to the advantage of the establishment. The name of Tiffany on a piece of silver or jewelry has been all the protection it needed from competitors for nearly three-quarters of a century.

"Experted to do it better later" would make a fitting epitaph for many a failure. One of the most insidious ideas that ever deluded any mortal is the thought that he will get more time later to do the things which he is slighting at the moment. The habit of doing things temporarily, "just for now," with the expectation of taking them up later and doing them better is a great demoralizer of character. It ruins one's system to have a lot of fix-ends, tail ends, half-done things, around one. It violates every sense of fitness of things, of wholeness.

The mind is constructed on lines of

perfection. It loves wholeness, completeness, and the faculties protest against any half-done or botched work. The intensity of this protest is always in proportion to the distance from the first effort. First impressions are always strongest, and the mind becomes used to the conditions in its environment and gradually protests with less and less intensity. The adjusting power of the mind counteracts the exacting demand of the normal mind. To leave a thing half done, to postpone perfecting it, is a most dangerous entering wedge for inferiority. One must be very exacting with his mental processes in order to keep his brain machinery up to the standard.

I know young men who are always telling how other people's success and ability are due to a mysterious luck or to unusual qualities. They seem to think fortune unjust. Why should not the fates deal as kindly with them? Yet they would not, probably, in ten months, keep up their work to the standard of one day's work of the men of whom they speak. If they would only watch for a single day the men they envy they would learn the secret of the great difference between their stations in life.

For years I marveled at the wonderful success of a friend of mine. When I left school I was ahead and I could not understand why he got along in the business world so much faster than I. But I soon found that he made it an inflexible life rule, never to allow anything to go through his hands that was not done just as well as he knew how to do it. No matter how hurried, he would not dictate a slipshod, slovenly letter. He would not scrawl or scribble an address on an envelope. Everything had to be done just so. His business associates called him "The Tartar" and laughed at his exactitude in everything. They thought it a foolish waste of time. It did not occur to them that doing things with such severe exactitude bore any particular relation to getting on in life. But they soon saw that this man went ahead by leaps and bounds, while

they were perpetual employees. It was just the difference in the way they did things. The man whose position they envied had a high ideal and he lived up to it. He was always prodding himself to do his best, while they under him were content to do their second best.

There is something in the constant struggle to attain the ideal which makes for our own betterment. When we are trying with all our might to do our level best we are improving all along the lines of our nature. Everything looks up when we struggle up, as everything looks down when we are going down hill. Aspiration always lifts the life, as groveling lowers it. The whole life grows when we are striving for excellence; but when we are slovenly in our mental habits, and slipshod in our work, there is a downward tendency in our lives.

Refuse to work for a man who wants you to slight your work, or to do poor work because the price he gets as the result of your labor will not warrant thorough work. Tell him you cannot work unless you can put the trade-mark of your manhood, of superiority, the stamp of your integrity, upon everything you do. Give him to understand that no amount of salary would compensate for the loss of self-respect, that you cannot cheat yourself for salary or cheapen your work for any consideration. Let your employer understand that the way you do your work is your capital, that the quality of success means everything to you. He should know that, moreover, the quality of your work affects the quality of his business. Inferiority taints everything it touches. The public unconsciously carries the image of the quality of his establishment in its mind. It is made up of impressions received from the courtesy or the rudeness of the employees, from the quality and style of the merchandise, from the order and system or the slovenliness of the establishment. And only with the closest co-operation for excellence, down to the least details, between employer and em-

ployee can the establishment have a name for consistent superiority.

What a man can do should be his greatest ornament. Every man's life work ought to be a masterpiece. Every least piece of work he does should be a masterpiece.

A well-known judge in Ohio once made a contract with a young man to mend a fence for a dollar and a half. He told him that as the fence was to be covered with vines, not to plane the boards and to do a rough job.

The judge, however, was amazed to find that the boards were all carefully planed and the entire work done just as painstakingly and as carefully as though the fence were intended for the front yard of a fine residence. He was angry, because he supposed the young man would try to collect a large price for the work. But he would only take a dollar and a half. The judge told him that nobody would have seen the poor

work because the vines would have covered it, and the young man replied: "But I should have known it was there."

Ten years later, the judge awarded this young man the contract for several large public buildings, which made a rich man of him.

Resolve that your life's work shall be a masterpiece. No matter whether it is farming, cobbling or law-making, or only fence building, let it be a masterpiece. No matter what your work may be, look upon it as a great painter looks upon his masterpiece, the destiny of which is affected by every slightest stroke of the brush. Your whole life is affected by the quality you put into everything that goes through your hands. Quality, the trade mark of superiority is the foundation of all success—your own inner success in character building, and your outward efficiency, the building you do for your times and for the world of progress.

## II.—Knowing How

Many a man, capable by nature of being an employer, is often compelled to be a very ordinary employee because his mind is totally untrained. Everywhere we see young men and young women tied to very ordinary positions all their lives simply because, although they have good brains, they have never cultivated them. They have never tried to improve themselves by good reading, study or observation. Their salary on a Saturday night and a good time are about all they can see, and the result—the narrow, contracted, the pinched career.

"Side-tracked by ignorance, for the lack of a little more preparation," would be a fitting epitaph over the grave of many a failure. In every department of endeavor we find men switched off, obliged to stop just this side of their laurels, because they did not follow the main track of thorough preparation in their youth.

Perhaps there is no other country in the world where so much poor work is done as in America. Half-trained medical students perform bungling operations, and butcher their patients, because they are not willing to take time for thorough preparation. Half-trained lawyers stumble through their cases, and make their clients pay for experience which the law school should have given. Half-trained clergymen bungle away in the pulpit, and disgust their intelligent and cultured parishioners. Many an American youth is willing to stumble through life half prepared for his work, and then blame society because he is a failure. Nature works for centuries to perfect a rose or a fruit, but an American youth is ready to try a difficult case in court after a few months' desultory law reading, or to undertake a critical operation upon which a precious life depends after listening to two or three courses of medical lectures.

Fifty years ago a poor boy with health and ambition could make his way as a manufacturer of cotton or silk, or as a producer of iron or steel. But to-day he would need a thorough technical training for any kind of an opportunity, and without it he would soon be "frozen out."

Science has gone into business as never before. To-day, scientific methods are being applied everywhere. There never was such an opportunity in the history of the world for the trained mind, the specialized brain, as to-day.

The untrained mind is no match for the educated. Ignorance is no match for intelligence.

Scientific methods dominate everywhere. It was the science of the German army that beat France in 1871. It was intelligence against ignorance, the scientific methods, that enabled Japan to humiliate Russia.

The business to-day which is not conducted along scientific lines will be very short-lived. Science is invincible. Nothing else can successfully compete with it.

When the Germans went into business, they took science with them. The same thoroughness, the same painstaking methods which have so long characterized the German scholar, are now characterizing the German business man. If he is a manufacturer, he manufactures scientifically. If he is a merchant, he is a scientific merchant. No matter what line he takes up, he makes a profession of his trade.

What a difference there is in boys as to the sharpness of their observing power, the retention of the memory, the quickness of their perceptive powers.

Some boys never seem to know anything you ask them. If you put to them a question, that is the least out of the ordinary, you are practically sure that they will say, "I do not know."

Others always seem to give you the information you want. Their minds are alert, quick, receptive, their knowledge definite, certain; their memory reliable.

The "I don't know" employee is not a climber in his vocation; he is a perpetual clerk, because people who fill important positions must use their gray matter.

Every human being is a lodestone, drawing to himself his affinities, things which correspond with his ambition. The majority of employees only use a small part of their ability, because they are not sufficiently ambitious to be always on the alert to absorb every bit of information which will increase their facility and expertise.

Knowledge is power. No matter how small your salary, every bit of valuable information you pick up, every bit of good reading or thinking you do—in fact, every effort you put forth to make yourself a larger, completer man or woman—will also help you to advance in your position.

A tanner in England whose leather became famous said that he never would have made such good leather if he had not read Carlyle.

I have known employees who were working on small salaries who did more for their advancement in their spare time, at every possible opportunity, by improving their minds, than by the actual work they did. Their salaries were insignificant in comparison with the growth of their minds.

The youth who is ambitious for promotion is always preparing himself for the position above him. He is always studying the situation and he is trying to make himself so valuable in his position that his employer cannot afford not to advance him. The employee cannot win promotion by slighting his work or filling his position just well enough. He must do more than is expected of him before he attracts special attention to himself. Most employees are not ready for promotion when it comes. They did not think there would be an opening so soon and they had not been training for it. They thought there would be plenty of time.

Mr. Rockefeller says: "My plan has been, not only to know how to do my

work, but also that of the man above me."

It is a great thing to keep your eye on the man above you, to learn to be able to take his position, for changes come about very suddenly and unexpectedly, and the man who is best prepared is prompted.

Many employees seem to think that their employers have a monopoly upon all the good ideas, the best methods of doing things, and that it is not much use for them to suggest anything. One of the unfortunate things of selling our services to others is that most of us take it for granted that we are inferior to those who pay us, or we would not be working for them—we should be doing something for ourselves.

This is far from true. It is possible for the humblest employee to make his employer feel his power by the very superior way in which he does his work, and by constant study of the situation he may often suggest better ways of doing things.

When Hugh Chalmers was working as a cash boy in the National Cash Register Company, the superintendent over him viewed with contempt the new ideas which the boy suggested, and often intimated that he would better mind his own affairs. But the boy was not to be squelched. There was something in him which told him that he was superior to the man over him, that all he needed was an opportunity and a little time, and he resolved that he would soon show

those who had dominated over him a thing or two.

There were lots of employees who sneered at what they considered his presumption, and tried to keep him down, but he had yeast in him which could not be kept down. Chalmers believed that he had a lot of ideas which were far in advance of those of the men above him, that he had a message for the proprietors of the concern, and that sooner or later he would "deliver the goods." It did not trouble him that those who envied him called him a wilful upstart. He had his eye on the goal, and pushed ahead.

Nothing else will attract an employer's notice more quickly than superiority in the way of doing things. Better methods, quicker, more efficient ways of reaching results, more than ordinary alertness, evidences of progressive methods, indications of superiority, are what your employer is always looking for. There is nothing else that pleases an up-to-date business man more than evidences of marked ability in employees.

For employees realize how much they could assist their employer by keeping their eyes open and their minds alert for new ideas or suggestions for him. Even if he cannot always utilize the ideas, an employer will generally appreciate the spirit which prompts it.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port; he rows against it if it flows the other way."





Tandem-Back hitting a stone wall defense.

## Training a College Football Team

By W. A. Hewitt

"All of the fine points in the training of a college football team are given in this article which is written by a leading authority on rugby matters. Rugby football is essentially a college game and in the colleges has reached its zenith in point of perfection. There is science behind the game, striking blows, spicing and scolding. Like the modern college team in Canada is trained, how players are developed and how plays are planned—these constitute the features of this article which marks the autumn Rugby season."

RUGBY football is essentially a college game, and should be exclusively so, though at present in Canada there are several prominent leagues made up of city players. The transition, however, is coming slowly but surely, and in the course of time, as the country expands, the city teams will disappear and the college players will furnish the only competition on the gridiron. Even

now, city teams are at an immense disadvantage, inasmuch as there are insurmountable difficulties in their way as regards time and place for practice. Young men just starting in business life cannot get away from their employment at the stated hours of practice, and as a consequence the unity of action and perfection of team play absolutely necessary to success in Rugby can-

not possibly be obtained. Practice by artificial light is not feasible, though it has often been tried, and the best proof of the superiority of the college article of football lies in the fact that for the past three years the University of Toronto team has won the championship of Canada, easily defeating the pick of the city teams in the final contests for the supremacy.

The college teams, of course, are limited to players from their own student body, but that in itself is an advantage,

encouraging state of affairs has been chiefly due to the development of the game of inter-faculty games at the universities by which every student is induced to participate in the sport. Much new material is discovered in this manner that otherwise might never come to light.

In the United States football in the colleges has been highly specialized, and some of the students practically take a course in that subject alone. In Canada it is vastly different. Football here is looked upon as a pastime, pure



Reaching the end on a passing play.

as it means that every player in the squad is possessed of that indefinable something known as the "college spirit," a quality that prompts and inspires great deeds for the honor of the alma mater.

Not so many years ago, there was a dearth of good football players, even in the colleges, because the game had not been developed in the proper manner, but in the past decade immense strides have been made in this direction, until now the supply sometimes exceeds the demand, and those in authority are often perplexed in their final selection of men to make "the team." This en-

and simple, and not as a serious business, and is treated in that light by all of those in authority. The idea is to get everybody playing the game, and ultimately to select the best men in college to represent the University in the championship games. Only in recent years, this year in fact, has the paid coach been introduced into the Canadian colleges, and it is only in the nature of an experiment, though the city teams tried it out four or five years ago with more or less success. The highly successful methods of honorary coaches at the University of Toronto and Ottawa College during the past four years





A kicker must get the ball away quickly.

probably induced McGill to pay a fancy salary to an expert to look after the Montreal team this year. This keen desire for victory also induced the establishment of what is known as "a training table" for the McGill players. They all live in the same house, eat the same kind of food, and are expected to have the same kind of habits. The coach is supreme and many American methods have been introduced by one who has gone through the mill.

Where the amateur or honorary coach is in charge things are vastly dif-

ferent. When the students return to college from the mid-summer vacation a call is issued for all players desiring to play the game to report at a certain date at the campus or field. The first move is for each candidate to submit to an examination by the physical director, the main idea being to make the exercise safe and give the examiner an opportunity of prescribing any special work required to get the player into the best possible shape for rugby. Students return to college in varying physical condition. Some are fat from



Organized roasting is a feature of College Rugby.

an easy summer; some are hard from working on the farm, or (as in the case of many science students), from employment in machine shops; while others are both hard and fast from canoeing, swimming, rowing and other out-door exercise during the summer.

From the physical director the many candidates are then turned over to the coach, who has absolute charge of the entire squad during the football season. The players are put upon their honor to cut out all bad habits—no smoking or drinking or excessive eating or late

hours during the training period. The men are warned to eat plenty of plain ordinary food but to refrain from pastry and rich stuff; also to go to bed early.

The first work is of the gentle order. The players are instructed to kick the ball around and take light running exercise. No line-up is attempted the first week, merely running and passing and kicking. Everything is done by degrees and, while apparently haphazard, is in reality very methodical. Short runs with quick stops, sudden



Most injuries are incurred in mass plays.



The Doctor's services are often required, as may be seen from this illustration, which shows the players gathered around one of their fellows who has been injured.



Going over for a touch-down.

sprints and falling on the loose ball follow naturally. The men short on condition and the men who are fat are sent around the campus a number of times each evening in addition to the regular work and the latter wear two or three heavy sweaters and the running exercises gradually reduce the excessive weight.

Signal practice begins almost at once. Every player is shown the plays, which are at first called by names so that all candidates can comprehend easily. "So-and-so through so-and-so" is the signal for the first couple of weeks, but once the men commence to condition themselves numbers are used exclusively, and when the squad is divided into first, second and third teams, every player is supposed to know, not only his own particular number and play, but every signal and play, so that he can follow the ball intelligently and, if at all possible, get into the play.

The coaches first sift a senior team out of the squad but by no means over-

look the others; on the contrary many a man placed on the intermediate or scrub team at first, has been selected for the seniors on his work in practice, and has made good decisively on the college team. The writer has in mind one of the greatest outside wings that ever played the game in Canada, who was picked out of the scrub scrimmage the day before an important game, and was a star of the first magnitude on his initial appearance on the gridiron. His certainly good work on the scrubs had not passed unnoticed, and when opportunity knocked at the door he was able to deliver the goods.

Players who receive their rudimentary football education in the preparatory schools prove the most apt pupils and it is a mistaken notion that a football player can be made out of any kind of an athlete. For instance, though it has often been tried, there is no record in Canadian football only one isolated instance of a great runner making a high-class football player, and that was

Jimmy Craig, of Montreal, who was a sprinter of renown and the captain of the M.A.A.A. team when they won the championship of Canada in 1907.

In the selection of players the first requisites nowadays are speed and game-ness, but ability to tackle and to carry the ball is almost as necessary. The man who plays the game cleanly and fairly and in a sportsmanlike manner is given the preference always over the other kind. Weight is some consideration but not an absolute essential, though a fast big man is almost sure to catch a place if he has the other requisites.

The coach quickly finds out the real calibre of the men under his charge and after placing them to the best advantage commences the drilling practice to perfect team play. Signals are never neglected. They are pounded in at every practice—at least fifteen minutes devoted specially to the mere calling of the numbers and the execution of the plays against imaginary opponents.

Then comes the line-up against the

scrubs—a real game every night against rival candidates for positions. This is harder than a real game against strangers because the opponents know the signals and the plays, and are on the alert to stop them. The practice may last only twenty minutes, perhaps half an hour, or it may go on over an hour without a stop. It is entirely within the judgment of the coach. Then follow a run and rub-down for all participants. Altogether the time consumed in football training is two hours a day, from 4 to 6 p.m., with an occasional chalk talk in which the signals and the system of attack and defence are elaborated upon so that there is no possible chance of any misunderstanding.

The coach is quite rightly the supreme director of affairs. The captain of the team directs the tactics of a game in an actual match and the manager looks after the needs of the players as to uniforms, trips and other essentials. But the coach is the final authority on the men who shall play and the style of game to be played.

## "PLAY BALL"

If you've made a bad beginning,

If the batsmen all go wrong,

If the other team is winning—

That's the time to play up strong!

You know you made a fumble?

Well, keep your head and wait!

Just watch the ball; don't grumble!—

You have it! Send it straight!

Don't fuss about the scoring,

Don't weaken at the din;

Let others do the roaring;

You—play the game to win!

And when life's conflicts meet you—

They come to one and all—

Don't let your fears defeat you;

Keep steady, and "play ball!"

—By Arthur Chamberlain in *St. Nicholas*.

## Miss Minch's Wedding Day

By Ethel Hamilton-Hunter

THE little village of Ballymona was astir. It was Miss Minch's wedding-day. Now weddings, at least most of them, are of interest, but there was a peculiarity about this auspicious event which rendered it I might almost say, unparalleled; a peculiar fact that imbued it with special interest; it was this—that it took place not once, as I think most other ceremonies of a similar character do, but in truth every year saw the same procession, every year the same bride. The wedding was in fact an annual occurrence.

Wedding! Did I say? Alas! Can there be a wedding without a bridegroom? For a strange item in this peculiar ceremony was the absence of that usually important personage—the groom. For twenty years the same carriage, and of a truth the same horse, waited before the door of Laurel Lodge, and precisely at noon the same white-decked figure drove off to the village church, where year after year the same patient rector waited to chat with the poor little bride as she stood forlornly before the altar.

It was just the time when the village children played. They usually filled the church, and some even acted as bridesmaids. They loved Miss Minch, and well everyone went. For each year saw almost the same folk gathered there, though growing older surely as time passed. Then after quietly waiting until the clock struck the half-hour the little party would disband, the bride (what irony to use such a name!), walk slowly down the aisle out to where the carriage stood and drive back again down the busy village street, to the little cottage where the faithful Ann was waiting to receive her.

It was May, and the air was filled with the first warmth of summer. The hawthorn, all pink-and-white-and-red decked the country lanes. The lilac and the golden barberry filled the gardens with luxuriant beauty, while the fields were bejewelled with yellow splendour by myriads of cowslips and primroses, that peeped their beautiful heads between the emerald blades.

In all the year there is not such a beautiful month as May. Out of the dreary past a fresh glory has awakened, born of harsh winds and nurtured into life by the tenderness of spring. A new-clad world covered with garments of changeable green. Oh! what faint hues, what tints, what delicate colorings there are clothing the forests and the hedges and decking all the land with wondrous beauty. It is nature's birthday. Young life abounds on every hand. Little lamkins skip about the fields; the thrill "chirp" of nestlings mingle with the sweeter parent song. Butterflies and moths, just liberated from their long sleep, lightly pass over the flower's heads or find cool shelter beneath their spreading leaves.

Across the village street the golden sunlight slanted, across God's acre; it even crept around the church and in through the stained glass windows of the holy edifice itself, and gleamed brightly against the whitened cross that hung above the communion-rail.

Morning service was just over, and the rector waited, as was his wont, to meet the queer little procession which was even now drawing near. One by one the people crept into the empty pews. A few had remained after matins and stayed to see the fulfilment

of the queer little comedy now so familiar.

"I he 's'prised" whispered the Postmistress to her neighbor, John Newman the grocer's wife, "I he 's'prised sich doings he allowed in the house o' God. 'Taint proper. There's no respect nor reverence in a mock cer-a-monie. Sich things be out o' place in any decent church."

Mrs. Newman bowed her head submissively. She was possessed of a meek and lowly spirit.

"I agree with ye Mam 'taint proper. I says only yesterdays I says to John, John, says I, why-some-ovir does the rector allow Miss Mary Minch to dedicate th' church. Ye're right Mam in what ye says, 'taint right; but John says he, he says to me, 'Our rector is a good man and its out o' sheer kindness o' heart that he humors that poor dithrat creature. 'Taint our consarns' e says, 'and it don't do ooe no harm.' But I agrees with ye Mam, 'taint proper. Do ye mind th' day whin th' poor thing was forsook, an' they all in th' church an' all? Miss Mary she were a voice slip then. 'Twas rale sorry I was whin they waited an' waited an' no wan come. She niver cried nor nothin', but just walked so quiet-like away. Th' poor master was sore bet. It killed him sore. Twenty year! And she thinks he be comin' back still. Yes, I agrees with ye Mam 'taint proper, but thin as John says—"

At this moment a stir was created by a party of visitors who had driven over on the tourist coach, entering the church. They hesitated, uncertain for what the people waited. One, seemingly not of the same party stood without the porch. Everyone was chatting now. The stranger inquired if something unusual was about to take place.

"Is a weddin'," returned a dark-eyed girl, "leastways a sort of one. A poor little lady what isn't all right, who was treated cruel wanst, comed here year after year thinking to find him what played her false. It's very sad to see her, dressed as she were the day she cum to meet him at the altar.

'I know that he will come,' she says, and she waits here year he year. Oh! min is the ru-min-ation of the world, leastways cowards like him be."

"And is she quite mad, poor thing?" "Mad! See for yourself sir. Here she comes."

The carriage had stopped now, the door was open. Up the steps came the little figure clothed in white.

Slowly she moved nearer and nearer, her head bent, a wreath of orange blossoms crowning her once fair hair.

"There she be," whispered the girl, "would you ever think that anything was the matter with her? She's so good and kind a little body it's a cruel shame she should be treated so bad. Parson, he just lets her have her way. See! how he has taken her hand. Dade 't would melt a heart of stone to think what she has suffered. Are ye moving off sir? Wait and see her coming down. 'I know that he will come, she says, with her hand in parson's . . . See she waits! Bless me you have grown white Sir, it's—"

"What is the matter?" asked someone.

The matter! Through the window where the Christ looked down with pitying eyes, flooded the golden sunlight. Through an open door came the scent of the summer flowers. The mellow light shone with ruddy glory upon the old figure of the Man of God; it crept about the little figure in the satin robe, until it formed a golden halo about the drooping head, and sped on to where the children waited with nossgays in their baby hands—poor little brides-maids, resplendent in their simple cotton gowns.

"God hath sent us a beautiful day," said the old man in a gentle voice, as his fingers closed over the small white-gloved hand. "And you, dear Miss Minch, are looking so well, so well. How thankful we ought to be for all His benefits to us."

She threw back the veil and lifted her face very quietly.

"I do thank Him dear friend," she

said "and you also. You who never fail me, who wait patiently for the time when he shall come. I thank—"

Somebody had elbowed his way up the aisle and stood facing her now. Someone whose identity even long absence of years nor the change that comes with growing age, could conceal. A cry rang through the church. He was on his knees now! Tears were on his cheeks.

"Mary!"

And she—

One hand was in her old friend's, but the other was waiting still, waiting eye! as was her faithful heart.

Time! Pain! Infidelity! Were as naught. Agony! Weariness! Wrong! Forget!

God bless women! He has made them such.

She raised him up until his tears fell upon her poor white face and were at length lost in the satin of the old white gown; until her trembling arms met close about his neck; until for want of strength her weary frame rested against his breast.

What though she might be mad! What though she had been waiting twenty years!

The old rector donned his surplice, the organ pealed forth, the children smiled, smiled between their tears.

Nothing mattered now, nothing of any consequence, since it was Miss Minch's wedding-day.

## Paralysis: The New Epidemic

By Helen MacMurchy, M.D.

Infantile Paralysis is epidemic in some parts of Canada. The germ attacks rich as well as poor, adults as well as children. In Ontario last month half the cases were fatal. Dr. MacMurchy is able to give our readers the latest developments concerning this dread disease direct from the great specialists, having recently attended a medical congress where the question was discussed. It is now thought that the germ is carried mainly by the stable fly. Dr. MacMurchy says, *Never let a fly rest on an infant.*

The toll of the victims of tuberculosis grows smaller every year. When shall we be able to say this of that disabling disease which now counts its victims by the thousand where it used to count them by the couple. There is the sad fate of the disabled, who must go on life's rough way never able to walk as well again, never able to skate at all, or to dance or to run. It is hard.

The increase of acute anterior poliomyelitis to epidemic proportions has forced every medical laboratory to study it with the industry of Sisyphus, the keenness of Sherlock Holmes and the patience of Job. A little gleam of hope came with Flexner's results in procuring passive immunity, but not much. Still we shall know some day.

Nor is the treatment of the sufferers from this disease as heart-breaking and hopeless as it used to be. It is wonderful how far and how long recovery may go on, especially if the patient is under skilled medical care from the first. The paralyzed muscles may be re-educated, growth may proceed, modern appliances and modern surgery may conceal or minimize the deformity, until disablement disappears altogether or is reduced to a minimum. Thus the disease is in a manner conquered. Sir Walter Scott was one of the conquerors. Stricken by it in early infancy, he was sent to

his grandfather's farm to recover. A Scotch shepherd took charge of that baby genius and carried him out every day to nurse him back to health among the hills, laying him down on the plaid, and encouraging him to use his limbs. It will be remembered that only a slight limp remained.

### FIRST EPIDEMICS.

The first well-recognized epidemic of acute anterior poliomyelitis was in Sweden in 1881. The first epidemic in England was in 1897. Many American epidemics occurred where there were Scandinavian immigrants. Five-sevenths of all cases so far reported have occurred in the United States, the first epidemic being in Massachusetts and Vermont in 1894. From 1880-1884 only 23 cases were reported in the United States, a number which gradually increased to 349 in 1900-1904. Then came the destroyer in overwhelming strength and suddenly. From 1905-1906 there were 8,054 and in 1910 alone there were 5,093. Flexner thinks there have been at least 20,000 cases in the United States with 10,000 or 15,000 disabled. Twenty-eight cases of infantile paralysis were discovered in Buffalo, August 1, 1912, and three of these died in one day.

Our own Commission of Conserve-



### THE [FRUIT GIFT

A gift of clustered sweetness,  
Full-orbed, and glowing with the prismed beams,  
Of summery suns, and rounded to completeness,  
By kisses of the south wind and the dew.

—Whitlir.

tion has collected some interesting statistics as to Canadian cases from November 1, 1909, to October 21, 1910. The figures as given by Dr. Hodgkiss to the Canadian Medical Association are as follows:

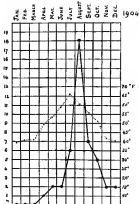


Chart showing the month of onset of forty-five cases of poliomyelitis occurring in London during the year 1909.

#### Dominion of Canada:

Ontario .....	354
Quebec .....	187
British Columbia .....	48
Alberta .....	27
Manitoba .....	17
New Brunswick .....	12
Saskatchewan .....	6
Nova Scotia .....	6
Prince Edward Island .....	1

658

It is certainly a disease of the Temperate Zone and of the colder part of that zone, and while the worst season is from May to November, yet it may and does occur in any month of the year.

1910 was in a terrible sense a "wonder year" for epidemic poliomyelitis.

\*From Report.

In that year it appeared all over the world, as it were. Epidemics occurred in Britain, Canada, Cuba, the United States, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Russia and Denmark. A remarkable epidemic occurred in Nauru, a small island in the Pacific, 160 miles from the nearest land, where there were 700 cases and 30 deaths though the total population was only 2,330.

The disease itself was first described by an English physician, Dr. Underwood, in 1774, but it was not till 1860 that Heine wrote of the spinal cord as the place where the damage occurred.

Of those attacked by this enemy ten to twenty per cent. do not survive. About 80 per cent. suffer from paralysis and of this 80 per cent. only about one out of four recovers perfectly. All the rest are more or less disabled. In Ontario in September fifty per cent. of the cases were fatal.\*

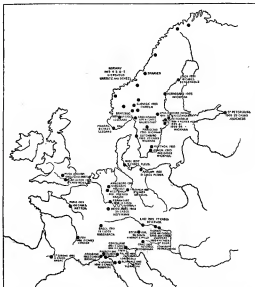
The majority of cases occur from three to five years of age, 75 per cent. of the total number being under four years of age, and more males are afflicted than females. Still, there are many patients under three years of age, and the number of adults varies from one per cent. to 15 per cent. or more of the total number of cases. A number of cases have occurred after the age of fifty years, but the rule is that age increases resistance.

No one who has considered the matter at all now doubts that the disease is communicable. This was proved by Flexner and others in 1909. It is certainly caused by a living organism, probably too small to be seen even by the aid of the best microscopes we have, certainly small enough to pass through porcelain, or rather to be driven through porcelain as we drive fluid through a filter.

And what is more, that virus, whatever it is, has been found in the blood, in the cerebro-spinal fluid, in the glands, in the cells of the nervous system and in the discharges from the nose, the mouth, and probably in the other discharges of the body of any patient.

The period that elapses from the time that the infection is "caught" to the time that the symptoms appear is not surely known yet. But it is probably from 1 to 14 days, though it may even be 30 days, and in monkeys, which also suffer from this disease, it is sometimes as long as 46 days. Rab-

among the poor, or delicate. Often the vigorous and healthy are attacked and those who have comfortable homes and good care. Six years ago the head of one of the largest industrial corporations in Canada was a victim. So was in that epidemic a professor in Queen's College, Kingston.



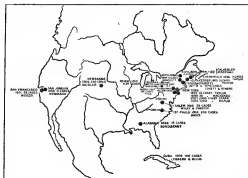
Map of Europe, showing the places at which epidemics of poliomyelitis have occurred, the number of cases in the epidemic, and the date of the epidemic, from 1881 to 1909.

bits probably suffer from the same disease and there is some evidence that poultry do, and possibly horses also.

One case is on record where anterior poliomyelitis occurred twice in the same patient but this is almost unknown.

The victims of this disease are not

Nor is there much within the first twenty-four hours to rouse anxiety. There may be vomiting, there usually is fever, often headache, always some weakness, tiredness or prostration. Sometimes the next day the little patient feels better and wants to play and



Map of America, showing the places of which epidemics of poliomyelitis have occurred up to the year 1918, the number of cases in the epidemic, the date of the epidemic.



Map of Australia, showing the places at which epidemics of poliomyelitis have occurred, the number of cases in the epidemic, the date of the epidemic.

run about. Better not. It is possible that nature is making a brave fight and with rest and careful watching and nursing will rout the enemy. We have reason to think that in some cases where the patient is better for a day or two and then the dreadful paralysis appears, that the paralysis is really a relapse, from which rest might have saved the patient. Anyone who is really indisposed, young or old, should "make haste slowly" about returning to the usual strenuousness of modern life. There is another important group of symptoms—the nervous group. Restlessness, irritability and excitement, with little or no cause, always attract the attention of the wise and watchful head of affairs, and where the foolish precipitate a struggle for authority and the harsh resort to punishment, the more experienced and more sensible mother will soothe without capitulating to every whim and will give a comfortable bath and put the poor child to bed, thus perhaps averting serious consequences, and at least giving Mother Nature a chance to exercise her supreme powers.

Pain, unhappily, is almost always present and may be soothed by warmth, especially by hot applications, sometimes even by the continuous hot bath, where the child is, as it were, put to bed in a warm bath and so saved a deal of pain and discomfort. Pain is felt in the head, the neck, the back, the limbs, even the face—one or all of them.

Paralysis comes on usually about the second, third or fourth day. It may be delayed till the seventh or eighth day. It appears sometimes in one limb and then in another. Almost always there is some recovery, often a great deal, especially in the first few weeks.

A troublesome and distressing symptom is contraction of the muscles so that the limb cannot be extended, and sometimes so that the back is curved and cannot be straightened. This is due more or less to spasm of the muscles, and gradually improves, though almost imperceptibly at first. Nothing gives more comfort and joy to the patient, the family, or the physician than the gradual regression of this and other symptoms which so greatly threaten not only the bodily comfort of the poor patient,

but the peace of mind and the happiness of everybody concerned.

#### DIAGNOSIS.

Watch for muscular weakness. Often, because the little patient can manage to move the limb in bed, probably from the hip only, the real condition is not recognized, till he gets out of bed, and the poor paralyzed limb hangs useless and lifeless, refusing to support the child. The natural vigor with which a child moves and wriggles, and often objects to examination is a tremendous comfort when all are wondering whether we have influenza or infantile paralysis to fight, and when the child dislikes to be touched and yet its efforts are feeble, it makes one anxious.

On September 1, 1911, acute poliomyelitis was made compulsorily notifiable in London, England. It is notifiable now in Canada, the United States and in civilized countries generally.

No subject at present occupies more attention than this. Governments and laboratories have issued splendid reports dealing with the whole question. Among these are the reports of the work done by Dr. Simon Flexner, in

New York, the Blue Book issued by the Local Government Board in London in 1912, and those issued by the Boards of Health in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The British Medical Association gave much time to it this year at their annual meeting, and at the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in Washington on September 26, a whole morning was given up to the discussion of this one disease. It was a meeting of giants. The great hall in the Pan-American Building was crowded to the doors, and on the platform were such citizens of the medical world as Flexner and Levaditi. The interest was breathless and when Dr. Rosenau announced that his recent researches went to prove that the stable fly was probably the chief carrier of the infection a sensation ran through the audience. There are a good many facts which seem to corroborate Dr. Rosenau's theory.

Preventive medicine is presented to the readers of this magazine as the only hope for dealing with anterior poliomyelitis. We shall never cure it once the enemy has massacred the good gray

cells in that part of the spinal cord which gives the child the gay and glad activities of play and work, and the adult the power of independent motion. But we can do something to prevent it now and we shall do more in the future.

#### CAUSE.

Every question concerned with this disease arouses a fascinating, almost a painful, interest, but when one comes at last in sight of the possible mode of infection one's interest reaches white heat. There is a cause. But it is "the pestilence which walketh in darkness." How does it select its victims and where does it strike them that we might protect them from its murderous and cruelly discharging attack?

It has been proved that in monkeys affected with the disease, the virus passes from the central nervous system to the nasal mucosa.

It has been proved that if the virus of the disease be implanted on the nasal mucous membrane of a healthy monkey then the monkey contracts the disease, especially if there is any crack or scratch or sore place there. The amount of the virus required is small, about the fiftieth part of one drop.

The following causes have been mentioned:

1. As to vermin—it is not likely that they spread the disease. Thousands of cases are reported where vermin could not have had anything to do with the infection. But the fly is a different matter. The virus remains active when carried on the feet of a fly for 48 hours or more. There is no reason why, if flies are in the house or the sick room they should not come into contact with infective secretions. The fly is a carrier of infection. Kill the fly. Not one fly should ever be allowed in or round a house. This is imperative. Never let a fly touch a baby.

2. Food. Unlikely. Certainly the virus is neither water-borne nor milk-borne.

3. One physician reports that nearly all the patients affected in a large epidemic had been wading in ice-cold

water shortly before the onset of symptoms. This is probably a mere coincidence.

4. Bathing in water contaminated by sewage. In the Massachusetts epidemic of 1909, 150 cases were investigated and 62 of these had been swimming or wading in water more or less contaminated by sewage.

Every public bath should have the water in it frequently changed. Slime should never be allowed to collect. Chlorination should be carefully done daily or oftener, so that the water may be free from infection. Specimens of the water should be examined by a competent bacteriologist. Diluted sewage is dangerous to bathe in.

5. Animals. There are on record several cases where paralysis in horses, chickens and rabbits was followed by infantile paralysis in the children of the house.

6. Diarrheal. It is thought that inasmuch as diarrheal diseases are most prevalent when infantile paralysis is most prevalent, i.e., in the warm weather, that some connection may exist between the two. This is possible, but not proven.

7. Contact with a patient. There is now quite sufficient evidence to make us think that the disease is conveyed from one patient to another. Therefore the patient should be isolated with a nurse or other person able to give all the necessary care and nursing. Visitors should not be allowed. It is better not to let the other children in the house go to school for about fourteen days. All the patient's excretions should be properly disinfected, especially those of the nose and throat. The mouth and nose should be gargled and cleansed with an antiseptic solution. Handkerchiefs should be boiled. It would be better if these cloth were used instead of handkerchiefs, and burned afterwards. The nurse and the physician should observe the usual precautions against infection or carrying infection to others. The use of antiseptic throat tablets (as aldiform or formamin) and of antiseptic nose-wool is a convenient

and sensible precaution. Menthol and hydrogen peroxide preparations kill the virus.

After the attack is over the health authorities should disinfect the house with formaldehyde. This should also be done in any school where cases have developed among the pupils and perhaps the school should be closed.

8. Carrier cases, that is, persons who harbor the virus in the throat and nose and so may and do transmit it to others, though not suffering from the disease themselves, are known to exist and undoubtedly are a great source of danger.

9. As to school infection, the evidence is not conclusive, though there are many cases that almost prove it. On the other hand, there are facts which seem to show that school infection cannot be an important cause. The subject needs further investigation, and in the meantime the patient should not go back to school for a considerable time—perhaps three months, and every vigilance should be used to watch against school infection. Contacts, i.e., other children in the house with a patient should not attend school for fourteen days after the onset and then only if the patient has been isolated.

10. Dust. There is not a little evidence that dust is a possible source of infection. At Cornell University the dust on the floor of rooms in each of which was a patient with enteric-polyomyelitis was used to inoculate monkeys, and these animals in several instances developed the disease.

#### GOOD ROADS.

Further. A great many cases have occurred on main roads and dusty thoroughfares, not in houses where lawns or fields intervened between the house and the road. This is a good argument for good roads, street cleanliness, for oil and other anti-dust remedies, for the nightly flushing of asphalt pavements, for frequent waterings and for damp dusting, perfect cleanliness and other things characteristic of good private and public house-keeping and city-keeping.

Lastly, a few words must be said on the nursing and medical care of the patient. First of all, we need the best medical skill. There will be found in every large city some one or two doctors who have made more or less of a specialty of infantile paralysis, and the good family physician will be eager to utilize the special skill of such a consultant. It does make a difference to have such aid as this. With him and the family physician the medical care is assured. As to the nursing, this will be carefully directed by the doctor, but a few general hints may not be out of place here.

The house need to be cleared out—it helps to carry off infection. All the water, lemonade, orangeade, etc., that the child can take between meals will help in the same way, carrying off infection by the kidneys and the skin. A warm cleansing bath daily is necessary.

Perfect rest and quiet in a cool, well-ventilated room, somewhat darkened, no visitors at all, but a cheerful, pleasant atmosphere, is of the first importance.

As soon as the fever and nausea have subsided good nourishment is also of the first importance. Milk and eggs in many attractive forms, well-cooked cereals and vegetables and fruit, and some meat and a few sweets. Keep up the child's interest in his food.

Keep the patient comfortable but cool if the weather is warm, and remember, if hot water bottles are necessary, that sometimes while the case is acute, the skin is a little insensitive. Beware, because this means the child may be burned and yet not feel it. So you must watch.

Never have the patient lying on the back. Turn frequently to either side and persuade to lie on the face. It lessens the congestion in the spinal area. An ice-bag to the head and spine is helpful.

The greatest single resource we have to combat the paralysis is to watch constantly and eagerly with the child the return of every atom of power or move-

ment. Make a great deal of it, and get the child absorbed in using the newly recovered power, but rest often, often. Never tire out the slight returning strength. Keeping up all possible movement of this kind will give really wonderful results. But it must be disguised to charm the child into working for it. Get a canvas bag from the bank with 100 new cents. If the child is old enough to understand give him one cent for ten kicks or 100 kicks at a tiny rubber ball, etc. The "kick" may be only one-quarter inch but the foot moved! With an infant, a big brightly colored rubber ball can be made the basis of an attractive game in which the partially recovered muscles may be used.

Massage, thorough, skilful and long-continued, is an indispensable aid to the best results. A great deal can be done, however, by good rubbing by mother or nurse, carefully directed by the doctor, if the expense renders expert massage impossible.

The surgeon can give great aid in certain cases where the muscles have atrophied and the result is a serious handicap. Every year mechanical appliances are made lighter and better and are sometimes of great benefit. The latest improvement is celluloid splints.

#### POSITION.

Another important point is to watch that the weak muscles never get over-

stretched. Everyone has noticed that the toe in the paralyzed foot "drips" as it were and the patient has to hold the foot away up in order to walk at all. This may be prevented largely by always supporting the front part of the foot when sitting so that the toe is about two inches higher than the heel, and wearing a simple light splint in bed at night so that the foot is kept in that same position, with the ankle bent, and the toe on a higher level than the heel. If this is not done at night the weak muscles get overstretched by the faulty position and the weight of the bed clothes and so the foot "drips", producing a permanent difficulty in walking. Patience and care in all these little details ultimately give in most cases a magnificent result, as is narrated, in the little pamphlet published by Professor Earl Barnes and his wife, called "A Case of Infantile Paralysis," which concludes with these words, "Finally, while there is no probable cure in most of these cases, there is possibility of improvement in all of them, and this improvement in details or as a whole, may come so close to cure as to be virtually the same thing. *Nowhere in the long process of recovery is there any place to stop, nor any reason to be discouraged.*"

## The Amateur Detective

By William Hugo Pabke

YES, we newspaper men get to know some mighty queer characters. You have heard me remark that some thing before while telling you tales of Donohue's gambling joint and the doings of his customers. And you, sir, who pass the plate in church of a Sunday; and you, madam, who ride through life in a luxurious limousine, like to meet these picaresque individuals—through the medium of printer's ink, of course. They give you a bit of a thrill; their lives are so very different from yours. Do you ever find time to spare one little emotion of sympathy for some of my friends on the seamy side? I hope so.

The day that Jimmy earned his sobriquet he was standing on the corner of St. Catherine and Victoria streets in this big city of Montreal, hands deep in his pockets, and a wistful, faraway look in his eyes. This unwonted expression proceeded from no desire on his part to clothe his thoughts in poetry, nor did it evince a symptom of nostalgia. He was just plain hungry.

Jimmy was a baker, a crackerjack. He should have been in funds, but he had been careless of his bankroll. He had made a good season, extolling the wonders of side-shows at state fairs across the line and at the expositions through Ontario and Quebec; his mistake lay in staying north too long. Moreover, he had run across an old pal of his in Montreal who had urged him to join in a moving picture venture.

Just as things began to look rosy, Chesty got into some trouble with the authorities and was sent back to the States. It took most of Jimmy's wad to square things so that his partner might be banished instead of languishing in jail. You see, Chesty had — But

there! that will do for another tale some other time.

Jimmy didn't look exactly like an object of charity this late fall afternoon as he stood scowling at the frozen mud in the street. True, his jewelry was gone; but a man may be presentable even without an ounce or two of diamond in his necktie. Also, his overcoat was gone (he had breakfasted and dined off it for some time past); but his dark gray suit was excellently well cut, and decidedly becoming. No, Jimmy would have had a hard time trying to panhandle, even had he been inclined to try. He wasn't inclined, though; he wanted to stir something up, and that mighty quick.

As he stood with his back against the corner of a building, apparently unconscious of the crowd streaming past him, but in reality vitally alive to the meaning of its every unit, he glimpsed a familiar face across the street. He drew in his breath sharply between clenched teeth.

"Boston Slim, or I'm a hayseed!" he ejaculated.

From beneath half-closed eyelids he watched the slight, shifty figure on the opposite sidewalk darting in and out amongst the crowd. He waited eagerly, knowing what he would see if only his eyes were quick enough. Suddenly it came. Slim pressed against a portly gentleman, his right hand moved like a flash of light, then, he crammed his fists into his own pockets and walked nonchalantly down the street with seemingly not a care in the world.

"Caught him with the goods on," chuckled Jimmy. "Here's where I get what's coming to me."

He drove around the corner and ran



until he reached a certain grim building. He ran through the corridor and knocked at a certain door. A grim voice bade him enter. Opening the door, he found himself facing a grim man.

"Cap'n," he said breathlessly, "Boston Slim's in town."

"Well?"

"What's it worth to bring him in with the goods on him?"

"Who are you?" growled the grim man, glancing up with heavy-lidded eyes.

"I'm the best ballyhoo man on the Northern circuit," said Jimmy proudly. "I've been in the sidewalk business for twenty years, and I ain't thirty yet." I know every dip and crook from Boston to San Francisco. My name don't matter to you, Cap'n, so long's I can deliver the goods."

"Sure you're talking business?"

"I got him dead to rights! And I need the money. Even so, there ain't a dip from Quebec to Vancouver that I'd do dirt, me broke or no broke, always exceptin' Boston Slim. I got it in for him!"

"I want him," said the grim man heavily.

"What's it worth?"

He named the price.

"Looks good to me," said Jimmy; "I'll have it in half an hour. There's just one thing more, Cap'n; I need a little expense money."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" snorted the grim man, contemptuously.

"Ain't much—thirty-five cents—but I got to have it." Jimmy smiled deprecatingly.

The other dug his enormous hand into his pocket and flung some change on his desk.

The next moment Jimmy had left the presence. Running out on the street, he made his way to the stage entrance of a nearby theatre. He asked the doorkeeper to take him to the property-man, giving the "high sign" that entitled him to the privileges of the show people's freemasonry.

"Say, Sport," he said, when he was

ushered into the presence of the hazy official, "I need a wad for half an hour. I need a roll that'd choke a horse; stage money will do."

"What's your game? Goin' to trim a rube?" asked the property-man, quizzically.

In spite of his question, he had already unlocked a chest and dug his hands in. In a moment he drew them out full of the make-believe currency that make-believe capitalists had exchanged thousands of times for make-believe railroad systems or apocryphal gold-mines.

"You're all right," commented Jimmy, reaching for the tempting-looking roll. "I won't forget you. This game of mine is on the level—that's straight."

He started to go, then turned back once more. "And now," he hesitated, "if you'll lend me a false wig for my face I'll run along."

Next he visited a hardware store and invested his "expense money" in a spring rat-trap. Then, seeking the privacy of the washroom in the Savoy, he prepared to set the trap. He cut a hole in his left-hand trouser-pocket and let the chain attached to the trap run through, binding the end securely to his leg above the knee. He slipped his newly-acquired mustache into place and then, with tentative fingers, set the trap that was resting in his pocket. That done, he retraced his steps, and emerging again on St. Catherine Street, he snatched up and down that busy thoroughfare until he beheld his prey.

Jimmy turned into a saloon, a preternaturally sober young man, emerging again in less than a minute with every outward sign of an advanced state of inebriation. He stood for a moment swaying unsteadily on the step, trying to count with clumsy fingers an enormous roll of money. After four or five futile attempts he apparently became discouraged and shoved it with careful carelessness into his pocket, back of the trap. He staggered from the step and tottered across the sidewalk to the curb, where he stood in weak-kneed helplessness, his eyes partially closed,

and an expression of utter drunken inability on his face.

To all appearances he was a flush sporting man cutting loose. At all events, so he appeared to Boston Slim whose sharp eye rested on him avariciously the moment he came out of the saloon. This worthy hovered near, vulturelike, passing and reappearing behind his seemingly unconscious victim's back, ever keeping an eye out for possible interference.

At last Jimmy knew that the crisis was at hand. With a sixth sense he felt Slim approach in an abnormally casual manner. He felt a slight pressure against his back, sensed the shadow of a shadow hand slip into his pocket, heard the snap of the trap as it closed on soft flesh, and then a sharp cry of pain.

He turned lazily, his drunkenness evaporating like some volatile spirit.

"Hello Slim," he said in a conversational tone.

"Jimmy?" gasped the pickpocket, his pain twisting his face into grim lines. "Jimmy! for Gawd's sake leave me go! My hand's busted!" he whined.

"Nix! You come with me?"

"You ain't goin' to sell me?" pleaded Slim, terror and unbelief showing in his eyes. "You was always a white boy, Jimmy."

"Come on!" growled his captor. "Keep close to me, and they won't notice your hand."

"Is it coin you want?" whispered Slim weakly as they pressed through the crowd.

"Sure! Everybody wants coin."

"Then I c'n fix you up, Jimmy—I got a hunch. Here—" he dug his free hand into his pocket and displayed a roll.

"I'll fix you up, all right," he offered again. His voice was husky with the pain he was bearing. It was evident that he could not walk much farther.

"Answer me one question," said Jimmy. "Where's Nellie Clancy, her that used to do the lion-taming set with Franc's show?"

"I dunno," he said, after a moment of thought.

Jimmy breathed hard. "You ain't married to her?" he said tensely.

"Not so that you'd notice it?"

"That's all for you! Come!"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Slim, wincing as the other started up the steps.

"What do I mean?" said Jimmy fiercely. "I mean just this: that you cut me out with the cleanest, sweetest little girl in the show business. Her and I was going to get hitched when you hatted in. I didn't tell her that you was a crook because that didn't seem the square thing to me; besides, I never knew just how rotten you was."

"You ain't goin' to sell me for a bloomin' girl!" said Slim, trembling.

"You're damn right I am!" thundered Jimmy. "I wouldn't have done you dirt, the way I'm going to, if you'd treated her honest. But you put her on the bum."

Slim realised with a throb of fear that his last hope was gone. That one unconsidered mean act in his mean, evil life condemned him. And he had almost forgotten that the girl had ever crossed his path!

"That's why your money don't look good to me, you rat!" growled Jimmy. "You couldn't earn enough at your dirty game in a thousand years to square yourself with me." He took a step forward. "Now come!" he rasped.

A moment later Jimmy stood before the grim man with his prize.

"Just on time, Cap'n," he said gently. "Will you help me get his flipper loose?"

He loosened the jaws of the trap with his huge fingers, and Slim sank weakly into a chair.

The grim man opened a drawer, took out a cushion, and peeling off a layer of large bills, handed them to Jimmy without a word.

"You, sir, and you, madam, have probably seen Jimmy, smiling and suave, in the box-office at his moving picture establishment some odd night when you designed to patronize the amusements of the proletariat.

## House Building as An Investment

By Frank J. Drake

NOT many years ago young men in Canada were content merely to save money. All their surplus earnings they cheerfully handed over to the bankers, who were wont to tell them that it was not so much what a man earned as what he saved that really determined his financial station in life.

But times have changed. The modern problem which now confronts the young man of energy and ambition is not how much he can save but rather how best he may invest. By all means he saves all he can, but once he amasses a little capital the really formidable task is to handle it to the best possible advantage. And therein is the measure of commercial success.

The general prosperity of the country has made saving a simple problem and investment a difficult one. In our large cities hundreds of young men are succeeding in the first task and failing in the second. Scores of them are annually saving from \$500 to \$1,500, which is quite reasonable on salaries ranging from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per annum. But once possessed of their savings the bulk of them invest in a fashion both reckless and unprofitable. Why is it? The truth of the matter is that in times of prosperity saving is merely a thing of method, but investment at all times is something more—it requires knowledge, judgment, foresight and courage.

To cite a case in point: young men without number, blunder into various lines of business with only a few hundred dollars to finance them and achieve nothing more than failure and reverse. It is the experience of trained business men that too much investigation cannot be given any business enterprise before one puts capital into it. Better far to pay experts for a report on condi-

tions and prospects than to learn for oneself at the price of all one's capital when it is too late. Yet every day young men, knowing nothing of business conditions or management, and having neither sufficient capital nor training, launch into business careers at a risk of practically everything they possess. How much better it would be for them were they to invest their savings wisely that they might have a safe and profitable income in addition to their regular salary?

As has been pointed out in this series of articles there are numerous channels of desirable investment in Canada. But in order to follow most of them to a successful issue one must have a knowledge of and experience in the realm of business and finance or else seek the aid of experts in whose advice confidence may be reposed. Comparatively few are sufficiently in touch with conditions to invest wisely in stocks, bonds or industrial enterprises without guidance, and for some inexplicable reason most people are loath to seek counsel in matters of money, which they consider are their own personal affairs about which outsiders should know nothing. Thus investments of this character to many people, particularly those who are lured by promises of a large yield on doubtful ventures, are attended by considerable risk.

It is not to be wondered then that in the estimation of the average young man, knowing nothing of the inner workings of the business and commercial world, one particular line of investment has grown steadily in favor in recent years—that of house building. This does not imply reckless flights in real estate of doubtful value, but rather the following of a sound business pol-

icy as applied simply to the building of houses anywhere. And it's a line which certainly has much to commend it.

I have in mind several young men who have carried on house building as a side line for some years and who have each year realized handsomely from their operations quite apart from the earnings which they have made from their regular occupations. The undertaking calls for no special ability, comparatively little capital is required, the risk involved is slight, the experience is both pleasant and valuable, and the returns are substantial. It is a line which many more young men might follow with profit, and too, with actual benefit to the community.

The plan embraces the securing of a number of lots within or just on the outskirts of a rapidly growing centre of population, the erection of suitable houses, and the selling of them on advantageous terms. Oftentimes the purchase of good building sites is the most difficult feature of the entire operations. Particularly is this the case in large cities where land is held at exorbitant prices. In order to secure a reasonable rate it is sometimes necessary for several to syndicate in their purchases of property which may later be subdivided and financed according to the amount of land each member acquires. Then the various parties in the syndicate may combine in their building operations or follow their own plans.

Provided a young man has sufficient capital, once he has purchased his lot the remainder of the scheme is usually accomplished with little difficulty. The securing of suitable plans is an easy matter since houses of every type are being erected everywhere, and the task of awarding the contract is readily surmounted with the aid of a couple of contractors, several of whom are always willing to figure on any job and submit tenders. Care, of course, must be taken both in the selection of lots and in the planning of houses with a view to keeping down the outlay. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to enter into these details but merely to suggest

a general course of action. Under favorable conditions in from three to four months from the time work is commenced the completed house is ready for occupancy and the young owner must choose whether he will offer it for sale or rental.

The cost involved in the purchase of a lot and the erection of a house varies widely in accordance with conditions, among which the determining factors are the location and frontage of the lot, and the size, character and finish of the house. In building one must have in mind primarily the needs of the community the house is to serve and the possibilities which it offers in the way of a rental or sale. It would not, for instance, be prudent to erect a very expensive structure in a locality where high rents are impossible by reason of the existing conditions, nor again, to sacrifice the opportunity of realizing substantially in a desirable district by erecting a cheap house on an expensive lot. One must exercise judgment to the extent of meeting the public demand—of giving what is wanted, where it is wanted most, and at the right price.

After all, however, the cost of the entire property—house and lot—is not such an important item with the builder provided he has chosen his location wisely, has been careful to build the proper style of house at the lowest possible figure, and is content to sell or rent at a reasonable profit or interest. The cost will take care of itself; a property will sell for what it is really worth. If additional money has been put into it in giving it a better finish and in providing expensive fixtures, the extra value is there and can be realized on when the right sort of buyer appears. So within reason the cost problem will take care of itself and as a matter of fact is doing so every day.

But to return to details, let us consider a couple of actual cases. The first is recorded in one of our largest Canadian cities and is merely a sample of what young men are doing. The young man in question purchased 50 feet of land within the limits, but on the out-

skirts of the city, at \$30 per foot, or \$1,500 in all. He held it for two years, during which time the value of the land increased to \$60 per foot. Then he erected two bungalows, each costing \$3,000, well planned, nicely finished and completely equipped. The total cost to him was \$7,500. He sold the houses at an average of \$5,250, the one as soon as it was completed and the other after holding it a week or two, thus securing in all \$10,500 and realizing \$3,000 on his investment in two years. Or, cite a second instance. Another young man, in still another Canadian city, purchased 30 feet of ground for \$1,500 and built immediately a desirable house at \$3,500, which he sold shortly after its completion for \$6,000, making a gain of \$1,000 in only a few months. In a third case a young man in a smaller city purchased a \$600 lot, built a house at \$2,800 and sold quite readily for \$4,000. If instances of larger gains are desired we could cite them in great numbers where very much more has been realized but usually on more expensive houses requiring a heavier outlay in financing or where land has advanced rapidly in price owing to local conditions.

The purpose here, however, is not to illustrate big gains which require a large investment, but to show that smaller ones are possible for the small investor with only limited capital. In the first case instanced the party paid down only \$500 on his lot and when he commenced building a year and a half later there was still a mortgage of \$500 on the property, he having paid an additional \$500 in the interval. Thus he really had \$1,000 in the lot when building operations commenced. With \$1,000 cash which he had in the bank he erected the first \$3,000 house, putting on a new mortgage of \$2,500 covering the balance as well as the remaining indebtedness on the lot. A prompt sale, in which the purchaser assumed the mortgage and paid the balance in cash, enabled him to proceed with the second house in like manner and, indeed, to

sell it on similar terms. Thus his only investment was the \$1,000 in the lot and the \$1,000 for only a few months first in one house and then in the other—a total investment of \$2,000 on which a profit of \$3,000 was realized. Of course the increase in the price of land was responsible for half of this. Likewise in the second instance, the young man paid cash for his lot and built at once, mortgaging the entire property for \$3,000, and later selling for \$6,000, the purchaser assuming the mortgage and paying \$1,500 cash. Thus the builder got his money back immediately and in addition had \$1,500 still coming to him for his trouble. The third was also a comparatively simple deal, financed on a little less than \$1,500, on which \$600 was realized.

Sufficient has been cited to show the possibilities of the house-building plan if properly carried out in any growing centre. It is an investment which lends itself specially to people of small capital and it is usually quite safe and almost certain to realise a reasonable profit on the outlay; indeed, if land increases rapidly in price, as often happens, the gains may be substantial. In this latter connection many builders in new and growing sections prefer to rent their houses for two or three years and then dispose of them at a higher rate, depending upon a general rise in prices to favor them in this regard. There is, of course, something to be said on either side, as each plan possesses advantages of its own. Usually, however, owners are content to accept a fair price, especially if a good cash payment is offered, as it aids in releasing their money for new investments elsewhere.

There can be no doubt that in Canada, in the ensuing period of its development, many young men—a great many of them starting with limited means—will follow the house-building line, offering as it does the widest possible field for operations and returning as it will a most satisfactory yield on investments.

## Canadian Painting

By John E. Staley

It is somewhat difficult to review Canadian Painting in the course of a single article. Yet that is what the writer has attempted in this brief but fairly sketch covering the history and development of fine art in Canada during the past two hundred and fifty years. A general survey of the past is presented together with several illustrations representative of the best work of present day artists. It is hoped that the treatise will stimulate renewed interest in art in this country and that it may be followed with other sketches in which the careers and works of prominent Canadian artists now in the public eye may be featured.

IT WAS not yesterday that the fairy Fine Art set up her boudoir in Canada. She has been arranging ravishing toiletries in this beautiful land for quite two hundred and fifty years. At her Court, through many generations, companies of distinguished wielders of pencil, chalk and brush—foreign, naturalized and native-born—have been busily engaged in offering of their best for the decoration of her foyers.

Many capable artists have worked in esteries around Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, and within the boundaries of the three Maritime Provinces, through all these many years. Schools of painting these cities surely may be called; rather are they camping grounds in the painted-pagant progress of the Fine Arts.

The first pictorial work done in Canada was by no less a famous hero than the intrepid Champlain. The diaries he kept and the books he wrote he illustrated with thumb-nail sketches, maps and more ambitious drawings in their outlines. These are chiefly Indian in character; they are not crudities, but evidence a feeling for form and a sense of color quite commendable. Then came the cultured teaching Jesuits with their lessons in pictures, for savage eyes

—pictures illustrative of Holy Writ and the precepts of Holy Church. The demand was ever in excess of the supply. Colored prints, together with illustrated religious booklets, and picture flysheets, and more ambitious paintings for the adornment of the altars of the churches, were carried by the missionary fathers from Old France to the New. Many of these reverend pioneers also set to work to draw and paint pictures and ex-voto on the spot—crudely done for the most part but generally marked with suggestiveness. A considerable number of these early aids to Christianity are preserved in the Province of Quebec; they are painted on wood, on bark, on canvas, on parchment, on paper, and on other materials.

The name of Père André Perron stands foremost upon this roll of painters, properly so called, on Canadian soil. He landed in Canada 1663. La Mère de l'Incarnation, in her "Lettres" speaks thus of him: "He preaches all day and paints all night." She alludes to the reverend artist's skill in two directions—his work as an illustrator-minutiae of "The Hours" and other religious books, and also of his wider range in fresco on conventual walls. Little, alas, of any of Father Perron's

work remains. He was treacherously killed by an Indian scouting party 1673.

In the same Society of Jesus was Père François Lac a Recollet, born at Amiens in 1620. Coming to Canada almost immediately after his novitiate he decorated the Recollet Chapel in Quebec, and undoubtedly did similar work elsewhere, all of which has per-

ished. He was the better-to-do laity. He went back to France and died in 1686. The latter was stationed at Montreal. In 1700 he became a brother in the Ordre des Frères Chartrons, and painted portraits with great success—among the rest that of La Mère Marguerite Bourgeois, Foundress of the Congrégation des Dames de la Visitation. Père Leber died at Montreal in 1707.



Clearing the Land—Homer Watson, R.C.A.

ished. His subjects were ecclesiastical, but he was influenced by the precursors of the School of Antoine Watteau in his composition and arrangement. He returned to France in 1685. Two other missionary artists have inscribed their names on the annals of early Canadian art—Pères Hugues Pommeret and Pierre Leber. The former landed at Quebec in 1663—a companion of Père Perron. In 1676 he was busy at Point Lévis and along the Côte de Beaupré, painting panels for churches and canvases for the brethren and for some of

We must remember that all through the seventeenth century there was an influx of refugee French gentry into Canada. Driven from their native land by political upheavals, they carried with them, among their household goods, many pictures painted by the artists they admired in France. Many of them too had artistic proclivities, and, as opportunity offered, applied themselves to the graphic arts and painting. Examples of their work may be found almost everywhere in the older settled places in the Province of Quebec,

In 1720 there came to Canada a noted etcher-draughtsman-engraver from Paris—Henri Gravelot—otherwise Gravelot d'Anville. He had been

1727 when he returned to France, but his interest in the new country was not lessened for he became an enthusiastic agent for despatching works of art



Indian Camp at Fort Matigou—J. W. Booby, A.R.C.A.

a pupil of Watteau and Restout, and he brought with him to Quebec several canvases by them and other French masters. He worked in Canada until

across the sea. Jean Antoine André Créqui was a contemporary of Gravelot—born in 1749 he visited Canada and remained there until his death in 1780.

Many of his altar pieces and wall frescoes remain in churches in and around Quebec.

With Chevalier de Beauvoir began a line of Canadian-born artists. To be

have done much more than make excellent copies of the great masterpieces, but, with these, he returned to Canada and bestowed his treasures upon institutions and individuals with like tastes as



Oubliés de la Forêt—Mary E. Knowles, A.R.C.A.

sure his profession was that of arms—he was a military engineer under Fontenay—but, laying aside his lethal weapons for awhile, he set off to study art in France—the first of all students from America. He does not appear to

his own. He was appointed to the post of Governor of Montreal. He survived the struggle for supremacy between England and France, and, accepting the status quo after the war, went on quietly painting under the new régime.

Due perhaps to him as well as to Gravelot is the fact that the Province of Quebec is remarkably rich in examples of such masters as Philippe de Champaigne, Le Sueur, Lebrun, the Coypels,

Canadian painters worked on calmly and improvingly. Louis Duloup, who worked at Montreal, 1793-1830, has left numbers of portraits of notable people of the province in oil and pastel,



The loghouse in my Studio—Mary H. Bell, A.R.C.A.

Restout, Nattier, the Vernets, J. and C. Parrocel, the Van Loos, N. Poussin, Mignard, Bourdon, Boucher, de la Tour and other French painters.

After the British conquest French-

quite after the Nattier manner and in his colors. The technique is not remarkable, but the historical interest is considerable. Born in 1795 Joseph Legaré, who became a Councillor of State



In the Solitaires—R. F. Goggin, R.C.A.

of Quebec, was an enthusiastic art-lover and collector, and became proficient with his pencil and his brush. A picture of his obtained the first gold medal ever awarded of painting in Canada—given by the Society of Artists of Montreal—the first association of the kind in Canada. Dying he bequeathed his collection of drawings and pictures to the Laval Seminary in Quebec—that noble institution founded by the first Bishop of Canada, Monseigneur Laval-Montmorency.

Two other names of Canadian painters stand out from the great company of limners—Antoine Plamondon, born in Quebec in 1803. He went to Paris to study art and entered Guerin's studio, where his chief friends were Geriscault and Ary Scheffer—their art affected his. Back he came to his Canadian home and began to paint portraits, historical subjects and religious themes. Much of his work remains of course, for he lived until the end of the century. His arrangement, technique and finish

are vastly superior to any who had preceded him—a clear proof of the happy progress of Canadian art. Cornelius Kreighbof, a Dutchman, educated in Bavaria, came to Montreal in 1849. He was, perhaps, the first artist of note who painted Canadian life and scenery. His pictures were small and bought up by officers of British regiments; and, if not remarkable for skill and dash, they are valuable topographically and historically, whilst in genre they are interesting.

There were three painters of the older generation, who have made their mark most strongly upon the art of Canada—Adolphe Vogt, born in Quebec in 1842, he studied in France, and came back to paint animals and landscapes, bold in execution and finely colored; Allan A. Edson, born at Stanbridge in 1846, went to France and England, where he became an adept at landscape painting, and returned to Canada to limn her beauties upon his canvases; and Wyatt Eaton, born in 1849 at Phillipsburg—

his chief master was Gérôme in Paris, and his style genre and portraits. These men all died but yesterday.

So far painting in Canada had been confined almost exclusively to residents in Lower Canada, but in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Art began to show her light, where she held by one blind Gilbert Stuart Newton (1793-1835), who did genre very well, and James Field, a portraitist (1812-1868), and by the other Robert Parker, a painter of miniatures on ivory (1798-1850), and Charles C. Ward with minutely painted suites of Indian studies (1815-1896). Ontario lagged behind in her welcome of the Fine Arts. The first artist of Upper Canada was the son of one of Governor Simcoe's gardeners, Paul Kane, who was born at York (Toronto) in 1810. He went off to Europe to study in the schools of art. On his return he drew and painted Indian scenes, and took infinite pains in his work. Daniel Fowler, born in Kent, 1810, came to Toronto in 1843. He painted things he saw upon his ex-

tensive travels, and taught drawing, taking up the pencil old Edward Drury had laid down. George Berthron, a Viennese, settled in Toronto the year after Fowler came, and painted portraits in oil and pastel. They both died in 1894.

## II

If these artistic priests and painting laymen were not exactly Makers of Canadian Art, they were at all events the precursors, or the scouts, of the army of Canadian artists. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they and those they ministered to in things sacred and profane, kept their eyes fixed upon the East whence they and theirs had come. To return to their native land was the fervent hope of every one of them, and few regarded the virgin soil they tilled, the forest lands they cleared, and the dwellings they erected, in any other light than temporary habitations. To very few, if indeed to any, did the idea of settling permanently in New France



Mount Victoria and Lake Louise—F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.



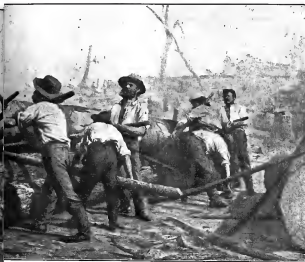
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present itself. Everything around them—their language, their religion, their dress, their habits, their occupations and their possessions were just those they had adopted in their old country.

But, bark! a homing cry from out the West, a loud cry, and insistent, smote upon their ears—"This land is yours, your very own, hold it, till it, and thrive upon it!" Sons buried fathers in the new soil, mothers brought forth children of the land, and work and play fitted into novel situations on the spot. The consciousness of new horizons, new hopes, and new enterprises, grew in strength and solidity. For none was this cry of the land more incentive than for men and women of artistic tastes and culture. Forbearers had been satisfied to look at pictures of

the past—the love of picture-story moved striplings mightily; not one but many living artists in Canada to-day attribute the first bud of their art reefer to the effect made upon them by the sight of some old oil painting when they were children. The new race of British-French-Canadians, however, began to stare right into the face, of nature.

The land of the Lady of the Snows was good to look to—magnificent mountains reared their verdant hoary heads, superb rivers, with blue and green and silver water, flowed impressively along, resplendent lakes spread wide reflections multi-colored, grand virgin forests covered land with untold treasure, and rolling prairies, sun-kissed, were prophetic of ample nourishment. If



G. A. Bell, B.C.A.

the coasts to the north were ice-bound and the air was invigorating. Life was free and noble and inspiration came to all. Nymphs of the forest glade and sirens on the rocky shore danced and sang into men's and women's hearts the poetry of Nature's land and sea. Things of grandeur and of beauty ever yield impressive joy and unmingled gladness, and so art-students had not far to look for subjects new and ravishing. Here and there, and far and wide, pioneer painters set up their easels and took toll of what they saw and felt.

The natural beauties of the Canadas, the genre of market, quay and barnet, bare draughtsmen on, and the romances of Indian tribes and settlements stole their hearts away. Character entered

into the painting schemes of all who used pastel, pencil or pigment; and local color found expression.

Already, and for many a year gone by, painters in Canada have been re-priming on stretched canvases the picture poem of their beloved land. The characters and numbers are absolutely reproductive of the fascination of the fair land of the Maple Leaf, and such as only sons of the soil knew well. Their work cannot be mistaken for labored souvenirs or clichés of other lands; they may and rightly should display signs and tokens of good gained by study in foreign schools of art.

This may sound pedantic, but rhyme and reason point one way—the cult of a National style—unlike in its expression anything known in the Old World



The Valley Ride in Corsica—C. W. Jeffreys, O.S.A.



Fishing Boats—George Clavmond, R.C.A.

studios. This cult is bearing proof today, and the work of our living artists is worthy to be placed by the side of, and compared with, the work of foreign contemporaries. It is necessary to proclaim this fact aloud, to correct prejudice and ignorance and to put an end to pessimism in dealing with achievements of the present day. "To have a good conceit of oneself" is essentially a personal practical duty. Admittedly Canada has no artist of the "Grand Style," of which Frederick Leighton

hibitions of pictures which are held annually in all the great centres of population. To state a case is easy—the display of the work of Canadian artists in this year's Canadian National Exhibition was of such merit, that in no land could there have been gathered together a more complete and representative show. Canadian pictures held their own, class by class, with the British, French and American contributions.

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At the Roadside, Ross Fife—F. M. G. Knowles, R.C.A.

was the highest exponent, nor has she any one able to paint the nudes of the British and French schools proper.

Jack Canuck is, however, quite as good a fellow as Jack Corot, or Jack Rousseau. We have our Israels and Manves, our Rembrandts and Frans Hals, our Milletts and Constantss, our Manetss and Renoirss—in embryo.

Evidences of the excellence of the brush work of Canadian painters is offered convincingly at the numerous ex-

hibitions of pictures which are held annually in all the great centres of population. To state a case is easy—the display of the work of Canadian artists in this year's Canadian National Exhibition was of such merit, that in no land could there have been gathered together a more complete and representative show. Canadian pictures held their own, class by class, with the British, French and American contributions.



## Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING  
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

### Trained Men For Big Offices

Frank A. Munsey, in a "Free-Hand Talk on Politics," Advocates Men of Ability, Training, and Experience for Presidency.

IN his introductory remarks to a "Free-Hand Talk on Politics and Business," published in Munsey's Magazine for October Mr. Munsey makes a strong plea for the election of an American president of ability, training and experience, in which he

There is one point in connection with this election on which I think most of us are agreed, and that is that we want to see the man triumph in November who would administer the affairs of government most efficiently, and in the broadest and fullest interest of all our people—not any one section of the country, not the favored few, and not to the injury of the few.

The triumph of any man, or any party, is of little consequence as compared with securing the right man for the job, and, believe me, the Presidential job in our country, now grows so big, is the largest executive and administrative job in all the world. It is far and away too big for any man to handle properly. Our scheme of government puts too much work and responsibility upon a President. It does not fit a country of such vast dimensions, such vast wealth, and of so vast a population.

But so long as the present scheme of government stands, the only chance we have of getting anything like satisfactory results is to put a man in the White House who has God-given executive and administrative qualities, who has genius for work, tremendous initiative, and the power to encourage everybody and everything about him.

We have tried Mr. Taft on this job and found that he does not measure up to the requirements in a very big way. He is not a worker, and has little genius for getting work out of others. He is not an organizer. He loves play and social contact far better than official grind. His ability does not express itself in an administrative way. He lacks initiative and push. He lacks the intuitive qualities necessary to interpret the people, the intuitive qualities that impel a man to do the right thing at the right time. Taft is a lawyer and a judge. This training often minimizes vision and clogs it with precedents and balance.

Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is a worker. He loves work as a schoolboy loves play. He is wonderfully equipped for work, with a mind and body that never tire, and with a wider and bigger knowledge of and experience in public life than any other man in America.

In his many-sided qualities Roosevelt has an immeasurable advantage over other men. He is a scholar, a man of widest reading, a brilliant writer, an impressive and effective speaker, a powerful debater, a man of scientific imagination, tremendously alert, tremendously intense, and transcendently earnest. With all this he has extraordinary genius for administration, and an intuitive mind that has played an important part in his career.

Roosevelt reads everything, and has been reading everything all his life. He not only reads but remembers, and best of all is that

this accumulated knowledge is always at his command. History is at his finger-tips. He keeps himself absolutely abreast of the times, and has an intimate knowledge of men and the best thought of the day.

Dr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, is a type scholar, a brilliant writer, and a graceful and effective speaker. He began his career in the South, penning law for a short time in Atlanta. From there he went to Bryn Mawr as an instructor in history and political economy, finally becoming president of Princeton College. Beyond the recognition that he received as the head of this institution, he added to his reputation by his books and occasional public speeches.

Except for his brief experience as Governor of New Jersey, he has had no service in public life. He has had no experience whatever in the affairs of the national government. He has never been in Congress or the executive departments of the government. His experience and known qualities in no way guarantee a successful administration for him if he is elected. At best, he would be an experiment.

In every important business undertaking other than that of the government, men of training and known capacity are selected for executive places. No board of directors would ever think of placing the management of an important railroad in the hands of one not thoroughly trained in railroadings. He must not only have the training, but must have demonstrated that he has real genius for executive management. This rule should obtain in governmental affairs as well as in private and corporate affairs.

In connection with this point, let me refer to the German system of selecting its mayors, though I mentioned it recently in this magazine. If Munich, for instance, wants a mayor, she does not limit her selection to the citizens of Munich. She hunts the country over for the right man. With those wise Germans it is not a question of

local pride or good fellowship or cronyism, but a question of getting a man of demonstrated ability and known experience in the conduct of municipal affairs.

This is precisely what we do here at home in the business world, but not in the political world. No great banking institution, no great manufacturing concern, no great transportation company, no great trust, no great railroad, ever selects a man to dominate its affairs because he is a good fellow, or because he writes well, speaks well, or as in theory a whirlwind. These institutions seek trained men who have demonstrated their genius for the job.

It does not follow that an untried, untrained man may not have inherent qualities that would make him a very great success at the head of any vast business, or as the President of the United States. Such a man, however, would be an experiment, and can we afford to experiment in the Presidency?

Mr. Roosevelt has had approximately thirty years of experience and training in political life, starting with his election to the New York Assembly soon after taking his degree at Harvard. Practically all of his active life has been in the public service. As a very young man in the New York Legislature, Roosevelt showed, even at that early age, extraordinary qualities for legislative work and a genius for leadership.

In whatever capacity he has served, whether as legislator, as civil service commissioner, as police commissioner of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as an officer in the Spanish-American War, as Governor of the State of New York, or as President of the United States, he has been a dominant and powerful force. He is a known quantity, with a marvellous record of achievements.

Both Taft and Roosevelt are known men as concerns their respective capabilities for the Presidency: Wilson is an unknown man as concerns his capabilities for the Presidency.

### Producing Spine Thrillers

How successful melodramas are furnished—some confessions about art of capitalizing spines

MANY experiments in the art of producing melodramas furnish A. H. Woods, producer of "The King of the Opium Ring," "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," and num-

berless other thrillers, the material for some observations and confessions about the art of capitalizing spines. He writes in the Associated Sunday Magazines that the

spine in the seat of the emotions—the reserved seat—and twice as hard to get at as the mind. The theatre's tested category of the emotions in the order of their precedence is, he finds, the laugh, the cry, the thrill. Far from discovering a decline it is still as good a contributor to the box-office receipts as ever—"it has simply moved up-town, so to speak." That is, the fifty-cent thriller has become two-dollar melodrama. The story of "The Gambler of the West" turns up again with better actors and more beautiful scenery as "The Girl of the Golden West," and the public cheerfully pays an extra dollar and a half for a ticket, although the elemental thrill emotions remain unchanged. Mr. Woods states his theory boldly:

"Melodrama never declines. In some cycles it merely puts on airs, as the result of a temporary condition of obesity in the national spine's pocketbook. The thrill secrets and tricks and geographical analysis remain the same, however, in the cases of both kinds of melodrama, old-fashioned or new-fashioned."

"Human nature will gladly pay out its good money any night in the week to sit in a theatre for three hours and wait until it has the satisfaction of seeing the villain 'get his' at eleven o'clock. Young America's human nature will crowd the playhouses at the matinees for the same purpose. Give me a good, thrilling news story, a pair of patent leather shoes and some cigarettes for the villain, and a soft, blue flannel shirt for the hero, and I'll guarantee that I, as an audience producer, can turn the national spine into money. You may smile all you want to; but the cycle of melodrama is always with us. Sometimes, of course, the national spine demands fancy trimmings on its melodrama, as at present; but the foundations, the skeletons, of all the thrillers are the same."

In the author's own thrill-factory he employs ten years a small staff to read newspapers and clip the newspaper "thrilling news stories." One good one a month was as much as he usually found. Almost all the big melodramatic thrillers of the last decade, he says, had their inspiration in newspapers; and there never was a writer of ten-twenty-thirty successes who would not have made a good newspaper city editor.

Concerning that "national spine" before mentioned, Mr. Woods indulged in some analyses, for he finds in three sections of the land three distinct grades of spines. He can't explain exactly the ways of it all, but thinks the conditions are these:

"The spine residing in that section of the

theatrical country lying between New York and Pittsburgh is the most susceptible of the lot. It is the easiest spine to thrill; for the thrill lies closer to the surface of this spine, comparatively, than it does in the cases of the other classes of spine. This fact (as well as the other facts that follow) was learned by pausing the reception of a long list of melodramas in the locality in question. Frank thrillers like "The Fatal Wedding" and "The Queen of the White Slaves" brought from ten to eleven thousand dollars a week out of three Eastern spines, where melodramas with the thrills not so apparent fell far below that mark.

"The spine that stretches between Pittsburgh and St. Louis, between the Allegheny and Mississippi Rivers, or in other words the Middle West theatrical spine, can be won only by the quieter form of melodrama, of which class such a presentation as 'Wedded and Parted' is typical. The Middle West spine can be thrilled not so effectively by a rescue from drowning, for instance, as by a sentimental thrill. The thrill induced by an enforced separation of hero and heroine is the result of the villain's machinations in the sort of thrill to which the Pittsburgh to St. Louis spine loves to respond."

"The St. Louis to San Francisco or Western spine answers most readily to the gloom-over thriller. The mere mechanically induced spinal vibration is not effective in this territory. The Western vertebral column resists its tingle to be generated by dramatic action, rather than by what might be called mechanical or scenic action. Words speak louder than actions west of the Mississippi."

In general, rescues take precedence over thrills of any other sort: "Kidnapping, dragging, murders, bold-ups, all are effective; but rescues draw many more thousands of spines to the box-office window." Next in thrill value Mr. Woods names the race. He lists as "the six greatest thrillers" ever produced "Chinatown," "Charlie," "The Span of Life," "Bedford's Hope," "After Dark," "At the Bottom of the Sea," and "The Fast Mail." "These all have their 'big scenes' either a race or a rescue. Simple as the recipe may appear, there are sometimes subtle elements involved, and the thrill must be laboriously coaxed. As an example there was a news account of how a brave fireman rescued a girl from the top of a burning building by guiding her across a stretch of telephone wires to safety on another roof. When the rescue was dramatized, however, it fell flat—

"It hasn't all right, we were sure;

but somehow the whole thing did not project the desired sensation. We originally used a heavy wire with a projecting guide wire above for the heroine to escape over. So we figured out that the thing looked too easy and hence was robbed of the interest for thrill. We got a finer wire and tried out the scene. It was not right yet. Probably the height of the wire from the ground did not seem sufficiently great. We raised the wire and faked the scenery so that the height seemed twice as great. Still the effect failed. We abolished the upper guide wire, to which the rescuer clung, thus making the feat more difficult; but the thrill was still found to be lacking. We had the flames from the blazing building shoot out over the wire and threaten the escapees with the double peril of fire and electric shock from the wires, off which the insulation would be in imminent danger of being burned—and still the spine out in front was not affected as it should have been."

## The Messengers of Death

In Interests of Humanity War Should be Declared on All Creeping Things Which are Carriers of Disease.

THE Cosmopolitan for November sounds a note of warning in an article "The Messengers of Death," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams. Science, we are told, has issued an edict which, for the good of humanity, should be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is, "Kill every creeping, flying thing that asks you for board—and don't overlook the rat." Various insects and rodents have been found to be in league with death—to be, in fact, the only means whereby some of the world's most virulent diseases are carried from victim to new victim. Persistent, never-let-up warfare against them is the only way to rid man of these dangerous enemies, which need only to be let alone to enfold him off the earth. The article describes the activities of most of the messengers of death upon which an exterminating war should be waged, against which should be directed all the batteries of science—

1 The fly that is crawling, insolently, independent, across the bread-plate there on your dinner-table has recently come from a garbage-pile, or perhaps from the putrescent carcass of a dog or other animal.

"In this way we spent our time pondering over the secret of the thrill that was steadfastly eluding us, until one day the stage manager suggested that we had overlooked the main thrill-element of the rescue. 'It ain't the flames or electric shocks or danger of falling naturally that'll thrill the audience,' he argued; 'but the fear that the wires'll break under the actors' weight and hurl them to the ground below.'

"We saw in a flash that he was right. We had a couple of wires hung down on the poles, as if they had already broken, and at the beginning of the fire and just before the rescue scene, we had a man stationed inside the burning house slyly snap one of the telephone wires and let it fall to the ground with the usual buzzing sound. The effect was instantaneous. The spines realized that the remaining wires might snap at any moment! And they poured their silver tribute into the box-office."

There are thousands of bacteria on the body and feet of the fly. Among them are perhaps some germs of typhoid fever or dysentery or tuberculosis. You are quite aware of this, yet you tolerate the fly, and run the needless risk of becoming its victim.

Nor is the fly the only disease-carrier that invades your household more or less through your negligence or indifference. Observe, for example, that your dog is scratching himself. You know that he is pestered by fleas, and the thought gives you no great concern. But suppose that these fleas chance to have come to the dog from the body of a rat that is infected with the plague. Suppose, then, that one of the tiny acrobats springs to the body of your child as it plays with the dog. As a sequel, the child may presently develop a mysterious and fatal illness, and the maledy may spread till every member of your household is stricken.

"The thing is utterly impossible," you say. On the contrary, it lies well within the possibilities.

You must have read not long ago of the

finding of a plague-infected rat at New Orleans and another at Philadelphia. Where one or two such rats are captured, there may very well be hundreds that escape detection. Indeed, it would be absurd to suppose that the health authorities have captured the only infected specimens. Nor can we suppose that the two ports named are the only ones at which infected rats have entered. Once ashore, the rat can travel fast and far in freight-cars, so he may readily invade the interior of the country. And through the agency of the flea the virulent disease to which the rat is subject may be transmitted to man.

It was with reference to this disease, and to the necessity of ridding the country of the rats and fleas that transmit it, that the Journal of the American Medical Association recently uttered the warning that the danger is imminent and that it will be greatly enhanced when the opening of the Panama Canal brings an influx of ships from the western coast of South America to our ports.

The disease in question is known as bubonic plague. It is a disease with a history. When it swept Europe in the middle ages, it devastated entire populations, and was remembered in aftertime as the "Black Death," or the "Great Mortality." In a single epidemic, in 1348-49, it is estimated to have claimed twenty-five million victims, about one-fourth of the entire population of Europe. The epidemic of 1603 caused 70,000 deaths in London, and drove the survivors to the open fields outside the city.

All this you have doubtless heard; and it seems remote and impersonal. You know that in those old days the streets of a city were filled with refuse, seeming to invite disease; and if you have given the matter

a thought you have assumed that there could be no possible repetition of such disastrous epidemics in our sanitary age. Be advised, then, that recent discoveries tend to disprove the supposition with which hitherto most people have contemplated the records of the Black Death. It is now known that the disease has no direct connection with filthy or unsanitary conditions; that its cause is a particular bacillus which flourishes in the system of the common house-rat, and which may be transmitted from rat to rat, or from this host to a human being, by that familiar pest, the flea. Therefore, say region where the rat is found may be subject to invasion by the plague, for the rat is almost never without its insect parasite. So the matter comes directly home to you and to me.

The false security in which we have rested has been due to the fact that there has been no severe epidemic of the plague in Europe for more than a hundred years. It is not quite clear why there should have been such a long interval of quiescence. But there is abundant evidence that there is now impending an epidemic which, if it is not checked, may readily rival the historic outbreaks that have made the name so dreaded. About fifteen years ago the disease began to spread from an infection-centre in China. In 1893 it appeared in Hong-kong, and in 1896 in Bombay. In the ten succeeding years it caused about six million deaths in India. Then it began to creep out in the western hemisphere; first at Santos, Brazil, in 1899; then at San Francisco.

In stringent terms the article, after describing the danger of the situation in detail, advocates war on all creeping things which are the carriers of disease.

## Fight Against Crooked Finance

Campaign in the United States to Secure Public Safety in Investments Through Co-operative Measures.

IN the United States there is a great group of banking houses whose business it is to buy and to sell investment securities; they are the middle men between the producer of bonds and stocks and the consumer, declares a writer in *World's Work*. Their function, therefore, is to supply the constant flood of capital necessary to carry

on all our commercial enterprises, and, in doing this, to see that the interests of the people who buy these securities are properly protected.

These houses that are engaged in this big business, which has an annual turnover of about \$2,000,000,000, have never been organized to co-operate for their own

protection. Practically every house has stood on its own feet so far as protection is concerned. There has been no free interchange of opinion. Every house has gone along trusting to its own ability to look out for itself, and trusting to its own judgment solely as to what was good and what was bad in finance. To a certain extent this lack of co-operation was due to trade jealousy and to the very keen spirit of competition that exists in the banking business; in part, however, it was because no great need for co-operation has been felt by the investment banking fraternity. This fraternity has ignored the "get-rich-quick" game and all other forms of fraudulent finance, on the ground that they did not matter in the least to the legitimate banker and that a study of them would be of no profit to their clients.

Now for the first time there has been organized an association of these investment bankers. Its purpose is to fight "get-rich-quick" finance. It undertakes to establish a bureau to investigate every prospective flotation of stocks and bonds. It pledges itself to aid all constructive financial legislation. The men who have

organized the company and who are its officers and governors are almost all men well known in the investment business and men of high standing and reputation. Probably few of them knew very much about the illegitimate phases of finance, but all of them are quite capable of learning whatever is necessary to learn. On the face of it, the organization should be a strong and ultimately a compelling force for the elimination of the "get-rich-quick" game, so far as it can be eliminated.

We know from our own experience that the only foundation upon which a campaign to educate the public in straight finance can be carried on hand in hand is that the people or association or magazine carrying it on must go into it with clean hands, free from self-interest of a direct sort and imbued with the sense of public service.

This investment bankers' association seems to have all these characteristics. It may well become the very heart of the war against crooked finance and a source from which the public may draw its information concerning all flotations of securities. It should become the Committee of Public Safety in Investments.

## British Parliamentary Orators

No Decline in Parliamentary Oratory, Says Mr. F. E. Smith, Who Sketches Some Front-Benchers.

IN the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., discusses British Parliamentary oratory of to-day. He dissects from the current talk about the decay of Parliamentary eloquence. He thinks there are a certain number of Members now who could have conformed with striking and even brilliant success to the Parliamentary standards of fifty years ago.

Nothing would persuade Mr. Smith that there has ever been a time in the history of the House of Commons in which Mr. Balfour would not have reached his present ascendancy.

Many people can speak better. I have never heard any one who can think aloud so brilliantly, so spontaneously, and so coherently. I have heard him rise to speak on vital occasions where it is certain that every word, reported exactly as he uttered it, would be read and re-read by hundreds of thousands, with no notes except such as

he had hurriedly scribbled on an envelope during the progress of the debate. Often his speech as delivered has produced a great impression, sometimes an extraordinary impression, but I have never heard Mr. Balfour speak without reading his speech with a wonder infinitely greater; for its structure, its logical evolution, and its penetrating subtlety of thought always supply elements which help him very little at the moment just because it is not possible instantly to appreciate, while listening to him, their amazing excellence.

Of the present Prime Minister Mr. F. E. Smith says:—

He can confine his remarks within reasonable compass simply because he possesses the gift of never saying a word too much; he always has at his command not merely the appropriate but the inevitable word, and it is therefore never necessary for him to use two words where one would express

his meaning. Whether he has prepared his speech or whether he is speaking extempore, the one word is always swiftly available. He produces, wherever and whenever he wants them, an endless succession of perfectly coined sentences conceived with unmatched felicity, and delivered without hesitation in a parliamentary style which is at once the envy and the despair of imitators. He never perhaps takes a point very subtle, very recalcitrant, very obviously out of the reach of the ordinary member of the House of Commons.

Mr. Smith's tribute to his present chief, Mr. Bonar Law, is certainly not lacking in generosity:—

Mr. Bonar Law employs methods of preparation which are, so far as I know, unique. In his most carefully prepared speeches he makes no notes, but formulates in his mind the sequence of his argument in the very words in which it is to be expressed, and then by a series of mental rehearsals makes himself by such master of the whole speech as if he read it from a manuscript on the table. It might have been supposed that such a method of preparation would have imposed an almost intolerable mental strain, but it appears to cause Mr. Bonar Law neither trouble nor anxiety. Mr. Bonar Law's style as a speaker is peculiar to himself. He is simple, perspicuous, and extremely cogent. Very few Latin words overload his sentences. Indeed, his style and diction resemble those of the late Mr. Bright. He possesses a pungency and a degree of combative brilliancy.

Of the Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Smith speaks with more reserve. Mr. Lloyd George, he says, is undoubtedly a speaker of extraordinary variety, flair, and plausibility. He has three wholly distinct styles of speech. The first is that of Lincolnshire, the second that of the House of Commons in an excited debate, the third that of the House of Commons when he is

concerned in forwarding business and conciliating critics:—

His cleverness and address in the third method are beyond all praise. He thanks his opponents for their assistance, he compliments them upon their public spirit, he accepts their co-operation with gratitude, and the whole proceeding is conducted with an ingratiating bombast which, at its best, is extraordinarily clever, if at its worst it recalls the excellent properties of highly-scented soap. His second style, that employed in the combative Party speech in a full-dress debate, does not impress me equally. He is, indeed, a very adroit controversialist on these occasions, but the methods employed are a little crude.

Of Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Smith says that he could not have made good so great a reputation as a speaker without extraordinary ability, or if his perseverance and tenacity had been less dogged, for he hardly belongs to the class of orators who are sometimes called natural:—

He bestows upon his important speeches a degree of almost meticulous preparation: he elaborates and sometimes over-elaborates. Latterly an excessive dependence upon his manuscript has a little impaired the parliamentary success of some of his most important speeches, but his hearers enjoy the compensating qualities of these defects. His speeches are marked by an arresting literary quality.

Mr. Smith concludes with a reference to Lord Hugh Cecil. Eight years ago, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil were intimates, confederates, and, in a sense, rivals. Lord Hugh is a far more spontaneous speaker than Mr. Churchill, and has other qualities which no one in the House of Commons but himself possesses. He unites to the most tenacious combative an idealism of view which even those who are most affronted by his controversial bitterness admit in their hearts.

## How Busy Men Work

Do Successful Men Follow Any Definite Rules in Business?  
Some of Them Answer the Query.

THE Strand Magazine recently contained a symposium of eminent and successful men as to their daily rules and routine as a key to commercial success.

Have rules and routine depended from

business life? There was a period when the time schedule ruled the young and old in shop and office; when the successful man of affairs rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, was at his office at nine, dictated

letters until ten, and so on, until five or six o'clock daily throughout the year. Now the rules and routine have apparently gone.

It is true that there are still some who hold fast to the gospel of details—and of these is Mr. Rockefeller, whose message for publication in the Strand Magazine is thus stated:—

"I confess that I attach great importance to routine. I believe that every young man who intends to succeed in business should do as I did—take a course at a commercial college. I do not believe in that is called the 'rule of thumb', the rudiments of business should be properly taught, and the ground prepared to build upon. If a youth has had no thorough grounding, a time may come when his weakness for detail will show itself.

"When people write to me asking for the secret of my success, I always tell them that I owe everything to a love for and mastery of, details. A man playing chess or billiards or golf must attend to details if he wants to win—why must he not do so in business? Everyone ought to be able to keep his own books and know exactly to a penny how the money comes in and how it goes out. I have known many bright, intelligent men who never really knew all the facts about their own affairs.

They did not actually know when they were making money on a certain operation and when they were losing. Such business men live in a fool's paradise; they hate to study their books and face the truth. They are often brilliant at a single great stroke, but they cannot keep up the game, simply because they are weak in detail, and they are weak in detail because they have never studied its principles."

"Among the first essentials to success, in my opinion," states the veteran Lord Strathcona, "is that of being interested in what you have to do. After that comes diligence, and then system. But unless a young man is interested in all, in his work, he cannot expect to succeed in it. I would therefore say, if your heart is not in it, you are heavily handicapped in the race. As a young man I did not require any special pleasures or diversions, even if I could have indulged myself in them, because the work I was engaged in afforded me plenty of scope for variety. To many it might have seemed a lonely and dreary life, practically cut off from the world, but I was always aiming to do my best, and kept on the qui vive waiting for the opportunity which I knew always comes to the young fellow who does his best. I never had any hard and fast routine then, and I have

never since. I was ready for any job that turned up, and that sort of variety of work was quite as good as cricket and football and theatre-going, or any of the other forms of 'recreation' in which the young men nowadays indulge. Even to-day, in my ninety-second year, I am ready for work at half-past eight every morning, and my correspondence, official engagements, personal interviews, generally keep me employed until late at night. By this kind of alternation of work, and also by never allowing myself to be hurried over anything, I obtain all the recreation I need. Hasty and hasty I have always endeavored to avoid."

"There is one motto," in the opinion of Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., "which I would like to impress upon every young man in business:—'There is no fan like work.' I always keep this motto before me. Of course, after a man has won the game he set out to win, after he has succeeded in life, he can do what he likes. But while he is working, work ought to be all his life. It ought to be work and play too. I have often worked eighteen hours a day, and enjoyed every minute. If a man is constantly looking at the clock, the spirit of success which is hovering over that man will soon take wing and fly away. There is no fun like work."

Mr. William Edward Bok, who has edited the Ladies' Home Journal since 1888, is a Hollander, having been born at Helder in 1863. He came to the United States when he was barely six years of age, so may be pardoned if he considers himself more American than Dutch. He has always taken considerable interest in the "young man," and has written much on how he may obtain success, his best-known work on the subject being "The Young Man in Business."

Mr. Bok says: "The only helps towards success that I have ever found worth while are, first, to have a purpose and then a willingness to pursue it. That is the main thing. Coincidence must be a realization of the absolute necessity of good health and an absorbing interest or hobby entirely different from one's pursuits."

Mr. Henry Clegg, the famous banker, takes an immense interest in the welfare of young men, and the subject of this symposium, therefore, appealed very strongly to him.

"The attributes in a man which are essential to success," says Mr. Clegg, "are honesty, fidelity, patience, judgment, and courage. The big men of to-day are now on the look-out for young fellows possessing these virtues, as the captains of industry

have their hands and heads more than full of details, and are seeking for lieutenants to whom they can delegate some of their work.

"It goes without saying that honesty and truthfulness are the main qualifications, but unless backed by judgment they will not qualify any man to become a leader. Patience is a virtue, and haste to better himself has often been the rock upon which men have been wrecked. Every man should know himself, and with this knowledge should know for what he is best fitted, and should make himself by study a master of details and conditions. When his good work has attracted the notice of his superiors, and he is entrusted with more important

duties, courage comes into play. Without the courage to fight and overcome difficulties man has not the measure of self-confidence to ensure success.

"I made up my mind, when I attained my majority, that what other men could do I could do, and I courted opposition. By hard work I forced the respect of all my competitors, and in my dealings with all my fellow-men I sought to prove my honesty and fidelity, and I won out. My advice to the young man to-day is to play hard and play fair while enjoying themselves, but work equally hard and play equally fair when working: Success may not come at once, but it will surely come if you are persistent and possess good judgment."

## Toll of Death from Grade Crossings

Twenty Per Cent. of All Railroad Accidents in United States Caused by Level Crossings—What is the Remedy?

TWENTY per cent. of all railroad accidents in the United States are caused by railroads crossing wagon roads at even grade and therefore are altogether needless and due to lack of public interest in the matter. So declares Edward L. Fox in an article in Pearson's Magazine. There are four kinds of these crossings—"protected" with signs which are not seen, bells which sometimes do not ring—watchmen who are incompetent and careless—gates which give false sense of security. It is claimed all are dangerous, that they can be easily eliminated, and that they exist only because it would cost more money to build safe crossings than to have accidents. In proof of this it is pointed out that Germany has dealt effectively with the menace and now has practically no deaths at crossings. No new grade crossings are being built and when a railroad receives a privilege one of the reciprocates is the elimination of a certain number of grade crossings.

But conditions in the States are different. Take New York, for instance. In that state there are 8,632 crossings at grade—one for each mile of track operated. Most other states are about as badly protected. A few states are denouncing grade crossings slowly. Most of the states are increasing grade crossings rapidly. Michigan has 2,357, Washington, 2,347, Massachusetts, 1,806, Connecticut, 961, New Hampshire, 912, Vermont, 852, Rhode Island, 530, and so on down the list. It

would be unjust not to say that some of these states—Massachusetts and New York, for instance—are denouncing the danger every year, but others, like Oregon, Oklahoma, and Rhode Island, by allowing more crossings, and New Hampshire, by standing still, keep the situation critical.

The result, of course, is a steady increase of accidents. The increase in the number of grade crossing accidents for one year in several states was—California 19 per cent., Pennsylvania, 28 per cent., Illinois, 33½ per cent., Kansas, 50 per cent., Wisconsin, 90 per cent., Rhode Island 150 per cent., New Hampshire, 200 per cent., Oregon, 300 per cent.

Such are the conditions. Of course some states and cities are setting but there is no general movement for reform at yet. Before one can see the inauguration of public opinion must be aroused and the Americans must go elsewhere to study modern methods. Canada can teach them something in this regard. Dealing with this aspect of the situation the writer concludes:—

The danger of the Grade Crossing and the immediate need for its removal are obvious. And with that in mind and eager for a possible remedy, I sought a man who has studied railroading here and abroad, an expert in the employ of one of the largest railroad systems in this country.

"What about it?" I asked, after making known the object of my call.

"Nothing, except that they'll go on kill-

ing people until the Federal Government will have to take action whether it wants to or not," he replied. "Then we'll have to go to other countries and copy the best of their methods. You see most of them have already dealt with the problem. Take Canada, next door, so to speak. There the government gives monetary aid and power to order the elimination of any or all crossings to a National Board of Railroad Commissioners. This board can make the railroad pay for the removal if it chooses, share the expense, or order the city or town to take a portion. There's no dilly-dallying with reds of red tape on state laws. The responsibility is fixed in one place, not in forty-eight."

"And in Great Britain," I naturally asked.

"There they have a powerful commission called the Board of Trade," he explained. "It can order the elimination of every crossing in the kingdom and, if it wants to, make the railroad foot the bill. Here again your responsibility is centralized. That's why they get results — and save lives."

"But what about the Continent?"

"Oh!" he laughed. "They could put us on their knees and talk Grade Crossing to us like children. Why, in Germany there are practically no deaths at crossings. One reason is that no new ones have been built in recent years and that the old ones are steadily disappearing. When the government grants any privilege to a railroad it

always demands as one of the reciprocates that a certain number of crossings be eliminated—and the railroad pays the bill, too! Also, remember that it's a misdemeanor in Germany to enter upon tracks without a railroad employee as a guard. All employees are given police powers to arrest and they'll hile you away for attempted suicide if you set foot on the tracks alone."

"And here?" I asked in conclusion.

"Here," he replied carefully, "they ought to have a powerful National Board equipped with a good sized appropriation from Congress. This board ought to be employed to order the elimination of a grade crossing, and if the town cannot afford to pay for the work, let the railroad do it. Chicago made 'em pay. Moreover, it would be good business for the railroad. It is unquestioned that railroad officials find the annual outlay by reason of existing grade crossings enormous. The cost of maintaining those that are so-called 'protected,' and the legal expenses and heavy damages by reason of accidents, make big inroads into gross receipts. The retarding of full operation of trains also runs into large sums for time lost on the pay rolls, as well as most annoying delays for passengers, particularly on interurban traffic and property in through transit. But most of all the needless sacrifice of life is going on and the government ought to act."

I agreed with him. Do you?

## Balfour as a Man of Letters

Interesting Side Light on the Character of British Statesman "From Point of View of Literature, Not of Politics or Philosophy."

IF we remember rightly, it was Mr. Frederic Harrison who began a book review with the remark: "Premises not uncommonly write and stuff, and we should be thankful if the stuff be amusing." Assuming, for courtesy's sake, the correctness of the dictum of so high a literary authority as the critic cited, the inevitable exception which proves the rule is forthcoming in the person of the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, British Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905. If what Mr. Balfour has written is not "amusing," it certainly

cannot be correctly characterized as "and stuff."

Dr. James Moffatt, in the Bookman, writes of Mr. Balfour "from the point of view of literature, not of politics or philosophy." He finds it difficult to ascertain the ex-Minister's literary interests and quality from what he has published, owing to the fact that "his main interests lie, intellectually, in philosophy, from Bacon to Bergson." But, although literature occupies an incidental place in the interests of Mr. Balfour, he has now and then defined

his position toward it as a branch of culture. He holds, for example, that it is "a supreme function of literature to cheer us up," as the following passage, cited by Dr. Moffatt, shows:

I do not deny at all, of course, that things sad, sorrowful, tragic, even dead, may be and are susceptible of artistic treatment, . . . but for my own part I prefer more cheerful subjects. . . . What I ask from literature mainly is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in literature something which represents life, which is in the highest sense of truth, to what is or is imagined to be true, but which does not cheer us.

On this Dr. Moffatt pertinently remarks:

This is a preference to which (Mr. Balfour) has many stout allies. Sir Henry Taylor and Walt Whitman were poles apart in poetry, but they agreed that this was the chief end of verse. Schopenhauer was not a politician who needed refreshment for the intellect after a Commons debate, but he declared acutely, that high culture leads us to seek entertainment almost entirely from books and not from human beings. Even Matthew Arnold held the same view—"The life of the people is such that in literature they require joy."

The pleasure-giving qualities of literature have always appealed to Mr. Balfour with curious force. In his address to the students of St. Andrews University he declared:

I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the spiritual or temporal profits of literature which most require to be grasped in the ear of the ordinary reader. . . . Why should not reading be *deceitful* sometimes? Is there any law against indulgence in a literary snout?

Dr. Moffatt is inclined to think that Mr.

Balfour's favorite period in English literature is the eighteenth century. His excursions for pleasure in the field of books "bring him into the curiously large company of those who haunt the age of Johnson, Swift, Walpole, and Addison. His interest in Berkeley is well known." The authors of the middle third of the nineteenth century have not much charm for him. He says: "I turn with pleasure from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley." His style, says Dr. Moffatt, "shows distinct affinities with the prose of the great essayists in the eighteenth century." Huxley (who knew good English when he saw it) characterized it as "flowing like a smooth stream, sparkling with wit, and rippling with sarcasms enough to take away any reproach of monotony." These qualities are not perhaps so prominent in his books on philosophy ("A Dilemma of Philosophical Doubt") and "The Foundations of Belief" as in his numerous pamphlets on subjects "ranging from music to matter, from politics to religion." Dr. Moffatt's judgment is that, "upon the whole, Mr. Balfour cannot be called a man of letters in the strict sense of the term. . . . He has rarely given himself to literary subjects, and when he has handled them it has been with a general or philosophical air." It was, however, "in the true vein of a man of letters that he has presented, at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, against the tendency to find sociological causes for literature."

Mr. Balfour's writings have been produced in the intervals of a busy life. Born in 1843, he has been a member of the British House of Commons ever since he was 26 years old. He has held most of the important offices of state, finally succeeding in his premiership. His uncle, the late Marquis of Salisbury.

## The Latest Ideas on Radium

Most Wonderful Thing About It Is Why It Has Forced Upon Scientists  
a New Concept of the Laws of Matter.

The most wonderful thing about the marvelous metal radium, discovered by the gifted Polish scientist, Mme. Curie, and her late husband, Pierre Curie, is the way in which it has forced upon scientists a new concept of the laws of matter and funda-

mental modifications of theory concerning the mechanics of the universe.

Many eager brains besides that of the great woman to whom we owe its discovery are now busied with the problems presented by radium, and laboring to push back still

further the barriers that limit the known from the unknown, and much still remains doubtless in the womb of the future; but it is instructive to consider the present status of our knowledge of the matter.

We welcome, therefore, the lucid résumé of the subject presented by the well-known writer on scientific topics, the *Duc de Broglie*, in a late number of the *Révue hebdomadaire* (Paris).

To the physicist of even thirty years ago some of the ideas now advanced would have been unthinkable, as is clearly evident from the striking words of the following summary:

The progress of physics and the discovery of radio-activity have permitted us to penetrate into the new world of the phenomena which concern the interior of atoms. Chemistry studied the reactions of atoms upon one another; to-day we are in the presence of a new science which enables us to enter far more profoundly into the structure of matter and the spectacle offered us is marvelous: projectiles launched with undreamed speed approaching that of light; particles (grains) of electricity circulating within atoms; a modification of the vibrations of these particles under the influence of magnetism; spontaneous and progressive transformations accomplished according to strange laws; quantities of energy enormous when referred to the quantity of matter involved; the natural and spontaneous emission by certain substances of rays which seem related to the passage of electricity in discharges taking place in rarefied gases; movements regulated by a new mechanics.

The limitations of our space oblige us to omit the introductory passages of the article dealing with the generally accepted views of the constitution and laws of matter previous to the discovery of radium; it is the results of this discovery that are of special interest. We read:

Radio-active bodies are substances which produce in spontaneous manner, and apparently without immediate cause and without consumption of matter, the greater part of the effects which have been observed in electric discharges through rarefied gases. They emit a very penetrating sort of radiation which traverses great thicknesses of the densest substances, and which renders the air a conductor of electricity by forming ions, thus showing itself analogous in nearly every respect to the Roentgen rays; they give rise in the space which surrounds them to a bombardment of electrified particles, which are not projected, this time, in

the interior of a highly rarefied medium, but sent through atmosphere air at enormous rates of speed. It is not to be wondered at that the molecules of the air sustain, under the intense shocks thus received, dislocations similar to those produced by Roentgen rays and become parted into electrified fragments.

The preparations of radium are usually only a mixture of an inert body with a very minute quantity of a chemical compound of radium. Radium itself, in a free state, is a metal whose chemical properties place it in the group to which cesium belongs. It is not especially interesting to deal with the metal itself, since its properties follow it without alteration into its various chemical combinations; it has been isolated in the metallic state by Mme. Curie and M. Debierne; it is merely more active, weight for weight than its compounds, the activity of these being proportional to their content of radium.

The space which surrounds the active substance is traversed by three radiations, which have been called (A), Alpha rays (B), Beta rays, and Gamma rays, (Γ).

The Alpha radiation, regarded as a compound of material atoms, carries a charge of positive electricity; these atoms are projected through the air with a speed which may attain thirty thousand kilometers per second, a speed as great as that of light; they break the molecules of air which they encounter, separating them into electrified fragments, and stopping, exhausted, when they have lost their speed because of these repeated shocks; the distance through which they can then penetrate the air at atmospheric pressure varies from 2 to 8 centimeters, and involves an encounter with more than a hundred thousand molecules of air.

When these projectiles encounter a screen covered with zinc sulphide they give rise to a flash of light. Looking at the screen with a magnifying glass we perceive a sky-stown with stars which shine and are extinguished, turn by turn; . . . we can thus count the Alpha atoms and we have here an experimental proof of the discontinuity of their activity. What is the nature of these projectiles? We shall see that they are probably atoms of the rare gas helium.

The Beta rays are of different character: composed also of isolated projectiles, they are distinguished by the extreme smallness of their particles; they are no longer atoms, but minute fragments of atoms—perhaps pure electricity—the stones of which atomic

edifices are built. Their electric charge, negative this time, and their small mass render them sensitive to the action of a magnet, which easily forces them to deviate, despite their enormous speed, approximating that of light. From such tiny electrified bodies—often called electrons—submitted to familiar electric and magnetic forces, we pass to the simple case of movements of which astronomy has given a just example; but here we must note a new phenomenon, whose significance may have an immense bearing upon all mechanics.

Mechanics has misinterpreted the idea of mass: this is the coefficient of inertia power to each substance, which measures the facility with which a given force can put in motion a given volume of the substance. The basis of classic mechanics is that the mass of a body is invariable, not depending on either motion or speed. This is a fact verified by all the calculations of astronomy and by over two centuries of experiment, but these experiments and calculations were based on rates of speed very low compared to that of light.

The corpuscles projected by radium permit us to experiment with speeds unknown until the present, and it seems probable that here the mass varies with the speed, and even augments very rapidly when the speed approaches that of light. Here is an entire new system of mechanics to be constructed for the calculation of motions of such rapidity. These conclusions . . . do not imply the falsity of ordinary mechanics, but simply limit its validity to ordinary rates of speed, excluding enormous rates.

The Gamma rays are not composed of projectiles, but are analogous to the Roentgen rays; they are very penetrating, capable of traversing, for example, a metre's thickness of lead and of producing, like the Beta rays, photographic and electric effects which enable us to follow their course. The magnet does not affect them.

In the latter part of the article the author discusses the now generally accepted theory that radio-active substances are in a continual state of transformation. This may be very slow—thus it requires some 2,000 years to diminish radium by one-half—but it is sufficient to account for the steady liberation of heat by such substances. Since

these are present in the crust of the earth in the most wide-spread range, and may also be present in unknown quantities in its interior, it is evident that this heat is a factor of tremendous importance in terrestrial temperatures; so great, indeed, as to necessitate a profound modification of various geologic assumptions—such as the rate of cooling of the earth, the time of the appearance of life, etc.—heretofore regarded as settled questions.

A few years ago the English physicist, Rutherford, suggested a brilliant hypothesis to explain the transformation referred to above—a hypothesis strikingly supported by subsequent discoveries. According to this the atom of radium is unstable. "At each second a certain fraction of the total number of atoms undergoes a sort of internal explosion which throws off the Alpha and Beta projectiles, produces the Gamma radiation, and disintegrates heat. There remains the largest fragment, the atom of radon, diminished by the Alpha and Beta fragments which it has expelled; this remainder is in reality a chemical substance different from radium, and one which may itself be radio-active. In this case it is transformed, in its turn, according to the same mechanism, and this process continues until we arrive at a final product which is a stable atom, and therefore non-radio-active, and undistinguishable from ordinary matter.

This accounts for the series of "descendants" which are evolved from radium. Seven such descendants have already been observed in the case of radium, and the series may possibly end in lead. Besides the radium group there are known at present three other groups or families of radio-active substances which undergo similar progressive transformations. Such transformations are shown by uranium, thorium, and actinium, and it is even supposed that radium is itself a descendant of uranium. This startling fact has shaken the foundations of chemistry by suggesting that the so-called "elements" are not unalterable after all! The question has even been raised whether the old alchemists were right in their belief in transmutation. But we have no space for the speculations on this theme now ripe in the scientific world.

## Is State Ownership a Fallacy?

President Taft, in an Authorized Interview, Declares Government Ownership Would Not Help the Wage-Earner.

President Taft's views on "Socialism and Its Menace" and "Why Government Ownership Would Not Help the Wage-Earner," are reported in the October "Century" by Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. A part of the article follows:

"The effort to procure through broader Federal employment even an approximate equalization of wages would inevitably result in overpaying the inefficient and the moderately efficient, and underpaying the highly efficient, and that means, as the President said in his letter of acceptance, 'the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another.' If, as the President believes experience has proved, economical operation of industries by the Government is an impossibility, the Government, in attempting to conduct certain industries, would be compelled to insure itself an absolute monopoly because it could not compete with private enterprise. This, in turn, would mean either operation at a serious loss to the Government or a material enhancement of the prices of the products. Either the consumer would be compelled to defray the increased cost of production, increasing his cost of living, or the deficit would have to be made good from the public revenues, and they, in turn, replenished by increased taxation.

"In either case, it would mean 'the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another.' Wires we select that over \$32,000,000,000 is invested in manufacturing, over \$16,000,000,000 in railroads, \$600,000,000 in telegraph and telephone lines, in this country, it is easy to appreciate how great would be the financial disaster should the Government undertake to conduct only these four lines of industry and do so at a loss. Suppose, for instance, that the Government 'took over' these four industries, and the first year 'paid a live per cent. loss,' to employ the commercial expression. That would amount to a loss of virtually \$1,500,000,000, or nearly \$500,000,000 more than the entire national debt. When Uncle Sam is conducting his present business wisely and as economically as possible he manages to take in about \$50,000,000 more than he pays out.

"Of course he sometimes falls far short of this and has a deficit at the end of the year, as he did in the fiscal years 1908 and 1909, but even if we assume, for the sake of argument, that he can collect every year \$50,000,000 more than his expenses, it would take him thirty years to pay off the loss incurred in one year by his little experiment in State Socialism. And Uncle Sam has never conducted his business in such a way as to warrant an experiment which might easily prove so disastrous."

## The New Service in Business

The Modern Business Idea is That There Is No "Best End to a Sale"—An Exchange Must Benefit Both Parties.

"Business is business" the world over. All of which may be quite true but nevertheless business is changing. New methods are being employed, new ideas are being pressed into service. One of these "the service of the sale" is described by Mac Martin in Judicious Advertising:

Men are by nature trusting; by nature loyal and men want to believe men.

A certain percentage of men would believe what was told them, no matter what,

if only told often enough and strongly enough.

We look twice before we believe.

It is natural for us to believe what a certain man tells us until we learn that that certain man or other men who appear like him have not always told that which can be relied upon.

Wise men are told that we now have to "win men's confidence" if it were not that at some time between childhood and the

present day our confidence has been shaken we would believe everything our natural senses tell us.

The results of all advertising are built upon one thing, and only one, the belief of our brothers that we are telling the truth.

We have our trademarks. They are worth nothing in themselves—merely dull symbols. And yet trademarks have been listed as assets and sold for prices running into the millions.

These millions of dollars represent millions of minds—minds which have been convinced of the quality of the article for which the trademark stands—millions of minds filled with the belief that what is said about this article is true.

Destroy that belief, betray that confidence, and your mark becomes worthless; often even worse than worthless.

We are living in a world of confidence. Our entire commercial fabric is built upon it. Confidence is the thing which the buyer gives to the seller before a sale can be made.

The buyer gives the seller two things—his money and his confidence.

In exchange for these two things the seller gives the article purchased and his word. Because the buyer gives more than his money the seller must give more than the article. He must give the buyer the satisfaction which the buyer believes goes with that article. It has taken the business world a long time to realize these simple facts.

We have changed in the last century from the doctrine expressed by "the covetous capitalist," let the buyer beware, to the new theory of "the loyalty of the sale."

We are told that all through the ages from the dawn of civilization up to within

a little half century ago business was carried on on the theory of the horse trader—that there is always "one best end to every trade."

In those days the answer of otherwise moral men was the now somewhat obsolete expression, "Business is business," "If I hadn't cheated him, he'd have cheated me."

We no longer hear that expression among honest business men, because they recognize the fact that there is no "best end to a sale."

To-day we have adopted the proposition that an exchange is a profitable exchange which does not benefit both parties. While the first object of every exchange is to make a profit, the seller has learned that there would be another object and that this one is even more important than the first.

The second object of every sale is to create a satisfied customer. To-day the buyer's satisfaction is the first consideration. It is the policy of the seller to take the entire responsibility.

We are asking ourselves the question in the advertising world today, "How far is one justified in going in exploiting the virtues of his product?" No one ever answered that question for Plato. There was only one man in the world who could answer that question for him. That man was Pontius Pilate.

Each man must answer his own questions of truth for himself. Our neighbors cannot answer them for us. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. Each man must answer his own question. And no one but ourselves will know whether we have answered rightly or wrongly.

No one knows whether we are honest but ourselves. We are judged by other people's opinions of our honesty only.

## Only One "If" to Block Home Rule

It Depends Absolutely on the Ability of the Liberals to Remain in Power for Another Twenty-Four Months.

Two things from the first could be postulated with some confidence as to the fate of the Irish Home Rule Bill which the British Prime Minister introduced into the House of Commons on April 11. One was that it would pass the Lower House; the other was that it would be thrown out by the Lords. Beyond that, writes Sidney Brooks in the October "Century," its fortunes rested and still rest with the un-

predictable play of politics. In the old days the rejection by the House of Lords of a first-class Government measure would have precipitated a general election. But under the terms of the Constitutional re-adjustment effected last year an adverse vote in the Upper Chamber is no longer fatal to the prospects of a bill and no longer necessitates an appeal to the country.

It was provided in the Parliament Act of 1911 that any measure which, within not less than two years of its introduction, is adopted by the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions, and in each of those sessions is defeated in the House of Lords, shall automatically become law. The veto of the Upper House, in other words, is now a suspensory veto, limited for all operative purposes to the two years. That it will be exercised in this case to the full limit of the premeditated period, that the Lords will do everything in their power to prevent Mr. Asquith's measure from reaching the statute book, nobody either in Ireland or in Great Britain affects to doubt.

That none the less and in spite of them it will receive the royal assent is equally

certain, 'if' the present Government is in office two years hence. That 'if' is in reality the crux of the situation. For the whole future of the new Home Rule bill depends absolutely on the ability of the Liberals to remain in power for another twenty-four months. As to that, one man's guess is as good as and so better than another's; and for myself I propose to refrain from any forecasts. The sole purpose of this brief exordium is merely to remind Americans that the Home Rule bill is neither assured of an ultimate triumph because it has been ratified by the House of Commons nor predestined to inevitable defeat because it has been refused endorsement by the House of Lords.

## The Next Great War

Struggle Will be Precipitated From Economic Causes as a Result of Conditions Brought About by Surplus Population.

AN article on the Economic Causes of the Next War appears in *Le Réveil*.

Sociologists view with some alarm the enormous increase of population in different countries, says M. L. Raymond, the writer. The most prolific countries, Germany among the number, are fast becoming a common danger for the peace of the world. In the last century Germany's population has tripled, yet her emigration has always been considerable. In a century she provided the United States with over six million immigrants, and, in addition, a goodly number of Germans have settled in other distant lands. At the same time her economic prosperity has been extraordinary—another source of danger for the peace of the world. Not only is Germany obliged to allow large numbers of her population to emigrate, but under pain of ruin she is compelled at all costs to find markets for her surplus production. Having delayed too long the acquisition of colonies, she made the further mistake of exchanging Heligoland for Zanzibar, the former being an important strategic point and the latter of little value as a market.

France, on the other hand, has considerably extended and developed her colonies, yet in the last ten years of the previous century there was a marked set-back. In those years her commerce was stationary,

while that of Germany, Holland, and the United States made remarkable progress. But the population of France is almost at a standstill, while that of England and Germany continues to increase. As regards excess of population, therefore, France cannot be a menace to the world's peace. In the last decade, however, the economic condition of France has improved; but while her wealth is assuredly a reality, it must be remembered that in other nations, too, wealth has sensibly increased. In fact, the rivals of France have progressed at a more rapid rate, so that France is no longer the only great reservoir of monetary wealth.

Even in the United States the plethora of people is being felt. Hitherto the steps of the Far West seemed to offer indefinitely work to the possessors of civilization, but there are now indications that the space available for the ever-increasing tide of humanity is giving out. Only this year 100,000 farmers of the West emigrated to Canada, where there is still room and to spare. Comparing the density of population per square mile of various countries, we see that in Canada there are only two inhabitants to the square mile; in South America there are 7; in the United States, 30; in the Philippine Islands, 60; in Germany, 303, and in Japan, 315. It is due to the increase in the population that the



United States has been compelled to increase its military and naval expenditure, and become a Great Power, with all the burden and risks this entails. In ten years the American expenditure on armaments has more than trebled itself.

England having found markets across the seas for her manufactures, it is always Germany, who, with her surplus population and over-production, her ambitions, and a susceptible foreign policy, remains the great factor of international malaise. The only country systematically opposed to any initiative for the limitation of armaments, Germany's attitude discourages the best endeavors of the pacifists. She is always preclaiming in every possible way that force is and will be the only safeguard of her rights and the guarantee of the peace of the world.

On land and on sea the race for death goes on, but all this war expenditure is only an armed peace. Germany has made the

greatest effort in this sense. Everywhere the numerical growth of people is making inevitably for war. Even Japan feels herself congested, notwithstanding her outlets in Korea and Manchuria.

It is the surplus population which is always to be feared. Yet war is not altogether inevitable. Already some nations are animated by a sincere spirit of peace. The progress of aviation is another element of peace. A moment's consideration of the dangers which it may offer to future belligerents will make people recoil from their realization. Still, while preclaiming peace, the writer warns us that war is standing at our doors, and is, perhaps, only waiting for an opportune moment to break out. Finally, we are asked to remember that at the present time all that pacifism can ask for is a simultaneous limitation of armaments—to which the writer should surely have added a limitation of population.

## Discoveries in Dream Psychology

Do Dreams Mean Something After All? Some Remarkable Theories Regarding the Sub-Conscious Mind.

UNDER the title "Dreams and Forgetting," Edwin Terry Brewster, writing in *McClure's Magazine*, gives an account of some new discoveries in Dream Psychology. The student of human nature, he holds, who has been following the developments of the last few years will recall at once the strange case of the three Misses Beauchamp, who, though they had only one body among them, lived in it, by turns, their independent lives. Each had her own circle of friends, her special interests, her independent memories; each differed markedly from the others in character; and each, like proper sisters, quarreled desperately with the other two. Thanks to Dr. Morton Prince, the most widely known to the general public of all multiple personalities are Beeky, Sally and Christine Beauchamp. In "dreams," as "double personality play," new on the horizon, not only embodies the familiar incidents, but, in addition, carries the name of one of the sisters in its title.

Familiar, however, as the more bizarre incidents of this strange case have become, it has commonly escaped attention that Beeky and Christine Beauchamp, though they knew nothing directly of each other's

existence, and used to communicate with each other by leaving written notes on the bureau, had, nevertheless, their dreams in common. These came up from a region of the soul below the level of the split in the waking mind. They belonged, therefore, not to either, but to both. So, too, another well-known case, studied by Dr. Boris Sidis. The Reverend Thomas C. Hanna, starting out for an afternoon drive, was flung from his carriage, struck his head on the curb, and at once so absolutely forgot his entire previous life that neither persons nor food nor the commonest household objects had the slightest meaning for him, and he reached out his hands for the moon like a little child. But when he awoke he became a man again; his old life came back, and he "dreamed," as Sidis says. Here again, the dreams came up from a deeper level of the mind than had been revealed by the accident. The dreamer was wiser than the waking man.

One need not multiply examples. Steadily, of late years, expert opinion has been swinging away from the opinion that visions of the night are meaningless phantasms, worthy of attention only from the

uncultivated and superstitious. In fact, scientific interest in dreams begins to recall the good old days when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, after "seeing" things at night, "called together" the magicians, and the astrologers, and the soothsayers, and the Chaldeans of his realm, to make known the interpretation thereof, and by way of stimulating their psychological insight, promised to cut off all their heads if they missed.

The our man who has carried furthest this topographical survey of Dreamland is Sigmund Freud, Extraordinary Professor of Nervous Pathology at the University of Vienna, and probably to-day the most discussed man in his field in the entire scientific world.

The problem, then, is this. Ever since F. W. H. Myers introduced into orthodox science the idea of the "subliminal" consciousness, it has become lacrimously clear that there is vastly more to our minds than we have ever suspected. The conscious soul keeps house in a tidy little apartment. With so much, in the course of a lifetime, one gets to be pretty familiar. But underneath the parlors and drawing-rooms of the mind lie cellars and galleries and caverns, full of strange things—dreams and forgotten memories, mediumships and telepathies and doublets of personality, unsmooth and primitive impulses, inspiration of genius—society yet knows the extent of this subliminal region or what there may be in it.

The earliest access to this strange back side of the mind was by way of hypnosis. But hypnosis, as Freud himself, among others, has pointed out, clears away the rubbish from one small region just outside full consciousness, only to pile it up in a more impenetrable barrier just beyond. Later came into fashion the "hypnotic state" of Boris Sidis, in which the mind, hanging balanced between waking, sleep, and hypnosis, catches brief but significant glimpses of all three regions once. Later still came the "association method" of Jung, with which Munsterberg tested the truth of Orchard's confession: a method which, in theory at least, is capable of extracting any piece of information from any man's mind, against either his will or his conscious knowledge. Allied to this last is Freud's device for getting at the deeper parts of the mind by means of the dreams which emerge from them.

But to come to particulars. Ernst Jones, M.D., of the University of Toronto, a disciple of Freud's, encountered the following.

A woman of thirty-seven, with a husband but no children, dreams that she is sitting in a grand-stand, as if waiting to watch some spectacle. A military band approaches, playing a gay martial air. Behind it comes a funeral train, with the casket resting on a draped gun-carriage. The dead man appears to be a certain Mr. X, a somewhat unimportant person, still alive, when the dreamer knows in real life only slightly. Behind the dead man follow his brother and his three sisters, all dressed in gay clothing and exhibiting anything but the grief proper to the occasion. The brother, in addition, dances about "like a savage," waving his arms and exhibiting extravagant joy, while a yucca tree with a number of young blossoms on it grows out of his back.

The dream is utterly absurd, just such an absurdity as occurs to any of us any night in the week. But no dream, the Freudians hold, is ever devoid of meaning, if only one can get hold of it at the right end. Most dreamers, they maintain, reveal the deepest secrets of the heart.

The woman, therefore, in cross-examination concerning the various single elements of her fantasy. The yucca tree, for example—what does she know about yucca trees? That proves to be simple enough. She has traveled in the West and seen the marriage ceremonies of the Indians, in which the young man plays a part very different from that of the orange blossom with us. The natives carry yucca trees in procession, dancing like Mr. X's brother in the dream, while the blossoms of the trees symbolize offspring. Apparently, then, the dream has something to do with marriage and children.

Next it transpires that the dreamer herself bitterly regrets having had no children of her own. For this she blames her husband, whose life has been by no means exemplary, and whose addiction to alcohol has ruined both his health and his career, and completely alienated his wife's affection.

Mr. X, too, though but an indifferent acquaintance, turns out to have certain curious resemblances to the dreamer's delinquent husband. Like him, he has a brother and three sisters. Like him, also, he started life with high promise, and fell by the wayside for lack of moral stamina. In short, the two men are so far alike that the thought of either would naturally suggest the other, to one who knew both.

But Mr. X is a civilian, who would not be having a military funeral; the husband

is an officer of volunteers, who might. Moreover, though Mr. X really has a wife, she sleeps conspicuously out of the dream.

The dream funeral, then, is really that of the dreamer's unlamented husband in the guise of Mr. X, who resembles him; while the gay music and the gay clothes symbolize the emotions of the would-be widow. As for the ebullient brother of Mr. X, he is, in real life, a former lover of the dreamer, whom she threw over in a fit of pique, that both have regretted ever since.

So at last the latent meaning of the dream comes out. If her husband should die, nobody would be sorry—least of all herself and Mr. X's brother. The ridiculous dream sums up a whole life tragedy—a tragedy, moreover, some aspects of which the dreamer would never willingly reveal to any human soul.

But why demands the bewildered skeptic, at this point, if an unhappy wife wants to dream that her not of a husband is dead, that she is married again and is bringing up the children of a decent man, why doesn't she go ahead and dream it like a sensible woman, instead of trying to conceal a natural desire under a ridiculous symbolism? Because, replies the Freudian, her conscience will not let her. She will not admit, even to herself, that she wants to marry the other man; still less that she wishes that her husband were dead, so that she might. When the idea enters her mind, she puts it down forthwith—down into the unexplored region of the subconscious, and prays that it may never come up again.

Even in her sleep, her conscience remains so far awake as to keep any such wicked idea out of her mind. But the "censor," to use the Freudian terminology, is easily deceived—most of us have observed that fact concerning our own consciences, even when wide awake. So the dream with disguises itself as gay clothes under the form of Mr. X, makes a jura blossoms of his children, and marches past the inspector undetected.

A dream, therefore, according to Freud is a protective device for putting ourselves to sleep. An ardent desire rambles deep

down in our mind and keeps us awake. Our conscience refuses to let us act it out, or talk it off our minds, or even to think it off. So we get the idea past the censor as a symbolic dream, and slumber in peace.

Every dream, then, in the Freudian formula, is the more or less disguised fulfillment of a suppressed wish. A middle-aged citizen, a singularly inoffensive person, dreams of being attacked by a swarthy man with a dark mustache who is armed with a number of sharp weapons. They struggle violently, until the dreamer somehow succeeds in wounding his assailant's left hand. Thereupon the latter changes into a fierce dog, which the dreamer finally succeeds in vanquishing by tearing his jaws apart so as to split his head in two.

The subject, on waking, attempts to analyze his dream in this wise. The dream seemed to recall the appearance of a man whom the dreamer met casually the day before, by name Dr. Charles Stuart. Charles Stuart suggests King Charles I. Thereupon the subject of the dream recalls that Stuart Rankings (notice the pun); they are common in dreams) was the medical practitioner of his family, who died when the subject was nine years old. At once there flashes into his mind a painful experience of his boyhood, long since forgotten, which occurred when he was five. This same Dr. Rankings had roughly extracted two teeth from the terror-stricken lad, whose mouth he had forcibly held open, and the boy in his struggles had bitten the doctor severely in the left hand.

Here, then, are all the elements of the dream except the dog. That, however, proved to be simple. Dr. Rankings was a dog-fancier, and had given his little patient a bone to which he became greatly attached. Moreover, the lad had been much impressed by hearing his father speak of the physician as a "gay dog." For thirty years, then, the memory of the childish fright and the wish to be revenged had lain dormant somewhere at the back of the man's mind. It started up because he had met, the day before the dream, a dental surgeon named Charles Stuart.

## Football's Debt to Woodrow Wilson

Interesting Story of How Presidential Candidate Worked for

Rugby Game at Princeton in 1876.

It is intensely interesting in this year of 1912, eventful as it is in the life of Woodrow Wilson, to turn backward in the old records of Princeton to the days of this board and frequently find the name of that young secretary "W. W. Wilson, '76," for his name originally was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Fame and choice is after years given the Thomas, but to his college mates of thirty-five years ago he is still familiarly and affectionately known as "Tommy." Thus Woodrow Wilson was given an opportunity to become one of the constructors of the present intercollegiate game at the most crucial period in its history—and well indeed did he take advantage of that opportunity!

For a new style of football was upon the horizon, wrote Parker H. Davis in St. Nicholas. In the spring of 1874, McGill University had sent a team down from Montreal and shown a glint of real Rugby to Harvard. It was only a few weeks afterward that the "Harvard Advocate," voicing the college sentiment, editorially stated: "Rugby football is in much better favor than the sleepy game heretofore played by our men." Accordingly Harvard soon abolished its "sleepy game," and in its place adopted full Rugby football. The following autumn, 1875, Harvard sent its first football challenge to Yale, inviting the Blue to meet the Crimson, or, rather, the Magenta, which was Harvard's color in 1875. Yale accepted this challenge, but demanded some concessions in the Rugby rules. A special code, therefore, was drafted, which, from these concessions, was known at the time as the "Concessionary Rules." Under these rules the first Harvard-Yale game was played at New Haven, November 13, 1875, Harvard winning by four goals to none.

Among the spectators at this game were two of Princeton's players, Johnam Potter and W. Earle Dodge, the latter being a classmate of Woodrow Wilson. So deeply impressed were these two men with the Rugby style of play that upon their return to Princeton they vigorously advocated the abandonment by Princeton of the Association game and the adoption of the Rugby rules. Reform in sport, however, is not less

slow and difficult than it is in the serious affairs of life.

The proposition of these two pioneers precipitated a warm controversy at Princeton which raged incessantly for a year. In this battle of debate between the advocates of the old game and the new, no one argued more aggressively and effectively than the freshman Woodrow Wilson, and, strange to say, notwithstanding his breeding in Association football, he argued in favor of the Rugby game. Finally this controversy terminated November 2, 1876, in a great mass meeting at Princeton, in which the Association game was overthrown and the Rugby game adopted. But this mass meeting did more. It issued a call to Columbia, Harvard and Yale to meet Princeton in a convention and form an Intercollegiate League, with the Rugby rules as a common playing basis. This call was accepted, and thus, in the old Mansfield House at Springfield, Saturday, November 26, 1876, in a session lasting six hours, this league was formed and the present intercollegiate game of football adopted.

Woodrow Wilson's football activities at Princeton in these early years of the game were not confined, however, to the council table. He was almost a daily figure at field practice. Coaching, of course, thirty-five years ago was not the highly developed art that it is today. The period antedated by fifteen years the professional coach.

In this service Woodrow Wilson frequently took part, correcting, advising, exhorting, admonishing and penning, and especially suggesting valuable improvements in individual and team technique. And Princeton played fine football in those years. Harvard was beaten in the fall of 1877, and again in 1878. Yale won from Princeton in 1876, was tied in 1877, and beaten in 1878. Since Harvard, Princeton and Yale at that time were members in the American Intercollegiate Football Association, Woodrow Wilson may look back through his many successes in the serious work of life to his senior year at Princeton, when, as an assistant football coach, he materially aided in producing a championship football team.



#### SENSE OF TOUCH.

"I think, sir, that you are sitting on my hat!"  
"Is yours a soft or a hard hat?"  
"It is a soft hat, sir."  
"Then I am not sitting on it."

#### THE RUDE QUESTION.

Kiss: "What a pity you've got those marks on your nose, George. How did they get there?"  
Her "Glasses."

Kiss: "Glasses of what?"

#### BAPTIZED.

"Come up and find de army of de Lord, sister!"  
"Ah! deen jine!"  
"Where you jine?"  
"I jine de Baptist ch'ch!"  
"Landis, sister, dat ain't de army! Den's de army!"

#### LONG NEEDED.

"So Jones has a great invention?"  
"Yes, an umbrella-handle that retains the finger-print."

#### OBESSED FOR THE PART.

"Marie," asked the star of her maid, gazing perpetually at her reflection in the mirror.  
"What was I about to do—step into the bathtub or go on the stage?"  
Marie shrugged her shoulders. "How can I tell? Mademoiselle is dressed for either."

#### DIFFICULT TO TELL.

David Delano avers that it is impossible to say why a new play fails or succeeds. It may be the audience or the play. "It's like *Bridge's* case," he says.

"Delight was the rock. One day her mistress asked, 'Bridget, when are you going to be married?'"

"Where, I don't believe I will ever be married."

"How is that, I thought you and Mike were engaged?"

"We are engaged—in a way," was the reply, "but I won't marry Mike while he is drunk, as he won't marry me while he is sober, and there we are."

#### A STOP ORDER.

Little Mildred (as she finishes her evening prayer): And, O Lord, don't bother about taking care of papa any more. He's got his life insured now.

#### BUT SHE TRIES!

I cannot sing the old songs,  
Those of a bygone day;  
And neither can the lady  
Who lives across the way!

#### EXPLAINED.

Two country postals were on a visit to London. They went into the British Museum and saw a mummy, over which hung a card on which was printed, "B.C. 37."  
They were mystified, and one said:  
"What do you make of that, Sam?"  
"Well," said Sam, "I should say it was the number of the motor car that killed him."

#### THE REPORT COURTESY.

"Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade," said the boarder, warmly. "Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses fifteen years for nothing?"  
"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the landlady, frigidly.

#### ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT.

George Washington Johnson stood before an angry judge, and realized that all the evidence was against him. It was the same old charge.

"But," said the judge, with a perplexed frown, "I don't understand, Johnson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the corner window and there were two vicious bulldogs in the yard."

"It wouldn't do you no good, judge, for me to explain how I caught 'em," replied the successful culprit. "You wouldn't do it if you tried it forty times, as you might get a hole full of backshot de w'y' first time you put your leg over de fence. De best way for you to do is to buy your chickens in de market."

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